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FACTS WITHOUT FICTION,

AND

TALES FROM THE LIFE:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

EVIL EFFECTS OF SPIRIT DRINKING.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A FATHER,

OR

THE EFFECTS OF INFIDELITY.

E'en Infidelity might well turn pale,
Or read with horror the astounding tale;
The slaves of passion flee the madd'ning bowl,
And moral goodness tremble for the soul;
Mothers and sons denounce with every breath
A system charg'd with folly, grief, and death!

It has repeatedly and with much propriety been stated, that the most effectual way to oppose error is by preaching truth. Such means have succeeded, and must succeed. The natural consequence of light is the removal of darkness. Wherever, therefore, light is diffused, darkness must recede. There are occasions, however, when a change of method may work similar results; or when, to exhibit vice in its own deformity, or sin in its necessary consequences, will awaken a desire to escape from their degradation and bondage.

I know no better way to illustrate the statement which I have made, than to narrate a painful fact, which has lately been furnished me by a son of the unhappy subject

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of it, bearing the title which I have now adopted. This gentleman has been for years a valuable and useful missionary in the western world, and is now not less usefully engaged in pleading the cause of the enslaved of our race. It should not, and in the minds of my young readers I hope will not, detract from the importance of the subject, that I have employed assumed rather than real names; the sole reason of such a course is to prevent those painful reflections which might otherwise, by inconsiderate persons, be cast upon the survivors of the wretched victim of infidelity. With these observations I shall proceed to my tale.

Happiness dwelt in the habitation of Charles Bink, and prosperity crowned his lawful endeavours to realize such earthly possessions as might hereafter supply with respectability the wants of a rising family. For some time he had been united to a pious and intelligent woman, to whose devotedness to God and steady attachment to himself he owed all the enjoyment which he knew. The sphere in which he moved was genteel and easy; that is, it was above the lower order, where want often threatens, and necessity not unfrequently tempts to courses which the judgment disapproves; while it was below that kind of independence which makes business unnecessary, and fills the ignorant and purse-proud with notions of importance, which attaches not to themselves, but to the property which they possess. No one could visit the residence of Mr. Bink without being impressed with the truth, that an old saying which was applied to the city in which he lived, namely, "the *city* of order," might with at least equal propriety have been applied to his dwelling as "the *house* of order." "A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," is an excellent maxim, and here it was acted upon to the very letter; and yet the stiffness of cold precision was no where seen; there was a natural ease in all that was visible, which made one *feel*, as well as see, the comfort which was displayed. Mrs. Bink's Christianity was carried into all the ordinary or common affairs of life, and was observable even in the most unimportant. Not that *she* considered any thing *actually* unimportant: no,—she was aware that things so called are frequently of the greatest importance, and that by paying proper attention to little things, greater ones would not be neglected.

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Old age gives a kind of licence to assume the chair of the dictator, at least those who can adopt that highly descriptive line in the beautiful piece of the "Beggar's Petition,"—

"These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years,"

as their own, suppose they have a right to advise others, and the right is generally ceded them by courtesy. It is on this ground, perhaps, that I feel disposed to say that Mrs. Bink was such a pattern as I should advise young ladies to copy. She had in early life been much more careful to cultivate her mind than to adorn her body, therefore her attainments, at the time I write of, were rather solid than shining. She had not neglected the ornamental part of education; but she had not sacrificed the useful and the good to the light and tinsel decorations which are merely intended and calculated for display, and which leave the mind equally unimproved and empty, as light and air would leave the body, if substituted for wholesome and substantial food. If she did not talk so *much* or so *fast* as some, it was because she thought, that to act like the mother of Lemuel, of whom it is said, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness," would be much more to her own credit, and to the advantage of others, than to follow the example of her, concerning whom it is written, "She is loud and stubborn: a foolish woman is clamorous: she is simple, and knoweth nothing." And then in her person she was—I half hesitate to write it, in this day of finery and folly;—and yet, why should I? If a blush should be any where, it should be on the cheeks of those simple misses and matrons who load their bodies with gaudiness until they are well nigh smothered beneath the encumbrance; or so distort the beautiful figures with which by nature they are blessed, as to appear like so many moving heaps of deformity. Well then, she was a perfect model of neatness.—"Of neatness!" I almost imagine I hear some fashionable young miss exclaim: "Oh, save us! What demure creature is the old gentleman about to hold up as a pattern for us? I declare I am tired of his tale already. I have half a mind to say that I will not read any more. I suppose he would have us dress like outlandish people, or as grandmothers did in the days of queen Anne, or——" Now exercise your patience, my sweet lady, for two minutes, and I will set you right.

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My object is just the reverse from what you seem to suppose. I wish my fair countrywomen *not* to dress as outlandish ladies, and for little misses *not* to make themselves appear like grandmammas. Have you never once yourselves smiled at the ridiculous figures of some of your acquaintance? or did you never hear the scornful laugh, or the biting sarcasm, which the appearance of some fair one has given birth to? Did you never read the following short dissertation on one part of the habit of the present day? "That very preposterous deformity in a lady's dress which has been styled bishops' sleeves, and might have been called pudding bags, is now termed imbecilles. The term is more appropriate to the *wearer* than the *dress*, as appears by the danger as well as the ridiculous effect which attends this absurdity. To say nothing of its agreeable dippings at the dinner and tea table, the risk of life at the toilet in the evening and elsewhere has lately been proved, by a conflagration which terminated the existence of a beautiful young girl. But those old and ugly, if there are such, stand in the same peril, for they follow the same fashion. These, however, we hope will be influenced by the admonition of Ezekiel, chap. xiii. ver. 18, 'Woe to the women that sew pillows to all arm-holes;' or, according to the marginal note, 'elbows.' These pillow-cases (like trowsers among men, to conceal knock knees and bandy legs) were adopted to hide arms skinny, bony, or mis-shapen. Those whom nature has blessed with fair proportions should not submit to be befooled by fashion." —Bless me! how I am wandering from my tale!—but *old men* and *young maidens* are given to talk wildly sometimes: I hope therefore for your indulgence. Let me see—where was I when your sensibility took alarm at the word "neatness," and stopped me in my narrative? —Oh, I remember, I was on the point of recommending to your notice and imitation the habits and costume of Mrs. Bink. As, however, I have digressed so greatly already, a much longer digression might not be considered exceedingly proper: I shall therefore only observe, her neatness was gentility and comfort combined; and although the ridiculous forms of fashionable attire did neither burthen nor deform her, still she was equally distant in her appearance from disgusting singularity.

That such a woman should have possessed the warm affections of her husband has nothing surprising in it: if

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indeed this had not been the case, it would have been passing strange. The undivided and devoted attachment of Mr. Bink centred in her. Their marriage union was not produced by worldly policy, or some loose momentary passion on either side, but resulted from a pure and hallowed affection, which each passing period appeared rather to improve and purify, than weaken and debase.

In such delightful and desirable experience the years of this happy pair glided away. They had no wish beyond what their own abilities furnished them with the power to possess. *Home* yielded them all the enjoyments which ever stand associated with that endearing name; and in the company of each other, and occasionally a choice and selected friend, they sighed not for the dissipating glare of splendid parade, nor for the fatigue and expences of routs and parties. They were, at the period to which the commencement of my narrative refers, the happy parents of several children, all of whom gave fair promise of becoming blessings to those who had given them birth, and ornaments to society. The moral conduct of these heirs of immortality was not left to the culture of cold precept alone, but was trained and strengthened by the additional influence of cheerful example. Their parents admitted the general principle contained in that beautiful line by Pope—

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd;"

and following it out, under the guidance of infallible authority, they strove to "train up their children in the way they should go;" and therefore felt anxious to walk before God with a perfect heart, "and to command their children, and their household after them, that they might keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment."

So passed one year away after another, with little or no change in the family or enjoyments of Mr. Bink; except, indeed, as the opening powers of their offspring presented pleasing prospect of future worth, and with such promise an increased measure of happiness. But the hour of trial came at length, and a suspension of former uninterrupted felicity was experienced. The health of Mrs. Bink became considerably affected: means were resorted to for the purpose of checking the progress, and if possible, removing the disease; but in vain. The hand of God touched her, and her delicate frame trembled beneath the stroke. Every week appeared to give strength to the disorder, and in a

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short time she became unequal to any of the duties of busy life. With Job she might have said, "I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me." Between seven and eight years the affliction continued; during which period the fond affection of Mr. Bink was displayed by untired and devoted attention to her wants and wishes. Neither expence was spared to procure for her every possible assistance, nor labour regarded, when a prospect of affording her comfort appeared. Every pain which she felt seemed to pierce his own heart, as with all the gentleness and assiduity of the kindest nurse he watched round her bed, and met or anticipated her desires, both night and day. The means at length were rendered successful, and gradually she recovered her strength. The disease fled before renewed vigour, and at the end of a few months the devoted Mr. Bink rejoiced over his wife as one raised from the dead.

During this period of sickness the fond parents had been called to sing of mercy as well as of judgment. Their children had grown up around them, furnishing ample reward for all the labour which had been bestowed upon them. With such a pride as a parent only can feel or understand, Mr. Bink surveyed his family. It is more than probable, that his strong affection for them in some degree blinded his judgment, —it was enthusiastic, almost without bounds; even their faults,—and good as they were they certainly had their faults,—were overlooked by him, if indeed they were not transformed into points of excellence in their character, only of a feebler kind. His notions of their intellectual endowments were in true keeping with the opinion which he had formed of their general conduct, while their acquirements were the theme of his happiest moments of conversational felicity, and above all others, the topics upon which his exulting powers loved to enlarge. That he had *some* cause and not a little to feel as he did feel, is certain, and no fond parent will require any extensive apology for his conduct above what his own mind will easily produce. The gifts of one of his sons, a youth of the most unassuming and amiable habits, had some time since been engaged in various departments connected with a Christian church, of which he was, with his honoured mother, a member. Now a larger sphere of usefulness and of toil opened before him. The calls of the heathen world to the pious of our country had long

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been repeated, and now were heard and regarded: several youthful champions of the cross had already embarked for the shores of strangers; still the voice of entreaty sounded, "Come over and help us." The first-born of Mr. Bink heard the appeal, and following the openings of Providence, after attending to a course of theological preparation, stood ready to embark for a missionary station in a foreign land.

This appeared, and indeed was, an important era in the experience of the parents, but the emotions which passed through their bosoms on the occasion were essentially different. Mrs. Bink was not in any measure behind her husband in the warm affection of the heart towards her son, but the station which he was soon to occupy filled her with reflections of a solemn and humiliating kind. She had from infancy devoted him to God, and now she beheld the offering which she had made, accepted. She felt the honour conferred upon her house, in having one selected from it to fill so honourable a post, not imagining at the time, that another would subsequently be chosen to run the same high and useful course; and while she dwelt on this in her own thoughts, she rejoiced with the exultation of profound humility. The feelings which possessed the father, were the result of strong animal excitation. The distinguished and popular office which his "fine boy," as he proudly called him, was about to assume, swelled his heart, as he gazed upon him, with lofty pride, which referred rather to the talent displayed, than to the grace possessed, and to the fame of the missionary, than to the sacredness of the calling he was to bear as an ambassador of Christ to a perishing world.

Who may attempt to pourtray the feelings of nature, which rushed through the heart of each member of this family, as the period drew near, when for the first time, the adieu was to be heard, and the farewell sounded, as the first one that had left the parental dwelling moved away from their sight? A thousand remembrances connected with infancy and youth, played round the hearts of the parents; while Mr. Bink especially more than half wished his son's determination could be changed, and would now rather have sacrificed the honour of being the father of a missionary, than endure the pain of separation from his Samuel. The day came,—the parting embrace was given and taken. The mother breathed a fervent

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prayer as she kissed her son, and blessed him. The father's manliness gave way and feeling triumphed, as with a long pressure of the hand he said farewell. The younger branches of the family hung round the neck of their dear, dear brother Samuel, while their little hearts appeared as if bursting with grief. The missionary alone stood firm, but not unmoved, amidst the scene. He had counted the cost of sacrifice which he voluntarily made: Adieu!—broke from his tremblings, as he wiped away a tear which had sprung into his eye—and left the house of those whom he loved only less than his Saviour—*for ever!*

One, two, three, and four years passed away, during which time communications were received from the missionary, containing information, of the most cheering nature, both in reference to himself and to his prospects of usefulness. After little more than twelve months' residence on the island where he laboured, he was united to a female, who in every respect seemed calculated to assist him in his arduous work. To such help he looked forward with pleasing anticipations—but, alas! how frail is humanity,—how little is it to be calculated upon, even in the most vigorous and healthy. One year and a half only had his missionary ardour been inspirited by the pious and affectionate co-operation of his beloved Eliza, when, as by a sudden stroke, he was bereaved of the wife of his youth, the object of his first and only affection, and left a widower, with an infant of only a few months old. Still he fainted not; he endured, as seeing Him who is invisible, and rejoiced in the accomplishment of the promise, "as thy day, so shall thy strength be;" the remembrance of what she had been to him cheered his spirit, and having procured a nurse for his child, he proceeded with renewed vigour to prosecute the task assigned him. The wilderness already blossomed as the rose, and the recently moral desert became like "the garden of the Lord." His little one was healthy and strong, and at the age of two years afforded, by his juvenile gambols, many an hour of high delight to his heart, which might otherwise have been sad and dreary.

Meantime, the family of Mr. Bink grew up around him to man and womanhood, and if possible, with every passing day, his devoted affection towards his wife and children increased. A second son followed closely the steps of the missionary, and already, having some time

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united with the church from which his brother had been sent to the heathen, his mind was seriously and prayerfully directed to the same delightful engagement. The high tide of family happiness seemed as if it could receive no addition, and no cloud even as big as a man's hand appeared to darken the happy scene, when tidings from the western world convinced them of the instability of earthly enjoyments, and plunged them at once into sorrow and gloom—Samuel was dead! The toils of missionary labour were exchanged for the rest of heaven. His career had been brief but splendid. In a little more than four years he had endeared himself, by his Christian spirit and assiduity, to a large circle of acquaintance, and had been instrumental of essential benefit to not a few of his fellow men, upon whom the cruel ban of slavery had been fixed by those whose own state of bondage was of a far heavier and more degrading kind. Preparations were immediately made for the little orphan stranger among them; and in six months afterwards he was safely conveyed from the land of his birth, and received into the embraces of those who had anxiously waited for his arrival.

Oh! with what raptures of fondness did Mr. Bink press him again and again to his heart, and impress kiss after kiss upon the dimpled cheeks of his grandson, as he traced in his infant countenance the likeness which he bore to his grieved-for father. For hours he frequently sat with him upon his knee toying with, and calling him his second dear Samuel, while the tears which often rolled down his face, told how much his fond heart had loved him whose name he bore. He entered with him into all the sports of childhood, and appeared to be a better playmate for him, than those even whose youth might have sanctioned their contesting with him his right of preference.

The sudden fall of Samuel appeared rather to give strength than otherwise to the feelings of William, the second son, to embark in missionary enterprise. The beautiful lines of *Heber* appeared to contain a correct description of his spirit, and of the principle by which he was influenced,—

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

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"Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign."

With such a spirit, he prepared for an instant departure from the enjoyments of home, and the land of liberty, to fill up the breach in the ranks of Christian heroes, which his brother's fall had occasioned; and in a few weeks took his leave of kindred and friends, and sailed for that land of bloodshed and horror, where humanity appears as if it had taken its final flight from the human breast, and as if all the darkest fiends of cruelty and remorseless barbarity had taken the place—THE WEST INDIES! How long and how well he laboured there, I need not attempt to narrate: the record is on high, and the memory is inscribed on the hearts of many who still mourn his absence from them, and love his very name; while the persecutions he suffered, and the dangers through which he passed, while performing the duties of his office, I cannot tell: they too, however, have been noticed, and will be reviewed at that day, when the cruel oppressors of the unfortunate natives of Africa will be called to answer for their conduct before an impartial and inexorable tribunal, and when the opposers of the gospel and of its ministers shall hear the Judge of all men say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me—depart, ye cursed." Then he will have his reward.

I have already noticed, that the circumstances of Mr. Bink were easy and respectable; and that he might have retained them so, and even improved them, was rendered as certain as things can be in the present state. Of his devoted affection for Mrs. Bink, and his ardent love to his children, proof has been furnished. It might, therefore, be considered as scarcely possible that any change could be experienced by him in any of these respects, except by an improvement and increase.

But, ah! the fell destroyer came,
With such imposing air,
That caution might almost have thought
That virtue's self was there.

He came in most deceptive guise,
With poison in his breath;
Order and peace his presence flies,
While mis'ry reign'd, and death.

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As I feel anxious, through the means of this narrative, to guard my young readers against infidelity, I shall attempt to do so by exhibiting its dreadful consequences, as displayed in the after life of Mr. Bink, and by referring to some champions of infidelity, with whose names the world has long been familiar, and whose lives and deaths have gone very far to prove the correctness of the maxim—That cannot be good in itself which leads to such bad results.

By what means Mr. Bink became acquainted with the supporters and publications of infidelity, I am not able to state, and if I were, it might occupy too much time to detail. That such was the case, unhappily, was proved by himself and his connections. His steps were slow in the paths of error, and many an inward struggle, and many a call from conscience he had to contend with and overcome, before he could with any thing like brutal ease sit down in the seat of the scorner, and sing the song of the drunkard.

We are always disposed to think the best we can of those we love, and to put the best construction upon any thing which we may not entirely approve; and concerning things connected with the conduct of those dear to us, of which we only possess a limited knowledge, to hope the best. All this the affectionate Mrs. Bink did towards her husband; all this she continued to do, until painful facts obliged her to believe, even where, had it been possible, she would have doubted.

The word of God, to which Mr. Bink had before paid considerable attention, was now neglected. He read it not himself; or if he did, it was only with a view to find fault with it; and he wished not that it should be read in the family. He employed his mind in raising cavils, and producing doubts concerning its truth, and then of its necessity. The light of nature, he argued, was sufficient to guide man in his course, without a divine revelation. Having proceeded so far, he found it difficult to oppose going further, and therefore he insisted, that there is no future state—that the soul of man is not immortal—that the present life is the whole of human existence—and, consequently, that we perish at death.

What an awful falling off was here! But here he did not stop; the poison, of which he had taken large draughts, polluted his whole soul, and he strove to circulate its ruin-

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ous qualities through the members of his family. He had thrown from himself the greatest blessing, next the Saviour, which God has in mercy given to man—the Holy Scriptures, by which life and immortality are brought to light, and he wished to deprive others of its direction and comfort. And such is the general course pursued by such miserable persons, for miserable they are, notwithstanding their boast of happiness and peace. I will notice one case, which is of the most affecting kind.

Hume, the historian, received a religious education from his mother, and, early in life, was the subject of strong and hopeful religious impressions; but, as he approached manhood, they were effaced, and confirmed infidelity succeeded. Maternal partiality, however alarmed at first, came at length to look with less and less pain upon his declensions, and filial love and reverence seem to have been absorbed in the pride of philosophical scepticism; for Hume now applied himself with unwearied, and, unhappily, with successful efforts, to sap the foundation of his mother's faith. Having succeeded in this dreadful work, he went abroad into foreign countries; and, as he was returning, an express met him in London with a letter from his mother, informing him that she was in a deep decline, and could not long survive. She said she found herself *without support in her distress; that he had taken away that source of comfort upon which, in all cases of affliction, she used to rely*, and that she now found her mind sinking into despair. She did not doubt that her son would afford her some substitute for her religion; and she conjured him to hasten to her, or at least to send her a letter, containing such consolation as philosophy can afford to a dying mortal. Hume was overwhelmed with anguish on receiving this letter, and hastened to Scotland, travelling day and night; but before he arrived, his mother had expired! Thus it is that false philosophy restores the sting to death, and gives again the victory to the grave.

Every thing connected with the unhappy Mr. Bink now told, too plainly, the folly and the evil of the change which he had made; and to which, with the madness of infatuation, he adhered. He soon had no *home!* He had, it is true, a dwelling place as formerly, but it no longer furnished him with such enjoyments as constitute the very essence of home. He came to it with his mind

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prejudiced against the calm and holy delights it afforded; and as if the very delights which he had before enjoyed were recollected by him with detestation, he employed every means to banish the thought and likeness of them from his thought and sight. The evenings, which he had been in the habit of spending in the society of those who were bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, and whom he passionately loved, were given to the society of his companions in folly. Midnight and morning found him more frequently declaiming in the midst of senseless rioters, than enjoying the rest and quiet of calm repose. His business, which was greatly neglected, rapidly declined; while his expences, exceeding his income, produced embarrassment; and hence the respectability which he before enjoyed was forfeited, and the esteem in which he had been held by a wide circle was lost.

Consequences such as I have now referred to, it might have been imagined, would have led him to reflect upon his error, and convinced him that a system which produced such deplorable results, was not only unworthy his respect, but demanded his detestation. But no! he seemed madly bent upon his own ruin, both here and hereafter. I need not say, that the heart of Mrs. Bink was pierced with sorrow, and that the consolations of religion alone had supported her—such, indeed, was the fact. If, however, she felt much from what had already taken place, she was destined to feel, if possible, yet more. She perceived with agony, that their own offspring, of whom her husband had been fond almost to idolization, had become the objects of his fixed aversion. He never named them but with bitterness and impiety, and never looked upon them but with wrathful contempt.

The title of "faithful wife," in its utmost extent of meaning, belonged to Mrs. Bink; she had on no occasion omitted to improve any opportunity or means to prove how sincerely she was attached to Mr. Bink. She strove with labour and anxiety to render him happy. She prayed for, and with wisdom and meekness reasoned with him on the evil of his ways. With gentleness and delicacy she referred to the happiness which in former days they had enjoyed, and spoke with feeling, such as the recollection of the fact inspired, of his delight in her own and their children's society; and then she drew a striking picture of the sad change which they all experienced, and

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with tears begged him, for the family's sake, no more to visit those places where his own happiness and peace were injured. But like the deaf adder, upon whom the art of the charmer is exercised in vain, he turned away from her kind solicitations. Her power to direct and influence him, as once she could, was lost: infidelity had entered his heart, and turned and poisoned all the affections of his mind.

If it were possible, for the sake of the honour of human nature, the veil might here be dropped, and no further developement of the unhappy career of Mr. Bink be made: but for the honour of *religion, and for the exposure of infidelity*, it must not be: No! although the scene is both degrading and horrifying, the exhibition is necessary and must be given, to show the correctness of the declarations, "Though hand join in hand, sin shall not go unpunished;" and "The wicked are driven away in their wickedness," and fix, if possible, in the minds of my young readers especially, a proper detestation of such a system, to induce them to value that which introduces all who live under its influence, into "the glorious liberty of the sons of God," and to lead them to pray always with David, "Hold thou me up," assured that then, and only then, "they will be safe."

No one can reflect upon the happy circumstances in which, as has been stated, Mr. Bink was placed, and at the same time contemplate the means by which they were destroyed, and the termination of his history, without trembling for his personal state, and feeling horror in his mind at the bare sound of *infidelity*.

The degrading and impure system he had embraced, although evidently in opposition to his informed judgment and sober convictions, led to the beastly habit of intemperance. Whether by such unnatural and destructive means he sought to rouse his sinking spirits, or whether he strove by them entirely to destroy reflection altogether, which now became insupportable, is not certain; all that is known favours the opinion that such were the intentions of the unhappy man. They were taken first moderately —then more freely—and, at length, the love of them gained the complete ascendancy over reason and conscience, and he drank them greedily "as the thirsty ox drinketh in the water." The once healthy and respectable appearance which he presented, was supplanted by a

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broken constitution, and shabby, idle exterior; his own experience became a lively comment upon the declaration of Solomon, "Strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." But few hours in any day found him perfectly sober; disease broke down his system, and at length he fell *a martyr to intemperance, and died cursing those whom he had been instrumental in bringing into existence, and her, who for nearly half a century, had been an affectionate and devoted wife!*

Need more be added? or, indeed, can more be said to prove the evil of departing from the ways of God? I will close this article by presenting two cases in favour of religion, and two in favour of infidelity; and leave those who read them to judge which has the strongest claims upon their regard, and whether obedience to God, or rejection of his service, should have the preference.

The first of these will be found in the experience of Mrs. Bink, the pious wife of the individual we have referred to. From the days of her youth she had walked in the fear of the Lord; and when the heavy affliction through which she was called to pass fell upon her, the Spirit and the word of God supported her. With indefatigable zeal and perseverance she sought the welfare of her children; and, by her pious example and holy precepts, won their infant minds to the love of the Saviour, even while surrounded by scenes of the most revolting character, as displayed in the conduct of their unnatural father. Oh, that all mothers were such as she was—infidelity would then boast of fewer converts than now it does; and the religion which some profess would not so often be insulted and injured as now it is. Then infants, while they drink in from the breast the milk which supports their natural existence, would receive the sincere milk of the word, which would nourish their souls to everlasting life. Then our sons would be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace.

The amiable and truly Christian temper of Mrs. Bink, together with her unobtrusive and meek disposition, proclaimed her a genuine follower of Him who enjoins it upon all his people, to learn of him who was "meek and lowly of heart." Frequently, during the solitary hours of midnight, and long after morning has come, has she sat, listening to the wild tempest blast which howled without,

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waiting the return of her husband from his constant Bacchanalian revels; and when he entered, although half worn down with fatigue and care, no harsh or even unkind expression fell from her lips; both her religion and her good sense taught her better. She knew his associates had been of the vilest description, and yet the rude, irritating language of abuse was *never* employed; the word of God condemned it, and by that word she was governed.

A life devoted to God, as hers was, could scarcely fail being rendered a blessing to those about her, and to her children it was eminently so. She survived her husband a few years, and then followed him to the tomb, but with prospects more different and delightful than language can tell. Her death was calm and dignified; her mind was cheered by the pleasing consideration, that some of her children were walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost; while the assurance that for her "to die was gain," empowered her with the strength of a martyr to exclaim, as she closed her eyes on the world for ever, "I have fought a good fight—I have finished my course—I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

The other fact referred to is found in the narrative of the loss of the Kent East Indiaman, in 1825. The account is given by Major M'Gregor, and is heightened, if possible, in interest, from the fact that, during the awful scenes which he so powerfully pourtrays, his own soul was kept in perfect peace by the precious hopes of a disciple of Christ.

"While the ship was burning below, and the magazine was expected every moment to blow up, and not a soul out of more than six hundred had a thought but of perishing either by fire or the tempest; while some were standing in silent resignation, or stupid insensibility, and others were given up to the most frantic despair; while some on their knees were earnestly imploring with significant gesticulations, and in noisy supplications, the mercy of Him, whose arm, they exclaimed, was at length outstretched to smite them; and others had sullenly seated themselves directly over the magazine, that by means of the expected explosion a speedier termination might be put to their sufferings; several of the soldiers' wives and children, who had fled for temporary shelter into the after cabins, on the upper decks, were engaged in prayer, and in reading

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the Scriptures with the ladies, some of whom were endued with wonderful self-possession, which a firm and intelligent trust in the Redeemer of the world appeared at this awful hour to impart to their own breasts. The dignified deportment of two young ladies in particular, formed a specimen of natural strength of mind, finely modified by Christian feeling, that failed not to attract the notice and admiration of every one who had an opportunity of witnessing it. One young gentleman having calmly asked my opinion of the state of the ship, I told him that I thought we should be prepared to sleep that night in eternity; and I shall never forget the peculiar fervour with which he replied, as he pressed my hand in his, '*My heart is filled with the peace of God.*' Comment would only mar such a beautiful testimony to the blessedness of a gospel faith. 'Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.'—Isa. xxvi. 3."

Now let us turn to infidelity, or rather to the death-bed scene of two of its boldest champions, Hume and Voltaire. The first is from the Christian Observer; it is as follows:—

"About the end of 1776, a few months after the historian's death, a respectable looking woman, dressed in black, came in the Haddington stage-coach while passing through Edinburgh. The conversation among the passengers, which had been interrupted for a few minutes, was speedily resumed, which the lady soon found to be regarding the state of mind persons were in at the prospect of death. One gentleman argued that a real Christian was more likely to view the approach of death with composure than he who had looked upon religion as unworthy his notice. Another (an English gentleman) insisted that an infidel could look to his end with as much complacency and peace of mind as the best Christian in the land. This being denied by his opponent, he bade him consider the death of his countryman, David Hume, who was an acknowledged infidel, and yet died not only happy and tranquil, but spoke of his dissolution with a degree of gaiety and humour.

"The lady who had lately joined them turned round to the last speaker and said, 'Sir, this is all you know about it: I could tell you another tale.' 'Madam,' replied the gentleman, 'I presume I have as good information as you can have on this subject; and I believe what

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I have asserted has never before been called in question.' The lady continued, 'Sir, I was Mr. Hume's housekeeper for many years, and was with him in his last moments, and the mourning I now wear was a present from some of his relatives, for my attention to him on his death-bed; and happy should I have been if I could have borne my testimony to the mistaken opinion that has gone abroad, as to his peaceful and composed end. I have, Sir, never till this hour opened my mouth on this subject; but I think it is a pity the world should be kept in the dark on so interesting a topic. It is true, Sir, that when Mr. Hume's friends were with him he was cheerful, and seemed quite unconcerned about his approaching fate; nay, spoke of it often to them in a jocular and playful manner. But when he was alone the scene was very different: he was any thing but composed. His mental agitation at times was so great as to occasion his whole bed to shake. He would not allow the candles to be put out during the night, nor would be left alone for a minute. I had always to ring the bell for one of the servants to be in the room, before he would allow me to leave it. He struggled hard to appear composed, even before me; but to one who attended his bed-side for so many days and nights, and witnessed his disturbed sleeps, and still more disturbed wakings, who frequently heard his involuntary breathings of remorse, and frightful startings, it was no difficult matter to determine that all was not right within. This continued and increased until he became insensible. I hope in God I shall never witness a similar scene.'"

From this statement, made by a competent and unbribed witness, concerning the end of one of the chief of Scottish infidels, let us turn to the one already named, who was no less notorious in France. The account is in Dr. M'Ilvaine's Evidences of Christianity, a work of considerable interest and importance.

"Shall I lead you to the horrid spectacle of Voltaire in the arms of death, and expecting in a few moments to stand at the bar of God? He has just returned from a feast of applause in the theatre, to be laid on a bed of death, in the agonies of an upbraiding conscience. The physician enters:—'Doctor,' said the apostle of infidelity, with the utmost consternation, 'I am abandoned by God and man! I will give you one half of what I am worth if you will give me six months' life.' The physician told

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him he could not live six weeks. 'Then,' said he, 'I shall go to hell!' His companions in guilt, D'Alembert, Diderot, and Marmontel, hasten to keep up his courage, but meet nothing but reproach and horror. In spite of the guard of infidels about him, he sends for the Abbé Gautier to come as soon as possible. In his presence, and that of other witnesses, he signs a recantation of infidelity, and professes to die in the church. It is sent to the rector of St. Sulpice and the archbishop of Paris for approval. The Abbé Gautier returns with it, but cannot enter: every avenue to the dying infidel is defended by those who had shared in his conspiracy against Christianity. They want to hide his terrors and their own shame. Now it is that D'Alembert, Diderot, and about twenty others of like character, who beset his apartment, never approach him but to hear their condemnation. 'Retire!' he often exclaims, with execrations; 'it is you that have brought me to my present state!—Begone!—I could have done without you all; but you could not exist without me. And what a wretched glory have you produced me!' Then his conspiracy comes before him; and alternately supplicating and blaspheming, he complains that he is abandoned by God and man, and often cries out, 'O Christ! O Jesus Christ!' *He is looking on him whom he pierced!*—He is drinking the cup of trembling—the foretaste of the second death. The Mareschal de Richelieu flies from the scene, declaring it is too terrible to be sustained! The physicians, thunderstruck, retire, declaring the death of the impious man to be terrible indeed! One of them pronounces that '*the furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire!*'"

How calm the death of those,
  How peaceful, how serene,
Whose trusting souls repose
  On blood which makes them clean!

No guilty terrors shake their bed,
No horrors fill their souls with dread;
  But calm as summer skies at even,
They gently close on earth their eyes,
While upwards their freed spirit flies,
  Untrack'd by sense, and enters heaven.

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THE SMUGGLERS.

During the day, the sky had been overcast with heavy black clouds, and an unnatural calmness, for the season of the year, had spread itself over the bosom of the dark sea: but, as night drew near, the clouds began to scatter and disperse themselves, dancing and veering about in rapid and tumultuous order, as if they were obeying the capricious mandate of some great unseen power. These signs in the heavens, with occasional gusts of wind, and vivid flashes of lightning, together with the screming, activity, and restlessness of the sea birds, and the distant roar of the ocean, gave palpable intimation that a storm was brewing, and could not fail to impress the mind with the conviction that it was more desirable to be on land than on sea during the coming hurricane.

Often had Allan Fern proceeded to the mouth of the cave at Craggy Point, with his long spy-glass, to take as distant an observation as the murky night would permit; and as often he had returned into the interior of the secret subterraneous dwelling, conveying the anything but pleasing intelligence to the anxious enquirers;—"There is no appearance of them yet." "What can have become of Hans Burgher?" said an old withered and masculine looking woman, who sat in a corner of the cavern smoking her pipe, and alternately drawing up her shrunken

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shoulders and grinding her teeth together, as she took the pipe from her mouth to spit upon the ground; "what can have become of Hans Burgher? The Crazy Jane should have rounded the point of the Torwald an hour ago, and if she comes not soon, there may be fearful doings at sea this blessed night." "And fearful doings on land too if she does come," said a gruff voice from the opposite side of the cave. "You two old crones are always foreboding evil," said Allan Fern; "but avast with your evil omens, I will to the rock again and see how the night looks now." "Ay, you will find the night look black enough," said the old hag; "and, unless the lightning helps your eyesight, you will not see to the first breakers upon the rocks below; but go, and be sure you keep your blue lights well in the cave, for old Dugald says the Preventive men are on the alert, and cannot forgive themselves for the last escape of the lugger."

The headland named Craggy Point was situated in the centre between two immense bays. It extended a considerable way into the sea, opposing a very steep, rugged, and impregnable iron front to the angry billows as they lashed its sides with unceasing fury. From without there was no access to the lower point except by water; and the only entrance to the rude steps, or rather to the irregular juttings out of the rock, which formed a sort of natural staircase to the mouth of the smugglers' cave, was by a route so circuitous among high and broken ledges of rocks, that scarcely any human being had ever essayed to penetrate the labyrinth. To the cave there was but one entrance landward, and the knowledge of that entrance was the sacred treasure of Hans Burgher, Allan Fern, and their small but determined band of smugglers.

The public road, which from the solitariness of the situation was traversed by few passengers, swept along the shore of the one bay; it struck outward on approaching the headland, and crossed it by a circuitous and rather dangerous path, quarried out of the rocks at the distance of about three hundred yards from the higher point: it then descended on the other side, winding its way over two or three small cataracts, by rude bridges, till it again swept along the shore of the other bay as far as the eye could reach. From the lower point, as well as from the higher point, the views were extensive and sublime, embracing the vast expanse of the sea, with the distant head-

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land of the Torwald; and also commanding a view of the public road along the shores of the two bays, and of the mountains skirting it behind. These circumstances were of great moment to the smugglers, as it afforded them the opportunity, at least during the day, of making timely observation on the approach of the preventive men, whether by sea or land.

On the day to which our narrative refers, Allan Fern had cast many an anxious look along shore, and his long, dark-cased spy-glass had been often in requisition as his views were directed landward or seaward. Intimation had been received from Vander Deiken, that the Crazy Jane would leave Sluys with a valuable cargo of Hollands and cordials, so as to reach Craggy Point, wind and weather permitting, that evening at dusk; the wind had been favourable, but during the calm of the day the progress of the lugger might have been retarded. Allan Fern, therefore, although beginning to get anxious on account of the coming weather, was by no means alarmed, and he took up his blue light cheerily, to hang it in the mouth of the cave, as a signal to Hans Burgher that all was well, and to give another look for the Crazy Jane. On reaching the mouth of the cavern, he found the night "black enough," as old Margery Harebone had said; the wind had begun to bellow loudly, with heavy showers of sleet, and he could not see beyond the length of his own spy-glass, excepting when the broad flashes of sheet-lightning cast their lurid glare along the face of the deep. He again returned into the cave in deep and silent cogitation, and to the enquiry of Madge, "How goes the weather, Hal?" he replied, "It blows hard, with sleet, and lightens much." "Ay, ay, I thought as much," answered Madge, "the screeching and whirling of these gulls and gannets in the forenight, bode no good to the sailor. But for the calm, Hans Burgher would have been here; and now that it blows wildfire, with a night black as pitch, he will have some difficulty in making the cove below: Dugald, what say you?" she added, addressing the man with the gruff voice, sitting opposite. "I say nothing," replied Dugald, "but that there will be more danger from the land than from the sea this dismal night." "Danger from the land!" said Allan Fern, "what danger can there be from the land? are not the runners all ready behind the mountain, waiting our signals, and have not

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I scoured the coast with my glass all day long? there was not a bird stirring at dusk." "Ay," replied Dugald, "but there are birds to whom night is native, and they are on the wing even now, or my reckoning is out." "You are always croaking like an old toad," said Allan Fern; "you and Madge ought to marry and be matched." "Margery Harebone married to Dugald Haze!" said Madge, bursting out with a loud yell and laugh; "when the corbie flies from carrion, and the deep sea leaves the point of the Torwald, then will they marry, and the ring shall be an ear-ring from the jib of the Crazy Jane; what say'st thou to that, Dugald?" "That it is time to leave off talking nonsense, answered Dugald: "an old toad is cautious when apprehensive of danger, and it might be nothing the worse for Hans Burgher, nor for Allan Fern either, if the croaking of Dugald Haze was for this time taken as a warning of danger." "What is the matter with you, Dugald?" calmly enquired Allan Fern; "have you seen any scouts, or have you any private intelligence from Bona? our interest is one, why, therefore, do you practise concealment?" "Because the words of an old crone are counted as nothing by young lads like you," replied Dugald. "Come, come," said Allan, "lay by your sullen humour for this night, and advise for the best; are not we brothers in danger, and partners in gain?" and in guilt too, he might have added, if the remembrance of guilt had not been banished from his mind by a long-continued course of iniquitous traffic, and by its necessary concomitant, the constant indulgence in that maddening poison which constituted the main article of their illicit trade. He continued—"Reach down the keg, Madge, we must fill another cup of Vander Deiken; and when Dugald has told his tale, I shall to the point again to look out for the lugger."

Each of the smugglers filled a horn of Hollands; and as they quaffed the intoxicating beverage, which ruins its thousands and tens of thousands both by sea and land, Dugald Haze proceeded. "Tom Scuttler of Bona has told me that that the king's men are on the scent: they thought that the 'Crazy Jane,' on the last trip, was for the point of the Torwald; but as the lugger bore away in the dusk, after the fight in which they were so terribly mauled, they saw that her course was for the headland of Craggy Point; and Tom Scuttle expects that this very night, or

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to-morrow at farthest, they will come to survey." "Dugald Haze," said Allan Fern, "when will you cast your sullen pride away, and advise like a friend, when a friend is in need?" "Even when you treat me like a man, although my arm is not so strong as it has been, and when you cease from branding me as an old croaking crone," answered Dugald. "But come," he added, "another horn of Vander Deiken, and then to the rock; I'll go with you, Hal, for you will need more help than is here this gloomy night." "Help!" said Madge Harebone, "if Hans Burgher is safe, what help need we? We are as snug in our cave as the eagle in her eyrie, and all the preventive men in Bona will not be able to find out the 'Crazy Jane' this night, if once in her cove. Allan Fern," she continued, "hand me that old blunderbuss of Brocker's, I will riddle the guts of the 'white hats' if they dare but to peep over the Craggy Point." "Hush! hush!" said Allan Fern, as they reached the mouth of the cave; "I hear the sound of the footsteps of horses. It is an untimely hour for travellers on the headland in such weather; hush! they have stopped: and hark! do not you hear the sound of voices on the point above?—quick—set back the blue lights, and up—up with the red lamps, to warn Hans Burgher that danger is near." At this moment a tremendous flash of lightning sent its fearful glare over the whole headland, and exposed to view the "Crazy Jane" lugger making for the entrance to the cove, and dashing through the magnificent mountain waves, which were now rolling with awful fury. "Up with the red lights, quick! quick!" repeated Allan Fern; another flash, and the lugger was seen backing her sails and coming round to the wind, with the intention of bearing away in obedience to the well-known signal.

At this moment a volley of musketry poured down over the mouth of the cave from the point above, and seemingly with well-directed aim, for a dreadful yell arose from the lugger, as if from persons sorely wounded: another flash, and she was seen stretching along the bay under a press of canvass, as if her skipper intended to run her under water. "There she goes," said Allan Fern, "a long leg and a short one, and she rounds the Torwald safe enough; Hans Burgher is not the man to be beaten with a south-wester like this, although it blows hard enough too, and some of the poor fellows are wounded." The words had scarcely escaped from his lips

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when crack—crack went the report of a double-barrelled blunderbuss over their heads from the point above: a loud cry as if from many voices immediately followed, and bang went a heavy groaning lump over the mouth of the cavern, and then another: they bounded from point to point of the jutting rocks, fell heavily into the water, and all was again silent, save the bellowing and roaring of the winds and waves. "In with the lights, Dugald!" said Allan Fern; "that firing is from the blunderbuss of old Brocker; where is Madge Harebone?" They hastily retreated into the cave, and there was Madge, sitting cool and collected, and emptying another horn of Vander Deiken. "I told you that I would riddle the guts of some of these white hats," said Madge, "and I am mistaken if they will soon forget their first visit to Craggy point." "Madge," said Allan Fern, "have you fastened the trap-door? I fear you have betrayed our secret by this hasty expedition of yours, and that we shall soon be called upon to suffer the consequences." "The trap-door is fast as the rocks below us," she replied; "and we are as secure from the king's men as the crew of the Crazy Jane, who are by this time round the Torwald, and standing out to sea." "If the wind and the sea will permit them," grumbled out Dugald. "You have sent two poor fellows to their long home," said Allan; "God help them! they were only doing their duty after all." "You chicken-hearted lubber," said the old half-drunk beldam, rising from her seat and scowling upon Allan Fern with a fiery eye and a savage grin; "old Brocker would have spit upon you had he been alive. Let the two fellows go! Did not they try to shoot Hans Burgher from the point just now, and would they not have sunk the beautiful lugger at the Torwald last trip, if they had been able? Doing their duty, eh!" Then sitting down and lowering her voice, she continued, "But the king's men will be puzzled to think where the shots came from: I was round the point on the other side behind them, before I poured in upon them from old Brocker."

And this is woman, maddened by drink and rendered reckless by crime: it is true, for the honour of the sex, that there are comparatively but few who are thus abandoned to all that is horrible in crime, having their hearts bereft of the last spark of humanity; but where there are hordes of lawless plunderers, or rude bands of contraband

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traders, such characters will always be found; and drink, strong drink, is the main agent in producing them, whether in the smuggler's cave, the bandit's den, or in the profligate haunts of more civilised society; it is drink which steels the heart against the supplications of innocence and weakness beseeching for mercy, and it is drink that nerves the arm for the blackest deeds of murder and revenge. Drink is the scourge of nations, the scorpion that stings individuals like an adder, and yet they clasp it to their bosom like a dear and a very lovely child.

The preventive men, who had assembled in unusual numbers this ill-fated evening, were horror-struck: two of their number had been taken from them in a moment, and they could not conjecture from whence the shots had come which had proved so suddenly fatal. They proceeded to examine all about the headland, as closely as the darkness of the night would permit, every moment expecting another attack from an unseen enemy; but after searching in vain, they were compelled to pursue their way back to Bona, conveying the mournful intelligence of another fatal example of the horrors of smuggling, and resolving that on the following morning the point should be subjected to the most searching examination.

The lugger was now standing out to sea, and Hans Bergher and his crew were congratulating themselves on their narrow escape from the king's men, although two of their own men had been very badly wounded in the affray, but at the same time, they had many doubts and misgivings as to the result of the adventure. It appeared clear to them that the preventive men had either obtained positive information of their intended trip, or that their suspicions were aroused, and their attention closely directed to Craggy point as their probable rendezvous: or why were they there at that hour in such numbers, and on such a stormy night too? It was equally clear that they had not discovered the cavern, by the appearance of the usual and well-known signals. They were doubtful what to do, or how to proceed, at one time feeling disposed to proceed to sea, and at another time, to make a second attempt to reach the cove, in the hope of being able to run the cargo before the morning dawned. Circumstances, however, soon decided for them: the hurricane increased; and after beating about for an hour or two, they found they had no alternative but about ship for the cove, their

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lives being in imminent danger from the fury of the storm.

In the mean time, their associates in the cave were under considerable alarm. Madge Harebone was still vowing vengeance against the white hats, as she kept indulging in copious libations from Vander Deiken; for woman, when roused by rage, and maddened by drinking, is a fury to which no counterpart can be found among the male sex, and as we have already hinted, SPIRIT is the chief, if not the only agent that changes woman into a demon. Old Dugald Haze was growling in his corner, "I told you as how there would be fearful doings on land this night, but Dugald Haze is an old croaking crone: howsomedever, Hans Burgher is not the man to be frightened easily; it blows awful, and as the lugger cannot make any headway in such a hurricane, he will soon try again for the cove."

Allan Fern would have been a noble youth, if he had not been destroyed by Vander Deiken, alias Holland Gin, and the fearful hazards of a smuggler's life; but he was now in it, and he could perceive no way of escape from the toils by which he was entangled: although not entirely a stranger to better feelings, he was compelled to smother them by drink and crime. He now paced the cave with rapid and irregular steps, his mind a prey to the most harassing and painful anxiety: he had come to similar conclusions with Hans Burgher as to the preventive men, and as he repeated his visits to the point, he was forced to the same conclusion as old Dugald, that the lugger could make no head-way in such a fearful night,—she could attempt no other port, and it was every moment becoming a more and more doubtful question if she was likely to reach the cove in safety. "Dugald," he said, "Dugald, I must up with the blue-lights again; there is no help for the Crazy Jane, but to make for the cove, and I reckon Hans Burgher will be off the point in an hour hence. Go you to the high road on the headland, and as far as the shore, on the bay towards Bona, to listen. The king's men are on to Bona, I think, but it is as well to make all sure. Madge," he added, "you must watch at the trap-door for Dugald when he returns: we must land and run the cargo before day-break, or our adventure is ruined. "Ay, ay," said Madge, "our game is up, if the Crazy Jane is not clear before morning; the

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handsome lugger will be made a king's boat, and Hans Burgher and Allan Fern may swing for it: but fear not, we shall give them warm work before that happens,—how I long to be at them again with old Brocker! "Hush, Madge!" replied Allan, "you have done fearful work already: off, off, Dugald, and keep a good out-look, and speed you back again if there are signs of danger." Dugald slowly ascended to the entrance, which opened above between two immense blocks of granite; and as he proceeded on his survey, Allan Fern went to the point again, and hung up his signals. The lightning was terrific, the waves were roaring like thunder, breaking in huge masses over the ledges of rocks by which the point was surrounded, and sending forth a loud gurgling noise, as they forced their passage back again through the narrow defiles. Allan Fern, although inured to danger, and conversant with storms, almost stood aghast as the lightnings, flashing from behind the black and tumultuous clouds, exposed to his view the awful scene. The recollection of the whole occurrences of the night, and his fearful anticipations of the morning that was still to come, rushed upon him at once, and at this moment of intense internal conflict, he would have given worlds, had it been possible for him to have resumed his original occupation of a poor fisherman: he then felt that the quiet repose of honest and industrious poverty was much to be preferred to the danger and remorse always accompanying the acquisition of unlawful gains; and conscience began to warn him that there was a God above, before whom not only deeds of darkness, but the secrets of all hearts were naked and bare. These feelings of something like a returning consciousness of the difference between right and wrong were speedily interrupted. The waning moon had just begun to show a faint streak of light, and he perceived the lugger making for the cove, which, under the skilful pilotage of Hans Burgher, she soon afterwards reached in safety. The Crazy Jane was soon alongside, immediately under the entrance to the cave, where she lay in smooth water, being protected in this small natural harbour from the storm which still raged outside, by the labyrinth of rocks with which the point was encompassed. The first effort of the crew was to land the two wounded seamen, with whom three of the sailors and Allan Fern had just reached the interior of the cave, when they were met by Dugald Haze, who had that moment returned in

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the greatest consternation. "The preventive men are on the road," he said, "and they are coming in great force. I can see them from the top of the Dog rock; they are already close on the headland, and will reach the point in ten minutes;—that cursed moon!" he added. "They have judged that the lugger could not keep out to sea, and they must have seen her as she entered the cove, for the moon rose just then." All was now confusion and dismay: from the state of the weather there did not appear the possibility of saving the lugger,—the great and pressing consideration was their own personal safety. Madge Harebone, mad drunk, was stamping and raging with ungovernable fury, at one time calling out for Hans Burgher, and the next moment swearing and threatening, as if with her own single arm, she was a match for all the king's men on the coast. Old Dugald sat down in his corner, heavy and dispirited, as if the last hour of his ill-spent life was come; and the poor wounded seamen were enduring too much pain to think of any thing else beyond their present sufferings. Allan Fern bounded to the point again, bearing a red light in his hand, and crying out, Haste, haste, Hans Burgher! lose not a moment! leave all, leave every thing, and haste with your men to the cave." They were too late; a volley from the high point above was poured down upon them like hail, fatally arresting two of the smugglers in their progress, and consigning them to the deep. Hans Burgher and the rest of the crew, some of them wounded, were successful in the attempt, and reached the cave, when they immediately proceeded to close and earnest deliberation. "Donner and blitzen!" said Hans Burgher, "I shall lose mine loogar, and de tubs of Scheidam from Vander Deiken." "Come, come to the head!" said one of the sailors, "let us drive them into the sea; are the arms ready?" You need not try," said Dugald; "the preventive force is too strong for us this time; we must run with the lugger if the weather moderates." "Where is Madge?" said Allan Fern, addressing himself to Dugald Haze; "where is Madge Harebone?" "If she is not at the point," replied Dugald, "I do not know where." "She has not been to the point," said Allan Fern; "look to the trap door: Madge is drunk, and she has been vowing vengeance against the king's men: look for the blunderbuss." The trap door was unfastened, and the blunderbuss gone. "There it is," said Allan Fern, "that mad woman cannot restrain herself: she has been drinking

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all night, and she has gone out to certain death at last: she will fire upon the preventive men, and they will shoot her." She had gone out doubly armed with blunderbuss and pistols—she had taken her place close behind the king's men with her back resting upon a rock, and then with murderous intent, and with deadly aim, she fired,—once—twice—thrice: the next moment she uttered a fearful scream and fell lifeless; a bullet from the pistol of one of the coast guard had entered her bosom, and sent her reeling into eternity.

The deliberations of the lawless band were anxious and protracted. In the mean time messengers had been despatched to Bona by the coast guard for additional force, and with instructions to send two boats round to the point immediately, and at all hazards. The day was now beginning to dawn; and as the tide had fallen and the wind moderated, the smugglers had formed their last desperate resolve. Persuaded that Madge would return no more, they secured the trap door, did every thing in their power for the present ease and comfort of their wounded companions, and then with firm and determined step, and heavily armed, their minds being made up for the worst, they proceeded to the mouth of the cave. They next descended the rude steps amidst tremendous firing from above, and took possesion of the lugger, with the dreadful alternative of carrying her out to sea or perishing in the attempt. They speedily cut the warp, and they succeeded in reaching beyond the outer ledge of rocks with a few slight wounds. But their course was now nearly run; they were met by the two preventive boats from Bona, and then a terrible conflict ensued: they fought under the energy of partial intoxication and with the madness of despair; it was the last desperate struggle between life and death. Several fell on both sides, but victory declared for the coast guard;—the smugglers were taken; when, after being heavily ironed they were conveyed to Bona, amid the rising of another hurricane, which, had they escaped from the conflict, would certainly have prevented their ultimate escape.

These poor, wretched, abandoned men were tried, the leaders for murder, and the others for a breach of the revenue laws. They were found guilty; Hans Burgher and Allan Fern were hung by the neck till they were dead, and the rest were condemned to a long imprisonment and service in the navy.

These events reveal something of the misery and horrors

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of smuggling; and who are the main springs, the prime movers and encouragers of this dangerous and ruinous traffic? They are the lovers of drink—strong drink—and cheap drink;—it is to them we must look as the *chief* supporters of that desperate system of violence, robbery, and murder, so disgraceful in the annals of our coast. It is true that smuggling is carried on in many commodities besides whiskey, brandy, and Hollands, and we must leave it to the wisdom of law-makers to devise plans by which the inducements to smuggling in articles of necessary or innocent consumption may be removed; but spirits are neither an article of necessary nor of innocent consumption; the appetite for strong drink, acquired by regular although moderate drinking, when once acquired must be gratified. It is almost as powerful as the appetite for food, but tenfold stronger than the passion for dress; and when the state shall see it needful to attempt to lessen consumption, by the imposition of heavy duties, which it may do some day, to save, absolutely to save, the moral existence of the community, if the temperance principle be not generally adopted, then will the servants of the state and the smugglers come into more fearful collision, and enormities worse, tenfold worse than those now narrated will be the inevitable consequence. Are not smugglers daring and abandoned outlaws? and what has tended to deaden in them every feeling of humanity which comes in contact with their own selfish interests, and to fit and prepare their minds for the perpetration of the most atrocious crimes—what, but the constant and unlimited use of ardent spirit, and their dangerous traffic in it, *in order to supply the demand from others*? And is it to be wondered at, that, ignorant as they too generally are of the laws of God, and reckless of the laws of man, they should pursue their nefarious trade, and indulge in their damning potations, when they see both practices, but especially the latter, fostered and encouraged by those who ought to know, and by those who do know better?

Spirit drinking is a great evil, and such an evil as the records of our mad-houses, hospitals, workhouses, and prisons can best testify; but in addition to these, the tale of family distress, individual suffering, and private woe arising from the use of spirits, is known, and well known to every one, however mean his station or exalted his rank in society. Every individual ought therefore to raise his testimony against spirits,—every individual is called upon to banish

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them from his house,—every individual ought to teach his children to hate their very name and remembrance, and to fly from them as they would flee from a house already devoted to the flames. And in lifting up the testimony of a living voice and practical example against spirits as a beverage or luxury, let them also extend their sympathies, and convey the knowledge which they possess, to the houses of the poor smugglers upon our coasts, who are poisoning themselves, ruining both soul and body, while they are surreptitiously introducing this poison to destroy the health, mind, and morals of their countrymen.

Let Temperance Meetings be held in all the towns and villages on the sea-coast, and especially in the smuggling districts; let those who have influence support and encourage such meetings; and above all things, let them support the temperance cause, we again repeat, by the mighty influence of their own example. Who can tell but a change for the better may come over the minds of those rugged and hardy seamen? Who can tell but the lugger, with her contraband cargo, may be laid aside for the fishing boat, and the instruments of savage vengeance and of death abandoned for ever? One thing is certain, that if the inhabitants of this land, even those who only wish to be considered as irreproachable in character, will only forsake the practice of spirit drinking, smuggling, with all its evils, so far as spirits are concerned, as an article in this contraband trade, will cease; for if demand ceases, the inducements to supply cease, and the community at large will be benefited in pocket, in health, in morals, and in mind; and it will puzzle the keenest observer to discover one solitary evil as the consequence of this voluntary and glorious abstinence.

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THE VICTIM;

OR,*

THE EFFECTS OF MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

Mine is a sad, a melancholy tale,—
So highly charged with horror and distress,
That e'en credulity might pause awhile
To give its full assent.—Nothing can give
A warranty for telling such a tale,
But hope that sad example, like a beacon
Rais'd high to warn advent'rous voyagers
Of sunken rocks, and shoals, and quicksands,
May perchance advantage others; while its truth,
Naked and simple, may a sanction claim
Which airy fiction has no title to.

Of a painter of Tuscany, named Aretino Spinello, many things are recorded which unite to prove his high celebrity at the time in which he lived. His studies were prosecuted under the able direction of Cassentino, but such was the ingenuity and genius of the young artist, that at the age of twenty years he excelled his celebrated master, and outstripped all his compeers in his delightful art. The circumstance, however, which stamps his memory with a species of immortality, is the production of a picture of Satan. The dark portrait of the arch-fiend is said

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to have been so horrible to look upon, as even to frighten the artist himself: his senses were affected by the appalling representation, and in a little time, the effect produced upon his system terminated in death. Here the effects of a powerful imagination are strongly depicted. The picture which I am about to sketch will owe its origin to another source, but in which, although no palpable forms stand forth, the active agency of Lucifer will most evidently appear. As it will not be the creation of a fertile imagination, but the outline of some *bona fide* scenes from real life, no consequences like those which befel the unfortunate Spinello need be apprehended either by him who sketches, or by those who examine the moral picture.

It was a night full of horrors—the scenes of which can never be effaced from the memory, so long as reason maintains its empire in the mind,—when a gentleman of the medical profession, then residing in North Britain, was summoned from a sound sleep to attend on a female who required his assistance. Winter had set in with rigorous severity; the stormy north wind bellowed with alarming violence amidst the mountain fastnesses of Caledonia, and seemed like the incessant discharge of a number of pieces of heavy ordnance roaring through the deep ravines and lengthened glens which surround Midlothian. Dark and heavy clouds rolled portentously over the moon's pale disk, and occasionally shrouded entirely her faint light; in short, every thing which could dress out a scene calculated to chill the spirit, and render those exposed to it supremely comfortless and wretched, now existed. The hour of midnight had already been proclaimed in many parts of the bonny city of Edinburgh, and most of its industrious inhabitants had long since forgotten their joys and sorrows under the influence of sleep, or had exchanged those which were real, for others merely imaginary. It was at this unseemly hour, of this peculiarly cheerless night, that the loud knocking referred to, at the door of Mr. Wilson's lodging, aroused him from sound and easy slumber, and called him to professional engagements.

Mr. Wilson was a member of a family of high respectability, but he derived not his own respectability simply from such association; he was in his own person justly entitled to such honourable distinction. His habits, even while a youth, might have been contemplated with advan-

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tage as a model for those, who were by many years his seniors. The education which he was favoured to receive, was of a superior order. Masters of eminence were employed in directing the cultivation of a finely formed mind; his intellectual pursuits were attended to with unwearied diligence, and at a proper period, and with a respectable store of classical knowledge, he made choice of the medical profession, and after some time devoted to private study, entered a celebrated northern university to contend for the honours which are awarded to diligent and successful competitors. Mr. Wilson did not become a disciple of Æsculapius simply because it was a genteel profession: No! the close investigation which the science calls into exercise, was in accordance with his taste and habits; there was a natural adaptation in his mental temperament and physical constitution to the duties of the calling: it was a kind of element in which he revelled with nameless delight. His fondness for medical studies bordered on enthusiasm, and hence he embraced with eagerness any opportunity which was presented of practically pursuing the deep mysteries of the healing art. Prompted by such feelings, he hesitated not to attend whenever and wherever disease invited his attention. The haunts of wretchedness and misery to which vice had given birth, frequently found him exercising his professional powers, until a degree of well-earned celebrity stood associated with his name.

The practised ear of Mr. Wilson received the first sound of the knocking at his door. He immediately arose, and having hastily dressed, descended to the waiting visitor: and never did a more wretched object come within the range of human vision. It was a female. Her haggard and filthy form presented a complete personification of vice and misery united. No evidence could have been required, even by the most stern objector to sobriety and abstinence from strong drink, of the evils inseparable from intemperance, than this wretched and loathsome figure presented. The rags which hung upon her half-clothed body fluttered in the roaring wind, like so many signals attached to the mast-heads of floating lazarettos, as if to caution the healthy not to approach within the sphere of contagion. Her thin and sallow countenance, considerably begrimmed with dirt, looked the prototype of a face exhumed from its resting-place, after some weeks'

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interment. The wretched being was so far under the influence of inebriation, as to be unable to maintain either an erect or steady position. She had barely sense enough left to find her way to the well-known abode of Mr. Wilson, and in a confused and scarcely intelligible manner inform him of her errand. After hiccupping once or twice at the commencement of her tale, and then stopping to recover her half-lost breath, and staggering a few yards, she returned to her first position, and recommenced her story by repeating some thick sounds of nameless jargon, and then employing violent action to supply the place of speech, she succeeded in making the medical gentleman understand, that one of her acquaintances was in labour, and required his immediate assistance. No sooner had he learned sufficiently to make him acquainted with the purpose for which his aid was solicited, than throwing his night-cloak over his shoulders, he prepared to follow the unsteady steps of his drunken guide.

After a quarter of an hour's toil, in turning up one street and down another, and treading sundry dark passages, they arrived at a low and obscure part of the town. At the sound of "This way, sir,"—followed by a hiccup from his beastly directress, Mr. Wilson entered the passage of a house, the door of which stood wide open, giving free ingress to so violent a current of biting north wind, as placed at utter defiance every effort made by its inhabitants to keep themselves even tolerably warm. "Hoot, Mrs. M'Darling," shouted the stumbling guide, "dinna ye ken wha it is that is coming now?" And then, calling for a light in no very mild tones, accusing those she addressed at the same time with want of manners, she forced open a creaking door at the end of the passage, and at once presented to the astonished medical visitant, a scene of wretchedness so extreme as perfectly to horrify him.

The circumference of the apartment was so limited as to enable him at once to view every part of it, and all that it contained. The first object, however, which attracted his attention, was a poor groaning creature writhing under the pains preceding child-birth. She was stretched on a truss of straw, spread out upon the floor, while a filthy, tattered rug, which was barely sufficient to cover her person, was thrown over her. Her appearance was most pitiable, but that which heightened the effect produced by her state and circumstances, even beyond all expression,

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and mingled no small portion of disgust with the pity experienced, was the fact that she was labouring under the most beastly influence of intoxication! The quick eye of Mr. Wilson turned with abhorrence from the sight, and beheld half a dozen other females in the room, each of whom were in the same degraded and shameful condition. Some of them, indeed, were not so completely besotted with drink as their associates, but the greater part of them were so stupified by the narcotic drug they had swallowed, as to be altogether unconscious of every thing which was passing around them. Every evidence which could be given to the senses, was given in the wasted forms and ragged clothing of this strange group of guilt, wretchedness, and starvation. Of them it might have been said most truly, in the language employed by Shakspeare, in his inimitable description of the starved apothecary—

> "They were bare and full of wretchedness—
> Famine was in their cheeks,
> Need and oppression stared within their eyes,
> Contempt and beggary hung upon their backs."

It was indeed a sisterhood of all that human nature might shrink from with loathing and detestation. The arch-fiend of destruction and promoter of misery, seemed to reign here. The means by which he seduces our race, and destroys the beautiful image of God, had here been most successfully employed. Here he triumphed, triumphed awfully. Some faint shadowings of the character of his kingdom were displayed; some rude outlines of what he *would* do universally, and of what to too great an extent he too effectually *does* do, were presented. No effort of imagination was necessary to conceive that the dark and filthy room, on which degradation and ruin were impressed in lively forms, was the dwelling-place of fallen spirits,—that here Satan emphatically had his seat. Its furniture, if furniture it might be called, consisted of parts of what had once been two chairs, a low stool, and the wretched apology for a bed already noticed; and wretched in itself it really was, but for a woman in her delicate circumstances, peculiarly so. A scene at once so strongly revolting and deeply affecting, Mr. Wilson had never before witnessed, and he now shrunk from it with horror, and felt all the strong emotions which had been excited within him, rising to a still higher pitch by perceiving,

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that notwithstanding the evident poverty of this miserable band, *they possessed an abundance of whiskey!*

Mr. Wilson had scarcely finished his hasty survey of the modern pandemonium, before another being was added to the company, in the person of a puny, half-grown infant. It was a wretched introduction for the helpless babe: nothing had been prepared for its reception, and not one of the hideous creatures who half filled the place, retained sufficient physical or mental ability to render it any assistance; for those who were on Mr. Wilson's entrance less intoxicated than the others, had, during the short period he had been there, so frequently applied to the whiskey bottle, as to have become equally insensible. After doing all that skill and humanity could do, both for the helpless infant and its equally helpless mother, he took his leave and returned home.

Trembling as he did for the poor child, and dreading to leave it in the hands of such unfeeling and abandoned creatures, he explained the case as it stood, to a respectable-looking police officer, and requested that he would occasionally look in as he passed the house, and notice how its inmates went on; and if possible, that he would prevent the introduction of any more whiskey during the remainder of the night: having received his promise to attend, as far as his power would permit, to Mr. Wilson's request, the medical gentleman hastened to his bed again, to think

> "How strange materials the world is made of,
> And grieve that man should make of souls a trade—
> Should rob their fellows of the power to think,
> For love of money, while they sell them drink."

Amidst thoughts such as these, and which the recent scenes he had witnessed naturally gave birth to, associated with strong desire that so disgraceful and murderous a system, as he considered the trading in ardent spirits to be, might soon be discontinued and abandoned, he composed himself to repose; scarcely, however, had he so done, before he was roused by the officer of the night, who requested, with considerable emotion, that he would give his immediate attendance again at the house he had just left. The helpless infant, he observed, had been thrown down, through the incapacity of the intoxicated woman who had attempted to assist it, and was, he feared, considerably injured. Such intelligence, although

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it had been partially expected by the feeling accoucheur, acted like an electrical shock upon him, and he instantly obeyed the summons.

On re-entering the loathsome dwelling, all was confusion. A new feature had been added to the already too tragic scene. One of the women had managed to take up the piteously shrieking child from the place on which it had fallen, and in the stupidity which the drink she had taken produced, contrived, with an unsteady hand, to pour down the throat of the poor little struggling sufferer, a quantity of strong undiluted spirits: the consequences were such as any but a beastly drunken creature would have imagined; violent convulsions immediately ensued, and suffocation and death followed. There lay the remains of the newly-born babe, its features distorted by convulsion, affording awful evidence of *some* of the innumerable ruinous consequences connected with spirit-drinking. An unmeaning stare of stupid unconsciousness, the dreadful vacancy of which was truly horrible, sat upon the flushed countenances of the intoxicated assembly. The astounding catastrophe had in some measure sobered the wretched mother—those maternal feelings of nature which confirmed intemperance had not entirely obliterated, came instantly into full play; her cries were fearfully piercing. The wildness of insanity seemed to press close upon her, as the influence of the powerful potations she had taken, and the strength of parental feelings, came in contact. Mr. Wilson instantly perceived, that any assistance which he could afford would be altogether unavailing. The spirit of the child had passed beyond the power of human skill, to cause it to re-animate the lifeless clay, and he therefore again departed from the abode of drunkenness and death, and sought, in the oblivion of sleep, to escape from those unpleasant feelings which the circumstances of the last few hours had occasioned.

Time moved on, but did not effect any change in the habits of this wretched mother. No! the love of drink was confirmed, and raged; the strength of appetite triumphed over reason; and she who once would have blushed to have been suspected even of swallowing a single dram, now appeared to glory in proclaiming her shame before all men. The end of these things is death! The miserable life of this unhappy woman was terminated in the most awful way.—Mr. Wilson was called, in the course of his professional duties, to attend some

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patients in the infirmary, and there beheld her groaning in agony, occasioned by a severe burn which she had received while in a state of intoxication. She lingered for a while in considerable torture both of mind and body, but the extent of the injury which she had received baffled medical skill, and with an appalling groan she expired; adding to the already swollen list, another victim of intemperance.

Here we might drop the scene, and close a representation than which, few are more touching to correct feeling, or more humiliating to human nature; and in doing so, should assuredly leave the lovers of ardent spirits without excuse. But as yet the half has not been told; a warning voice is yet to be lifted up to those who are presenting the stimulating draught to their friends or dependents, directing them to dash it to the earth, or rather, while no voice is heard, the finger of example points with an emphasis of action, more powerful than any voice could assume, to the victim we have instanced, and seems with silent, but palpable and impressive energy, to exclaim to the presenter and receiver of the *first glass*,

"Be warned in time, and while there's time, *forbear!*"

The scenes which we have hastily narrated excited a laudable and irrepressible desire in the bosom of Mr. Wilson to ascertain, if possible, some points in the history of the chief personage in the tragic drama; and with indefatigable perseverance he pressed his enquiries, until he obtained so much of it, as to form a connection between it, and what he already knew: they are simple, but affecting, and can scarcely fail to arrest the attention, or of proving an antidote to giving to others strong drink.

Agnes Monteith had been long and well known by many in the vicinity of the city, but she was in early life known as the complete reverse of what she afterwards became. Not a few of the old inhabitants remembered when Agnes was a sportive, healthful, happy bairn, of whom every one took notice because of her constant good temper, her equally good manners, and dimpled rosy cheeks. They had watched with pleasure her gradual approach to womanhood, and each fond mother would point to Agnes Monteith as a pattern for her daughter. Her father was a respectable gardener in the suburbs of the town, and there it was that his be-

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loved daughter was born. His affection for his Agnes, as was perfectly natural, was of the strongest order: nothing appeared to afford him so much pleasure as the contemplation of the fair prospect which his imagination drew of her future excellence. His own industry and prudence empowered him to afford her an education even superior to what her station and rank in life seemed to call for, to accomplish which object, no cost was either spared or thought of. Her diligence and improvement kept pace with the expense incurred, and hence her scholastic acquirements were of high respectability. Thus were her early days devoted to the acquisition of sound and useful knowledge; and as she advanced in life, her habits and conduct secured for her even more than the respect of those who knew her,—she was esteemed and loved: these were happy days, because they were comparatively innocent ones. Her fond parents doated upon her, and her acquaintance loved her.

At an early period, and perhaps too early, Agnes formed an acquaintance with a respectable young tradesman of her native town: he moved in the same sphere with herself, and therein she did well. Every thing, so far as is known, was recommendatory of the individual to whom she had pledged her heart's earthly affection. The feeling was reciprocal, their association was approved of by those who felt most for both parties, and ultimately Agnes became the lovely, virtuous bride of Mr. M'Iver. If a desire existed to draw a rich, glowing scene of domestic felicity and connubial affection, nothing more would be necessary than to sketch it from the life, as it was experienced and displayed in Mr. and Mrs. M'Iver. Every thing of an earthly kind that could render life felicitous was experienced. They were devotedly attached to each other, and their prospects in human affairs wore a flattering appearance. But there are no sunny days in this life's experience, that are not chequered by some passing clouds, and even the longest, brightest day, is but of brief duration. So it occurred in the case before us, furnishing a lesson of sovereign importance to all, to remember that although

> "Pleasure's sun may light their sky,
> And happy hours be known:
> Such which in an hour may die,
> None, none, can call their own."

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Providence had hitherto smiled upon and blessed with plenty the youthful pair. The steady and sober habits of Charles, secured him the esteem and confidence of his employer; none were more able and more willing to work than he, and hence he had been favoured with constant employ, and his earnings were amply sufficient to supply himself and rising family with all they wanted. Two lovely girls were the pledges of their affection, and on these was lavished the fondness of devoted regard. Charles's home was a *happy home*. The temper and conduct of Agnes rendered it the most delightful place her husband knew. Her vows at the altar were fulfilled in the social duties of life, and her professions to him as a lover were constantly proved to be sincere by her conduct towards him as a wife. Thus things continued until the hard winter of 18—, and then came the trying scene. Work became scarce, and Charles was not able, as before, to procure sufficient to meet the demands of those he loved.

Up to the period in question, the whole of Agnes's time was employed in the management of her own little domestic concerns, but now, it became necessary that her own exertions abroad should be united with her husband's, in order to provide things comfortable for themselves, and honest in the sight of all men. The regret which Charles experienced that such should be the case, was much greater than what Agnes felt; indeed, it might be said, she stood ready to undertake any thing to which she was equal, so that she might render her husband and children more happy. While so prepared, Providence appeared to point her way, and with cheerfulness she followed.

The peculiar care which Agnes had displayed towards her children, was proverbial. The regularity with which they attended their school, the attractive neatness and decency of their appearance, and the respectability and propriety of their behaviour, attracted the attention of some ladies of influence, and secured their good will towards Agnes. They judged of the character of the mother by the habits and condition of the children, and to a much greater extent than perhaps common prejudice will allow, judgment founded on such principles will be found to be correct. The tempers and the manners of children are generally cast in the mould of the mother; if she is noisy, rude, ignorant, and profane, little surprise can exist if her offspring are so too.

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The ladies to whom we have referred were considered to be, and by their lives they proved the opinion to be correct—*benevolent and kind*. They were what is generally denominated *charitable ladies*. They sympathised with the suffering poor in their neighbourhood, and employed their influence in alleviating their distress. The circumstances of the industrious Charles and Agnes became known to them, and with a view of assisting a family in whose welfare they felt greatly interested, they found employment for Agnes during the time her husband was without employment, sometimes as charwoman, and at other times to wash for them. To these duties she attended with pleasure on her own part, and to the entire satisfaction of her employers. Some of them, however, were not satisfied with simply paying her for the service she rendered, but from mistaken kindness, growing out of the false conception that *ardent spirits* tend to strengthen and support the human frame during physical labour, these *really kind and charitable ladies* offered and pressed the ruinous draught upon Agnes, and she, alas! accepted it.

Oh! with what a yell of infernal delight must not Satan have viewed the transaction! How long and continuous must not his hellish laugh have been, when he beheld this hitherto poor, but virtuous, this laborious, but healthy female, take the first presented glass, and that glass presented by the fair hand of a woman too! while the act itself was deemed an act of kindness. How sadly had sinful custom darkened the mind, and rendered foolish the heart. Until now, the face of Agnes was healthful and fair to look upon as the fabled goddess Venus, while both in thought and action, she was chaste as Diana herself. But, ah! how speedily the reverse, the heart-sickening reverse of all this took place, leaving but a disgusting shadow of her former self behind.

Who may attempt to conceive of the lengthened catalogue of consequences which may follow even one improper act, or who will foolishly presume upon their own ability to proceed only to a given point of evil, and there to stop? The principle which leads to take the first step of deviation from the path of rectitude and honour, will by that very step receive additional strength, while the power of resistance will be proportionably impaired, until the result will, in all probability, be such as would

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have horrified the perpetrator even to contemplate at the outset of his career. So it happened with poor Agnes. The first glass of ardent spirits which she drank diffused through her system a corrupting influence, and while it destroyed the calm and even state of feeling which until then she had possessed, it produced a craving and a taste altogether unnatural; and instead of requiring to be pressed, as in the first instance, to accept the deadly draught, she looked for its presentation with longing desire.

A few applications only had been taken, before she judged it indispensable to the support of physical energy. It is true, indeed, that the portion which she took produced little or no external evidence that she had become a spirit drinker; the same high sense of moral propriety which had from her youth characterised her, was yet possessed. She had deceived herself, however, under the influence of the insidious potations she had taken, that strict *moderation* should always be adhered to by her. But then, who was to judge of this *moderate* supply? Her own appetite; and that was now corrupted. The portion which at first had fully satisfied her, was soon found insufficient, and therefore a *small* addition would still be *moderation*,—so her animal passions whispered to her affected judgment, and the falsehood was believed.

It may be necessary to observe that what had hitherto been taken by Agnes, was drunk when engaged in her laborious employment as char, or washerwoman; but afterwards, when the appointed hour came round when the dram was usually given, although engaged in her own domestic concerns, which until then had been easily performed without any stimulant, she felt restless and languid until the accustomed draught was swallowed. To attempt a description of the feelings of her husband when first the fact was discovered by him that his beloved Agnes drank freely of spirits, would be worse than idle. He needed not to torture his imagination by conjecturing what would be the painful results,—no! already he experienced the baneful consequences in a limited degree. Home,—once the only place where high enjoyment was to be met with, gradually lost its chief charm,—the affectionate, smiling welcome of a devoted wife. Her spirit became morose and sour; she who was wont to be gentle and patient as the passive lamb beneath the hands of the shearer, grew irritable and petulant; no smile played upon her counte-

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nance when Charles approached, no fire of animation kindled in her eye at the sound of his well-known voice; other objects engrossed her mind, and she brooded gloomily over imaginary ills. Their formerly neat and comfortable little dwelling was changed to a scene of dirt and disorder. The furniture no longer occupied its proper place; confusion had evidently entered; and although hurry and bustle might give the appearance of industrious care, still, as method had been given up, slovenliness was displayed in the confusion which existed.

Painful as these things were to the husband's mind, yet even it was exceeded by the painful fact, that even their sweet children, of whom Agnes had used to be devotedly fond, were neglected! The strong affection of the mother had been weakened by the demon of discord and hatred, as he entered her system in the guise of strong drink. Even those who had been the instruments of her degradation, saw the change which had taken place in her person, her children, her home, and withdrew from her in displeasure their countenance and support. The dreams of happiness with which Charles had indulged himself, of future domestic bliss, faded away in airy nothingness, as most dreams do,—or rather, they left in their place the bitterness of sad reality, that his peace and comfort for life were cruelly murdered.

Every week almost, added some fresh assurance in the experience of Agnes that "strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Larger and yet larger portions were required to satisfy the "raging" within her, which like the grave was never satisfied, and like the horse-leech continually cried, "Give, give." The wages she received for labour performed at various houses was expended for drink, and even that was found insufficient to supply the quantity she wished for. The appetite was now fully formed. Her thirst for ardent spirits became insatiable,—every other feeling was lost in it. Neither the persuasions of her husband, nor the tears of her children availed any thing, or seemed to reach her calcined heart. Every thing that could be disposed of for whiskey was devoted to that purpose, while want and misery threatened with most alarming menace.

She now presented an awful wreck of a once beautiful specimen of the workmanship of God. Her fine mind and lovely figure were alike marred. From that elevation of

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sentiment and conduct to which education and correct feeling had raised her, she descended to the low and vulgar habits of the most debased of her sex. Such by degrees became her sole associates, and their manners and phraseology became her own; while her person suddenly assumed the appearance of decrepitude and old age. Her healthful cheek, which once was smooth and fair as alabaster, upon whose surface the blushing tints of the rose and carnation blended, now looked like dirty, shrivelled parchment; her fine erect attitude was changed for a half-bended position, while her strong and graceful step was succeeded by a feeble, unsteady tread. Such awful ruin had the mistaken kindness of the good, and virtuous, and elevated of the land been indirectly and unintentionally, the cause of producing. Drunkenness, with its lengthened train of appalling consequences, had resulted from the presentation of spirit. The scene we have already feebly pourtrayed of the wretched condition in which Agnes was found by her medical attendant, surrounded by a number of the most loathsome and lost of women,—her own unhappy state of intoxication, and the premature death of the infant to which she had recently given birth, was climaxed, as has been intimated, by the loss of her own life, under circumstances the most deplorable, while yet in the midst of her years.

Every sensitive mind recoils from so terrible a picture. To dwell upon it is impossible. To attempt to put aside the veil and follow the spirit of the unhappy woman into the invisible state, would savour of temerity, such as may not be indulged in: the hand of a creature is too unsteady for the task. On this side that awful state we may well gaze with trembling and with awe on facts and consequences; and these are sufficient, if properly reflected on, to convince every presenter of ardent spirits of the responsibility which attaches to such conduct, and to how great an extent they may unintentionally become the agents of heart-rending evil, even in this world, by mistaken kindness.

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THE SAILOR.

At the assizes held in Perth, in the autumn of 1833, there was tried for murder a man of the name of K., of D——e,—a sailor by profession. It seems that he became acquainted with the deceased about two years before his trial, and married her. His life was one continued scene of idleness and dissipation, and the habitation of his wife that of brawls and constant confusion. On the fatal night when the murder was perpetrated, he had been drinking, and towards midnight returned home. The neighbours heard them quarrelling, and the family who resided beneath distinctly heard him throw her upon the floor, and press violently upon her body. In the morning she was discovered to be a corpse; and the unfeeling ruffian was apprehended, and committed to take his trial for the capital offence. There was not the least doubt of his guilt—the whole evidence proved it beyond the possibility of doubt; but there was an improper phrase in the indictment, as it set forth that he caused her death by violently pressing the body of the deceased,—instead of which, her death had been directly effected by strangulation, or pressing upon the throat. This, according to law, rendered his acquittal from the earthly tribunal necessary; but I shall not soon forget the solemn address he received from the judge on the occasion: "You have been indicted," said he, "for the foul and capital crime of murder. Of your guilt there cannot rest in any mind the least shadow of doubt: you know that you are the murderer of that unhappy and unfortunate woman; and though you will be acquitted from this bar, yet you will retire with the mark of Cain upon your forehead, and before another and a more solemn tribunal you will have to stand. Then even-handed justice will not fail to punish you, according to the demerit of your crimes. Let me," said he, "entreat you to amend your life, reform your conduct, and repent of your sins. Especially avoid that pernicious custom, that foul crime of intoxication; and seek the mercy of God, before your career terminates in that scene of misery from which there is no deliverance nor possibility of escape!"

The unhappy wretch bowed, and retired from the bar. It was asserted, and I believe upon good authority, that his first act after his dismissal from the tribunal before

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which he had just stood, and from which he could anticipate nothing else but the most fearful of all sentences, was to drown the recollection of the whole in the intoxicating draught. "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, the hearts of the children of men are fully set in them to do evil." It seemed from the statement of the whole case, that the unhappy woman occasionally took ardent spirits, and had done so on the evening of her death.

Society will never be raised to any thing like a dignified stand in morals, until the sober part of the population treat drunkenness with that contempt and shame which it deserves. Young women might exert (and it is their duty and interest to do so) a mighty influence in this matter. To take to their bosoms a sot, a poor, insane tippler,—a man who, one half of his time, may be dangerous to society in general,—must be exceedingly unwise and unsafe. Granted that, when sober, he may be worthy of your love and confidence, yet what security have you against his rage and madness when drunk? Can he feel the responsibilities of a husband and parent? Impossible. And, therefore, to be allied to men of sobriety, is the first consideration that should influence young women in entering upon marriage life. What a pious young woman said to an infidel, who paid his addresses to her, is equally appropriate here: "I will never give my heart and person to an avowed enemy of the God who made, sustains, and redeemed me, and whose favour is better than life." It would be impossible to describe the misery of unhappy and unfortunate women, who have neglected this caution in respect to one of the closest unions of the present life. It is, however, of the greatest moment, and is forcibly urged by the apostle of the Gentiles: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?"

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A SEA-COAST TALE.

"The tidings spread, and gathering grows the crowd;
The hum of voices, and the laughter loud,
And woman's gentler anxious tone is heard,—
Friends'—husbands'—lovers' names in each dear word:
'Oh! are they safe?—we ask not of success,—
But shall we see them?'"—THE CORSAIR.

FEW scenes in nature are more impressive than a storm at sea;—when the strong wind lifteth up the waves of the deep, and when the floods lift up their voice, even the mighty waves of the sea; but when peculiar circumstances are connected with "the war of elements," its effects are heightened above all the dreamy imaginings of the poet's art divine, and exceeds in awful grandeur the life-creating attributes of the painter's power. There is a nameless majesty in the wide, wide sea, even when contemplated under the calm and unruffled form which is impressed upon it, when no soft breath of heaven moves it to gentle undulation, and when its mighty vastness reposes in its own magnificence like a cradled infant. But when the leaping waves are lashed by the fury of the loud yelling storm, and the white-crested billows appear like Alpine

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mountains capped with snow, or when the separating waves, like some wide-gaping crater, presents to the view of the beholder dark, unfathomable depths, it assumes a character which throws a spell of powerful interest, bordering on sublimity, over the feelings of the amazed spectator, who, in the ecstacy or awe of the moment, can only *feel* the sentiment of the Psalmist—"Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works"—or bow with trembling before the presence of Him who gathers the winds in his fists, and binds the waters in a garment, or measures the sea in the hollow of his hand.

Such scenes I have again and again beheld during a residence of some years on one of the most romantic coasts which our sea-girt isle can boast, and as often have experienced, in a measure, at least, the emotions referred to. But there was one occasion on which the powerful effect produced within me, by the wild uproar of the agitated waters, was greatly increased by the exhibition of a scene of an exciting and painful order. However powerful and graphic the sketch might be, which the pen of the most descriptive writer could furnish, it would, nevertheless, be unequal to convey a just conception of the imposing grandeur and awful pomp which I then surveyed, or of the strong emotions which then possessed me. My outline, therefore, will only serve to furnish a faint and imperfect idea of the scene and circumstances to which I have referred.

The stormy month of November, in the year 1811, had already set in, and contrary winds, louder and longer than usual, had for several days been experienced, when, towards the close of a day which had been oppressively dark and gloomy, the deep hollow moan of distant and fitful blasts, which sounded like some imprisoned monster in the caves of ocean, gave strong indications to the practised ear of the officers of the preventive service, as they slowly paced the lengthy pier, that a storm was gathering up its strength, and might soon be expected to rage with considerable fury. The continued and increasing warnings were not disregarded by the fishermen, scores of whom had sailed before the dawn of the day, from the town, in pursuit of the treasures of the sea. One by one their little buoyant barks appeared in sight, scudding before the rising gale, and entering the harbour amidst

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the cheers of waiting companions, and were hailed with affectionate greetings by anxious, watching wives, or by tears of joy which stole down the cheeks of their trembling children.—Oh, it was a sight never to be forgotten. The calm, unruffled feelings of the hardy fishermen strongly contrasted with the anxiety or pleasure which spread over the countenances of the women and the young, who received or waited for husbands or fathers, sweethearts or sons; while the heavy, portentous clouds continued to gather in size and gloom, and the dashing spray drove the gazing groups higher up the beach, and the yielding masts of the vessels creaked beneath the full-bellied sail, and some loose cordage flew, like pennons, before the growling blast: it would have supplied a scene of the most attractive character for some able master of the pencil.

The tempest continued to increase in violence. The last boat made the port, and rode with comparative safety in the spacious harbour. Still the storm advanced in strength and fury, until a perfect hurricane roared through the rigging of the sheltered fleet, and shook the firmest buildings of the town, which stood on a lofty point of land, along the line of the raging waters. Considerable portions of massive stone were torn from the boundary wall which was intended to protect the promenade on the pier, through which apertures the rising waves leaped as if inspired with life, threatening wide and increasing destruction. Now, indeed, the storm appeared to have reached its climax. The noise of the sea, as it rose high above the signal-flag pole, and forming into hollow foam-crowned curves, like emerald alcoves, dashed furiously on the shore, and rolled in whelming torrents far up the beach, was deafening and appalling:—while the thundering wind seemed to join in rude and turbulent chorus, as if disputing with the waters the right of pre-eminence.

At this fearful moment, the steady watchers on the heights discovered on the summit of one of the mountain billows, at a distance of about two or three miles from land, a small and solitary vessel. The information flew like lightning through the town, as fears were entertained that some of their partners in peril might yet be absent. In a few minutes the greater part of the houses were untenanted, and the tops and sides of the cliffs appeared a living mass. The little bark was seen for a moment reeling on the lofty eminence, and then suddenly plunging

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down the steep abyss, was lost to the gaping multitude. A thrill of horror passed along the line of spectators, and even above the raging of the storm, the emphatic, but unconscious "oh!" rose from the agonized beholders. Presently the top of the mast again appeared, and, slowly emerging from the depths, the fragile sea-boat, "like a thing of life," came once more to view, and as before, stood shivering on the fearful elevation. Instantly a loud burst of gladness rent the air, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs told the generous frantic joy which was felt. Again she fell, and again arose, and at every change the same expressions of anguish or of pleasure were spontaneously given.

It was evident to those experienced in nautical tactics, that skill of no common kind must be exercised in the management of the vessel, as the strong current, which, in the well-known language of the traders on the sea, "ran like a boar," was nearly across the wind: it required therefore, the nicest art to prevent the boat getting athwart the tide, in which case, although but for a moment, in consequence of the tremendous sea and wind, she would have filled and foundered. A variety of conjectures were soon in circulation in reference to what she could be, and what was her course. The general opinion was that it was a fishing boat which had been driven over from the French coast, and that the purpose of those who were on board was if possible, to reach the harbour in sight. All doubt on the latter conjecture was soon removed, as she evidently neared the port. And now it could be distinctly seen at certain intervals that one man guided the helm and managed the sail.

No evidence had yet been furnished that the people on shore were perceived by the solitary sailor,—indeed his whole attention must have been so occupied by his perilous condition, that nothing save his boat, and large objects, could have been attended to by him. A few minutes only elapsed, and positive assurance was given that the stranger was ignorant of the coast, the point of land at which he appeared to be aiming being of so rocky a character as to render instant destruction inevitable, if his course was not changed in a short time. To warn him of his danger, and direct him to a place into which he might run with perfect safety, every means was resorted to which the pressure of the moment rendered available.

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A loud cry from the people, such as it was hoped would reach his ear, was raised in vain,—the wind drove back the sound, as in solemn mockery, and roared defiance to the efforts which were made.

Still the vessel neared the shore, and seemed hastily to approach the fatal spot. Anguish sat visible on every face.—The fixed eye, the outstretched neck, the compressed lips, and the convulsively clenched fists told how much was felt, although none could speak his feelings. Once more the effort was made to reach the sailor's ear, and at length evidence was afforded that the attempt was successful. And now the crowds waved him away with expressive action, but either he could not change his course, or the signal was mistaken, for still he kept on. A few minutes more, and in all probability the courageous and skilful mariner would be dashed to pieces among the pointed but hidden rocks. In this extremity, signal flags were hastily procured, and by their motion he was directed to the only point at which he could with any thing like safety approach. The signal was observed, and its import understood: for instantly the prow of the vessel veered a point or two, and bore its gallant helmsman away from the threatening danger.

Hundreds might now be seen running along the heights, towards the little bay at which the boat was to land; while not a few, under the enthusiasm which so strongly characterizes our countrymen in the hour of peril, like the hunted chamois of the Alps,—

"From crag to crag descending, swiftly sped"

down the sides of the cliffs, as shortening the distance to the appointed spot, anxious to be first to render such assistance as the voyager might require.

With a grace which surprised even those who had long been accustomed to view the feats which could be performed by a good sea-boat, the bounding bark breasted the tremendous swell, dashed aside the misty spray, (in itself a flood,) and rose lightly from the deep paths of the ocean to the summit of the long and broad waves, which rolled fearfully. Gradually she rounded the point, and seemed prepared to stand in for the bay; when a fatal eddy caught her in a moment, and whirled her like a straw out of her course. The quickness of the sailor, however, was equal to the exigency of the occasion: his firmness

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never appeared for a moment to forsake him. With a steady and strong hand he put about the tiller, shifted over the sail, and in a few minutes brought round his craft to her former course. Careful not to be so taken aback again, he made a larger offing, and, although with almost infinite peril, he once more prepared to make for the land. His last and seaman-like movement was beheld with delight by those who waited panting for his landing; and another loud huzza rose upon the roaring winds, to cheer him on. The gale, which continued to blow with unslackened violence, was now right in the vessel's stern, and she flew before it with fearful rapidity,—now rising high upon the billows, and then sinking to the depths below.

"Through seas which seemed like paths of fire,
And played around her fearless prow,
Onwards and onwards still she came,
In gallant pride,—I see her now:
Nobly the buoyant vessel rose,
And dashed aside the foaming spray;
Nor felt the danger which bestrode
Beneath the waves her saline way."

Great as was the peril through which the brave navigator had passed, he was not yet in a state of safety. A considerable distance yet lay between him and land, and his strength, from his very great and continued exertions, was gradually giving way; besides which, considerable fear was entertained by those on the shore, lest the land swell, which was very dreadful, might not, as he advanced within its power, prove fatal to him. Another and another cheer from the increasing multitude, which reverberated round the bay in lengthened echoes, seemed to inspirit the person for whom they were designed; keeping with firm grasp the helm right in midships, he ran the vessel head on to the shore. As she approached the beach, a mountainous swell lifted her up like a floating cork, and with a sudden rush bore her towards the land: in another minute, the huge body of water retreated with sullen roar, and left the craft high and dry upon the loose and rattling shingle. A hundred hands instantly surrounded her, and proceeded to drag her further up the beach, fearing lest the returning swell might rise higher, and again bear her off.

Scarcely had the vessel been safely disposed of, and the brave seaman who had piloted her through a sea in which the oldest mariner present considered it next to a miracle that so

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small a craft should live, had been received with acclamations, than a scene was presented, which seemed to produce a feeling of disgust and horror in all who witnessed it.

At the bottom of the boat, lay two young men as inanimate as if dead; affording no other sign of life than that which proceeded from an unpleasant guttural in the throat. So completely were they destitute of all motion, that it might have been imagined they had been thrown into the places they filled for the purpose of ballast. Nothing short of the positive evidence which was now furnished, could have disposed the by-standers to believe that such a storm as had been weathered by the vessel, could have roared around the beings they now gazed upon, without rousing them from their state of insensibility. Questions were not necessary to be put to the persons who had guided the craft, to account for the stupefaction which had fastened upon his companions —it was immediately perceived by all, that they were labouring under the influence of intoxication.

The countenances of both of the unhappy slaves of intemperance had already undergone such a change, as rendered them hateful to look upon. They were of a livid, dark purple hue, fast approaching to blackness. Their hands, likewise, had suffered a similar discolouration; while the nails of their fingers were dark as ebony. From their mouths and nostrils a thick froth continued to ooze out, which seemed to threaten immediate suffocation. They were borne with all the speed which the ruggedness of the road would allow, to the nearest house, and there instant aid was obtained. Already the requisites which were necessary for relieving the body of poisons, both solids and fluids, were prepared, and the skill of a gentleman of high professional character was put into instant exercise. But, alas! in reference to one of the unfortunate beings, a young man of about twenty-four years of age, all human aid was vain; the draughts which he had swallowed had proved too efficacious in their destructive influence. His body had been rescued from a watery grave, but his spirit had departed to the invisible world, to render to impartial and inflexible justice an account of the deeds he had performed, and to receive the righteous reward appended to self-destruction. Several hours of painful suspense elapsed before a hope could be indulged that the other would be

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saved: at length, however, the whole of the poisonous drug having been taken from the stomach and proper remedies applied, the exhausted man by slow degrees recovered.

Considerable curiosity now existed on the part of several persons in attendance, to be informed of the cause of the singular circumstances in which they had been found; when he whose manly conduct had saved the vessel, gave in substance the following particulars:—

They were, as had been conjectured, fishermen from the French coast, and early in the morning had left their homes at Ambleteuse, to pursue their calling. For some years, he observed, he had been convinced of the advantages connected with *temperance*, and had therefore acted on that principle. In consequence, however, of joining a Temperance Society, he had suffered the ridicule of not a few of his former companions, whose habits he had abandoned himself, and striven to correct in them, and among others, from the persons with whom he had that morning sailed. He had now followed his profession as a fisherman for several months, in all weathers, without tasting a drop of spirits, and not only did he not feel any loss of physical power in abstaining from them, but was convinced that his ability to perform the duties to which he was called was greatly increased.

On stepping on board their vessel in the morning, he had employed all the arguments which he possessed, to dissuade his companions from taking with them the ardent spirits which he perceived they had brought: but all was useless; they persisted that a small portion of brandy, and they did not mean to take much, would keep out the cold and strengthen them for their hard day's work. Finding all his advice rejected, he ceased to importune them, and they shortly after weighed anchor, and proceeded to make for the fishing-ground. After laying out their nets, his companions took their accustomed allotment of spirits, and again when they had hauled them in. They had only cast them out a short period the second time, before a strong wind from the shore drove them further out to sea than they wished or expected. So sudden and unlooked-for was the squall, that they had not time to take in their nets. The wind continued to increase in fearful violence, and was attended by an unusual swell which threatened to swallow them up. Every effort made to beat to

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windward, and by easy tacking get under shelter of the high land of Bourdeaux, was unavailing, and they were therefore obliged to stand out to sea and scud before the gale. Occasionally, and then more frequently, his shipmates indulged in supplies of brandy, and protested it was impossible to weather such a storm without something to cheer them. The tempest increased in strength and fury every moment, rendering their situation more and more perilous; and as the help of his companions became increasingly necessary, they were from their use of the brandy less capable of rendering it. In a short time they were so far under the influence of intoxication, as positively to endanger the safety of the vessel, and their own lives, by the blunders they made in shifting the sail. Again and again they drunk, until they laid themselves down in the bottom of the boat, and ceased to possess any measure of what might be called consciousness. The narrator instantly seized the bottle, and threw it, with its contents, into the sea, and then addressed himself to the task of managing the vessel alone.

The haze at this time was so heavy, as to prevent his discerning any object far from him, and he was obliged, therefore, to bear away before the wind. After sailing on one tack as nearly as he could guess two hours, the thickness broke away, and he discovered land on his starboard bow. Although ignorant of the English coast, he still felt himself obliged to bow to circumstances, and therefore made towards it. The exertions and dangers to which the folly of his companions had subjected him, were at times almost beyond what he could endure, and he felt persuaded that, had he not for the last few months of his life abstained from spirituous liquors, and felt the advantages resulting therefrom, he too should have yielded to the temptation of taking some, and in all probability, neither their vessel nor themselves would ever have been heard of again. He needed not, he continued, to inform them of the sequel of that day's adventure,—they were already fully possessed of it; and never, he assured them, should he forget, while life remained, the providential escape which he had that day experienced, nor should he cease to believe, that his own and companions' lives were saved by God's blessing upon TEMPERANCE.

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GEORGE WILLOUGHBY.

That man is the creature of habit, is a truth which philosophers have laboured to inculcate, and the vulgar have learned by experience; and however the practice of many may belie their professions, almost every individual recognises the sentiment as part of his theoretical creed.—Universal observation of characters and events demonstrates that, whether we regard the progress of vice, or the march of benevolence and virtue, there is frequently no credible relation between its incipient and its later stages. The evil or the good advances by an imperceptible gradation, and though at first comparable only to a grain of sand, or a single mustard seed, may augment till it astonish its first projectors, and annihilate or increase the peace of society.

Aware of the force of this mighty machinery, the instructors of youth have ever sought to employ its agency on the side of virtue; hoping by the implantation of moral and religious maxims to check the growth of evil propensities. But unfortunately, the power of habit is greater in the destruction than the formation of virtuous principles; and

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hence, the fairest expectations of parents and guardians have been clouded, even after the period of tutelage, by the workings of an insidious enemy, who, though disregarded at the commencement of his irruptions, has gradually risen to giant strength, and blasted the prospects of rising maturity.

These observations are fatally exemplified in the narrative now presented to the reader's attention.

In a populous village, in the immediate neighbourhood of London, lived Mr. George Willoughby, a gentleman of respectable birth, liberal education, and amiable manners. He had been originally intended for the mercantile profession, and passed the spring-time of life in its pursuit; but various unsuccessful speculations impaired his means, and induced him to relinquish the scenes of commerce for the more flattering prospects of a post under government, obtained by the interest of an influential connexion. This situation being one of emolument rather than business, he resolved to retire into rural privacy, and spend his days in literary pursuits, and the practice of every domestic virtue.

Mr. Willoughby had, before this period, entered into the connubial state—that state which may prove productive of delight or sorrow, as the verdict of Heaven blesses or disapproves the union. He had married an amiable and virtuous lady, who amidst his commercial vicissitudes had lessened every anxiety, and was now the chief companion of his leisure hours, enlivening by the charms of improving conversation those seasons which solitude might have tinged with melancholy.

Their union was at length crowned by the birth of a son, whose budding infancy, while it promised an accession of happiness, devolved new duties on his fond parents. It was the highest pleasure of which maternal solicitude was capable, to watch the dawnings of his infant mind,—to observe the embryonic intellect struggling into life, and expressed by an insatiable thirst for knowledge. And as childhood succeeded to infantine prattle, and dispositions were developed by action, it devolved on Mr. Willoughby himself to guide and regulate, so far as human power extends, the moral and intellectual attainments of his son. Nor was his care and anxiety bestowed in vain, or his fond hope frustrated. Young Edward, as he advanced in years, acquired the affection of all around him by his amiable

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temper; while, as his mind increased in intellectual cultivation, he gave fair promise of combining the man of talent, with the useful and worthy member of society.

Years rolled rapidly on, and each succeeding season witnessed the rising of the son to wished-for manhood, and the advance of his parents to the declivity of life. And now fresh anxieties occupied the attention of Mr. Willoughby—the future destiny of Edward, and his settlement in the world. It was naturally his wish to place his son in such a situation as would promise a respectable subsistence; while his affectionate partner, whose motives were more powerfully swayed by Christian principle, would express her fear lest the object of her maternal tuition should be snared by sin, or drawn into temptation. An event soon occurred which obliged them to come to a speedy decision. Their choice may be regretted, but must not be withheld by the faithful narrator; since it is from the calamities dependent on vice and folly, that age draws its lessons of virtue and discretion.

The situation held by Mr. Willoughby under government was, as we have before hinted, little more than a sinecure, and was soon abolished from a principle of retrenchment by the ministry of the day. From this post he had hitherto derived a considerable income, sufficient to maintain his family in ease, if not in affluence. Of this he was now suddenly deprived; and not possessing sufficient parliamentary influence to procure another office in substitution, he saw himself on the eve of necessitous circumstances, unless by a vigorous and judicious effort he could obtain a sufficiency for his remaining days. He had, indeed, saved a small sum annually, by economy and prudence in expenditure; but this would barely suffice to preserve them from want, and was therefore far from adequate to the requirements of persons who had been accustomed to move in genteel society. In this emergency, Mr. Willoughby received a visit from a relation, whose friendship he had often experienced, and who now evinced his sympathetic feeling in visiting and advising him on his unexpected reverse of fortune. He informed him of the vacancy of a flourishing concern in a line of business at once respectable and lucrative, which he strongly recommended him to purchase, adding as an inducement, that if Mr. Willoughby's small property should prove insufficient, he would himself furnish additional

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capital. After detailing at length the particulars of the case, Mr. Belfield departed, leaving his friend to consider of it, and form his opinion.

Mr. Willoughby knew his friend's phlegmatic disposition too well to suppose his expectations of success unreasonable: the more he considered the circumstances of the case, the more favourable the occasion appeared. There was an old established business in a public situation,—the custom of the first retail houses,—while the noble offer of his friend's assistance seemed almost of itself to settle the question. The only possible objection was that immediately urged by Mrs. Willoughby, an objection which, however trivial in the eyes of those who are blinded by interest or sophistry, was, in her opinion, at once decisive: it was *the wine and spirit trade* on which her husband projected entering. This settled her at once, and confirmed her, from first to last, in her opposition to the proposed plan. Though unacquainted with the variety of argument which succeeding years have elicited, and which Temperance Associations have opened on the world, yet her mind, richly stored with the precepts and doctrines of the Bible, could not fail to perceive that spirit-selling was virtually prohibited in the sacred pages. She endeavoured to impress upon her husband the importance of acting in conformity with its declarations, and professed herself willing to make any sacrifice, and submit to the lowest degradation, rather than be the means of ruining, however distantly, the peace of mankind, and peopling with fiends the infernal regions. To these strong dissuasives, coming so forcibly from the lips of a beloved partner, Mr. Willoughby would oppose the shallow sophistry which he had learned from his well meaning but ill-advised friend. He denied that spirits, when taken in moderation, were injurious to the physical or moral frame; or that, even if they were, he was responsible for their effects on those few who indulged them to excess. "Besides," he would say, "do we not know many estimable men, professors—ay, and as far as we can judge, *consistent* professors of religion, who never object to the traffic? And as to your argument, it may, indeed, be applicable to retail spirit shops; but our business will be purely wholesale." And then, descending to less exalted motives, he added, "it will be just the thing for Edward; he will soon be able to take a principal part

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in its management; he will be perfectly safe from temptation; he will only have to sit at his desk and transact accounts, and superintend the taking in of stock. Think how desirable it is to be relieved from this pressing anxiety, and placed in ease and prosperity. I cannot but view it as an opportunity which we are bound, as concerned for our son's welfare, and our own comfort, to improve to the best advantage."

Though these arguments did not in the least weaken the opinion of Mrs. Willoughby, she was not sufficiently versed in logical science to convince her husband of their fallacy. His first assertion especially, (though herself certain of its falsehood,) she could not rebut, as in the present day, by the testimony of the most intelligent medical authorities, that the use of spirits is absolutely injurious. She repeated, however, her solemn persuasion that the proposed trade was contrary to the spirit of the word of God, and could not, therefore, be followed by His blessing. Her husband, aware of his apparent advantage, resolved to strengthen it by an appeal to his son's opinion of the scheme, of which, as may be imagined, he had already heard. And can any one acquainted with the principles and motives of inexperienced youth, feel surprised at hearing, that he immediately displayed the utmost eagerness to commence the business? He had, it is true, been tutored by his fond parents in the strictest principles of rectitude; but could he suspect the moral tendency of a measure which was strenuously advocated by his preceptor himself? And even supposing that he had reason to believe it destructive to the peace of mankind, he was lured by the prospect of temporal gain. The criminality rested chiefly with him who had set him the example of approval, or rather with the vitiated customs of society by which his misguided father had been blinded.

But to return more directly to our narrative. Mr. Willoughby, though his wife still protested in the most solemn and energetic manner against it, informed the friend who, with mistaken generosity, had made so liberal an offer, of his determination to purchase the concern. Mr. Belfield promptly fulfilled his engagement, and Mr. Willoughby was soon numbered among the wine merchants of the metropolis. And now commenced a new and untried scene. Mr. Willoughby, who till now had been com-

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paratively a stranger to active life, became completely engrossed in business. His connexion was extensive, and only required constant attention to render it highly profitable. He applied himself to the diligent prosecution of trade with an assiduity which, in any other line, would have been highly commendable. The situation was particularly pleasing to his son Edward, who found his element in assisting to carry on a concern of which he hoped one day to be master.

The reader will, no doubt, make his own comment on the change which thus took place in the circumstances of Mr. Willoughby and his family. Many features of difference, it must be acknowledged, between his intended business and the retail trade, combined to render it attractive even to a virtuous mind. They were subject to none of those disgusting exhibitions of sottish drunkenness which crowd the purlieus of a modern gin shop; so that, though indirectly they caused as much misery to their customers, the effects of the fatal glass might seldom come under their immediate inspection. The proposed concern was also more respectable: the very same occupation, had it brought them into contact with the refuse of society, and thronged their cellars with the rabble of the town, would have been regarded as mean and below their gentility.

But for one circumstance, indeed, they might have escaped in their own persons the influence of the poison. Though Mr. Willoughby's concern was purely wholesale, so that even his cellars were in another part of the town, it was necessary to the transaction and settlement of contracts, that he should ascertain the quality of his goods by tasting the samples. This at first devolved on himself and his son; though, afterwards, as their business increased, ten or more clerks in addition might be seen, all alike engaged in tasting the newly imported produce. This was the custom, as every reflecting reader will instantly perceive, which proved to father and son the fatal temptation. At first, indeed, Edward rejected the cup presented to his lips; for before this period, perhaps he had never tasted the fatal beverage, as the example of his mother had acted as a dissuasive; besides which Mr. Willoughby (and be this remembered), though he denied it to be absolutely injurious, was too much the father to allow it a place among the necessaries of his own table. But that

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which would never have been chosen to gratify his appetite, was readily swallowed when necessary to the performance of his daily occupation: he thus gradually acquired an artificial relish, which, unperceived by his parents, but surely to himself, laid the foundation of future misery.

It cannot but be supposed that the circumstances above related were deeply felt and regretted by Mrs. Willoughby. She had never ceased to declare her utter disapprobation of the scheme; and not the increasing magnitude of their trade, and their consequent pecuniary resources, could induce her to swerve from her former opinion, nor the love she bore her husband abate her remonstrances. She beheld with the bitterest sorrow that he became less and less pervious to her appeals; and though his affection for her prevented or concealed disgust when she introduced the subject, he would retire with equal earnestness as before to the prosecution of the reprobated trade. The fact was, the deadly dram, habitually taken, had had its influence too upon him.—He was no longer so open to conviction as he was when he entered on his present occupation. Spirit tasting had deadened the moral sense, had weakened his perception of moral evidence, or else (which is far more probable) had marshalled the passions and the will against its dictates. How then could it be expected that the same array of arguments and appeals which had failed on a former occasion, should prove successful on this, in subduing that determined prejudice which every month, and every year, assisted in strengthening? And how can we characterise that ruinous calling which can thus harden the heart, and paralyze the soul?

But to return. There was another particular in which moral declension was but too apparent in Mr. Willoughby. He had for years been accustomed to a regular attendance on the public ordinances of God's house, as the neighbourhood not only exhibited earthly temples to His praise, but was blessed with an evangelical ministry.—His wife had chosen the path of peace, and cast in her lot with the followers of Christ, by becoming a member of a religious society; and he himself, by filling his seat in the house of prayer, evinced his respect for the precepts of the gospel. But he found out at last, that the faithful preaching of truth aroused the dormant energies of conscience, and renewed the conflict between the desire of gain and the

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sense of rectitude. Besides which, he was ensnared by the love of the world, and the things of the world, which encircled him each day with a deadlier grasp. He became, therefore, weary of listening to that advice and remonstrance with which he was determined never to comply: he gradually forsook the altar of the Lord, because conscience took occasion from the truths there delivered to issue against crime its just denunciation.

And we would here pause, while we ask the reader whether this conduct was strange or unnatural? That the instrumental destroyer of the bodies and souls of men should dislike the faithful ministrations of that gospel which enjoins all the precepts of the moral law, by higher and more powerful motives,—is indeed lamentable, but fearfully consistent; since light can have no fellowship with darkness, neither hath Christ any concord with Belial.

It cannot be necessary to detail the effects of this unhappy change on the subject of it. To peace and tranquillity of mind he was now a stranger; and how should it be otherwise, when the God of peace was an object of terror, and the voice of his Holy Spirit was madly disregarded? Seasons there were, when conscience diminished the force of her strivings; but these were the intermitted ragings of the deep, which served but to lull him in carnal security; a calm, which predicted the horrors of that tempest which should soon overwhelm and surround him for ever.

In the mean time, the apprehensions of Mrs. Willoughby were fearfully fulfilled, in the conduct of her son. His daily avocation had habituated him to the drinking of spirituous liquor, which led him at times into gross intoxication, and rendered him, even when free from his fits, a wretched and degraded object. He grew gradually less susceptible of the rational and noble enjoyments of life. Taught from his childhood to seek delight in the cultivation of science, his youthful days gave promise of a life spent in a manner worthy an immortal being: while a disposition naturally amiable, excited in his breast a wish to bless mankind by deeds of beneficence. But sad indeed, was the alteration which now appeared. The spring-time of his years had been dishonoured and defiled by habits of intemperance and consequent dissipation. He had learned to frequent the resorts of fashionable

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vice, and ape the scoffer in his language and profanity. The remonstrances of her, who in the guileless days of childhood, had nurtured him in the fear of God, and taught his infant lips to lisp His name, were now despised as weak, or scorned as fanatical. The example which his unhappy father exhibited of attachment to the world, and eager pursuit of wealth, he closely imitated and even exceeded; for though, in other respects, the slave of his passions, he was ever distinguished by close attention to business and extensive commercial knowledge. But beneath the guise of general intelligence, and a somewhat prepossessing exterior, there lurked a poisoning principle, which undermined his physical and moral constitution.

At length this complication of domestic griefs, which had long been mourned in secret by Mrs. Willoughby, burst forth in its full violence, and, in conjunction with long-neglected symptoms of disease, was terminating her mortal existence. She had been deeply affected by her husband's conduct; each returning Sabbath, as she bent her steps towards the house of prayer, she could not but feel a sorrowful remembrance of the past, and regret at the present: though, at the same time, when she reflected on her own preservation, she was struck with a grateful sense of sovereign and distinguishing grace. She tried afresh to influence her husband's mind; she would conjure him by the recollection of that happiness which had once blessed their union, and heightened every social enjoyment, to ponder anew the path he was pursuing; but years of indifference had hardened him into total apathy, and all her appeals fell powerless from the lips that uttered them.

It happened that in the summer of 18—, a merchant vessel, with a large cargo, among which was some valuable West Indian produce, consigned by a Jamaica planter to Mr. Willoughby, was wrecked off the coast of Essex. Various reports prevailed respecting the damage and loss occasioned, and much mystery seemed to involve the whole affair; which induced him to go down himself to Harwich, near the harbour of which town the calamitous event took place. On his arrival he ascertained that, through the vigilance of the people and the town authorities, the greater part of his property had been saved. He did not forget to remunerate those who had exerted

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themselves in its preservation, though at the same time he was sufficiently reckless of their benefit to give that remuneration in the shape of ardent spirits.

He returned to his temporary abode, whence he intended to hasten his progress to the metropolis. While there, he received a letter, from an unknown hand, communicating the alarming intelligence that his wife had been seized with a virulent fever, which her physician had pronounced would be fatal; and that his son had a few days before left the house with a large amount of property, and had not since been heard of. The letter concluded with an urgent request that he would return immediately to London, to close her eyes and hear her dying words. He set out instantly, and after travelling with the greatest expedition, arrived, in the utmost agitation, at his residence in ———street. He had arrived in time, and only in time, to hear the dying testimony and admonitions of his wife. Her countenance brightened as he entered, but soon re-assumed its pallid hue. She grasped his hand, and summoning up her remaining strength, she expressed the hopes and wishes of a Christian in the following words:—"Life, my dearest George, is fast ebbing away; my flesh and my heart fail; but Christ is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. Hear me again, for the last time,—give up your horrid trade, and seek the peace of God, which passeth all understanding." The lamp of existence flickered in the socket; nature was convulsed by the parting pang, and the next moment witnessed the departure of her spirit to join the ransomed before the throne.

Callous as Mr. Willoughby had been to the repeated entreaties and arguments of his amiable partner, he had not lost all the feelings of a husband, and was therefore plunged by this unexpected event in the deepest affliction and distress; nor is it too much to say that he formed many resolutions of discontinuing the traffic which had destroyed her peace, and indirectly brought her to the grave. But it was necessary to enquire immediately about the flight of his son, and the extent of his embezzlement. He found that he had been robbed, in bills and cheques, to the amount of several thousand pounds; which loss would probably reduce him to the greatest embarrassment. Messengers were sent in every possible direction, with a view of finding some clue to his discovery, but without the

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smallest success, till at length, going in person to a distant seaport, he learned that he had a few days before set sail, an unhappy fugitive, for America. He would have followed him, distracted, across the seas; but his business at home, on the eve of failure, required his immediate presence. Having a relation who had settled in Boston, he communicated to him his urgent entreaty that he would use every endeavour to discover, if possible, his retreat. He then returned to London, and found his affairs on the verge of ruin. He feared lest his embarrassment should be discovered by his creditors, which might involve consequences fatal to his remaining property; nor had he the candour to lay the case before them, or that sense of integrity which would have led him to prefer honest indigence to ill-gotten wealth. He resolved therefore to escape precipitately with what money he could gather together, regarding neither the just demands of his creditors, nor the wretchedness which he was bringing on himself by the action. He took up his abode in an obscure country town, and, under an assumed name, purchased a small establishment for the retail sale of ardent spirit. But the habit of drinking which he had acquired, now fastened upon him with greater strength than ever; he had taken the glass before to stifle the voice of conscience, and now increased the daily potation to drown all recollection of the past. He had become so debased in sensibility, so deaf to every feeling of humanity, as to give with his own hand the poisonous liquor to the wretched customers who crowded his doors, and to dole out to the already formed drunkard that drug which he knew would consummate his destruction.

He passed thus a few short years, a ruined object himself, and assisting to ruin others, till at length, the effects of long continued intemperance brought him to the grave, in the fifty-sixth year of his age; forming, by the varied scenes of his chequered life, a warning to future generations, to flee from the pursuit of that unlawful traffic which blasted the prospects of the once respectable and respected George Willoughby.

Of his son we have since received a few particulars, which have grieved but do not surprise us. He landed on the shores of the United States, and, being incapacitated by irregular and vicious habits for any active employment, he resolved to live upon the money he had embezzled, or rather upon that portion of it which extravagance and

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dissipation had left him. At length, however, the approach of absolute poverty brought him to reflection, and he applied for a situation as clerk in one of the most respectable houses in Boston, which he obtained, and in which he conducted himself for a time with propriety. But he was one of those unhappy individuals who, though they may assume the appearance of reformation to gain the favour of others, yet having no stable principle, they are no sooner in possession of the desired boon than they sink again into their former recklessness. He renewed his revels and drunken carousals, and even in his intervals of reason and sobriety evinced such prostration of his moral and intellectual faculties, as excited apprehensions in the minds of his employers that his continuance in office would endanger the credit and respectability of their firm. They therefore dismissed him, though at the same time, pitying as well as blaming his extreme debasement, they recommended him to a post in another concern of a similar kind, but much less business. He again relapsed into vice and folly, and was then taken into the family of the gentleman from whom we received this intelligence, who, with unexampled kindness, and actuated by an earnest desire to be instrumental in his reformation, treated him with parental affection, and did all that Christian principle could prompt to bring him to a sense of rectitude and virtue. But every expedient has been hitherto tried in vain; the lost and ruined object of his sympathy continues in that state of listless indifference, to which he has been reduced by a long course of profligacy; and the period cannot be far distant, when his death must swell the list of victims to the selling and drinking of spirituous liquors.

Our design in the above narrative has not been to produce a highly wrought picture, but simply to detail the effects of the traffic, as proved by facts with which we are familiar. We have purposely taken the trade in its most specious form, and endeavoured to show how fatally, even in the most amiable characters, it destroys the moral sense, and beclouds all that is fair and lovely in the man, the father, and the husband. That such an occupation should be held to be lawful, it seems an insult to reason to suppose; or rather it is indeed a melancholy proof how far man has fallen from primeval purity, and is fettered by the chains of pollution and crime. It can scarcely, one

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would imagine, require the assistance of laboured demonstration to convince any reflecting mind, that the man who issues from his warehouse, in small or large quantities, an article which chemical analysis, and the history of mankind ever since its invention, have proved to be poisonous, is responsible for its deadly effects, and therefore guilty in selling it. That the influence which he exercises is only indirect, is no just reason for declaring him innocent. What character is more generally obnoxious to every virtuous mind, than the author who by fascinating exhibitions of vicious pleasure, and subtle defences of the blackest crimes, poisons the virtue of every reader? Yet his agency is quite collateral; no mischief could possibly ensue, if no one purchased or perused his work. But notwithstanding, public opinion, unhesitatingly and justly, brands his name with perpetual infamy; and equal disgrace must soon be attached to the distiller or vender of intoxicating liquors. If, then, the decisions of human reasoning condemn him as hostile to the peace of his fellows, how should he tremble at the denunciations of wrath revealed in the Scriptures against him! for surely, if ever a direct disapproval was couched in language the most appalling, it is that expressed by the prophet Habakkuk; "Woe unto him that *giveth his neighbour drink*, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken." "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity! For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."

But we anticipate here an objection.—"What!" it may be asked, "is every one who merely manufactures or vends an injurious article for public use, answerable for its deleterious influence on society? On the same principle, the forger of arms, or the maker of gunpowder, by whose indirect agency the scourge of war depopulates nations, and devastates provinces, should be viewed as the destroyer of his species, and scouted by all as unfit to live." We answer, that the cases are by no means parallel. We cannot but think that war, if undertaken in defence of those inalienable rights which man by nature possesses, and which Christianity does not forbid him to assert, is by argument and experience proved to be beneficial. It was frequently the instrument in the hand of God, in preserving the Jewish religion from impurity; and cannot therefore be unlawful now, when employed in conscientious defence of

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civil and religious freedom. But the seller of ardent spirit derives his profit from an article absolutely poisonous, destitute of any nutritious quality, and in no instances necessary, even as medicine, except in those extreme cases where the suspended functions of animal life require strong stimulants to restore their power. We must therefore be allowed to express our conviction that the dealer in spirituous liquors is, without exception, a greater contributor to the misery of mankind than any other individual. His traffic already is morally wrong, and we hope it will soon be politically illegal.

But we would remind our readers, that great as is the criminality of such persons as the subjects of the foregoing narrative, there are extenuating circumstances in their case, which will not apply to those who at present circulate the poison. The spirit-seller twenty years back, was unenlightened by that mass of evidence and information which must now compel a man to relinquish the trade, or torment him with the horrors of a guilty conscience. Like the uninstructed votary of an idolatrous creed, he is condemned only in proportion that conscience, as God's vicegerent in every breast, denounced his unlawful actions. Whereas, he who knowing the deleterious nature of spirit, nevertheless commences or continues to sell it, is responsible in a high degree for all the consequences; he sins against the fullest light, and urges his progress onward to the brink of everlasting woe.

Nor let any of our readers imagine, that awful as is the sin of the liquor merchant, he only is chargeable with its baneful effects. All those, without a single exception, who do not throw their influence in the scale of Temperance Societies, and thereby contribute to enlighten the public mind on the subject, will be convicted in the court of Heaven, as tacitly allowing their fellow-creatures' sufferings. It is an observation of England's greatest moralist, that "he who neglects to disseminate knowledge, is guilty of the crime of continuing ignorance;" and a higher than human authority has said, "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

Let, then, every one who wishes to obey the precepts of his Maker, consider the responsibility in which he is involved, as a member of the state, and as an heir of future immortality. All are responsible, because all are intrusted with a portion of influence, in a public or domestic capa-

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city. And let them remember that it is a trust, for which they must give account, in despair or joyfulness, at the high tribunal of the Eternal. It is not only by abusing talents and opportunities, that men are subjected to His displeasure; it is also the "slothful" servant, who strains not every nerve to propagate that light by which the fiends of darkness must be driven from the land. Let the heads of families teach their offspring to abhor as poison the intoxicating dram; let the preacher denounce it from the pulpit, and the author from the press; let the statesman employ his senatorial, the counsellor his juridical powers, in publishing its baleful effects, and denouncing its use by society; and Temperance shall be the vanguard of Missionary Societies, Missionaries shall be crowned with the prayed-for success, and the gospel of grace shall go through the earth, in its length, and in its breadth, to cheer, enliven, and regenerate the nations.

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EFFECTS OF "THE PLOUGH;"

OR,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

"Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land."

GOLDSMITH.

READER, I have a tale to tell you,—and one of more than common interest; the facts of which, however, are of but too frequent occurrence; to which, as I have no better preface (and I like a preface to a tale), take the following:—

A man without money, is a body without a soul,—a walking death,—a spectre that frightens every one. His countenance is sorrowful, his conversation languid and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance, he never finds him at home; and if he opens his mouth to speak,

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he is interrupted every moment, so that he may not have a chance to finish his discourse, which it is feared will end with asking for money. He is avoided like a person infected with disease, and is regarded as an incumbrance to the earth: want wakes him in the morning, and misery accompanies him to bed at night. The ladies discover that he is an awkward booby; landlords believe that he lives upon air; and if he wants any thing from a tradesman, he is asked for the cash before delivery:—in short—

I perceive the length of my preface wearies you, while you ask, "What has this to do with your tale?" I'll tell you, by telling the tale itself; and if in its progress you should deem it too sentimental, or not sentimental enough, my only apology is,—facts confine me.

There is something about a neat, quiet country town, or village, which can scarcely fail to produce an almost indescribable interest in every lover of rural simplicity. Feelings are brought into existence which cannot be expressed: the beholder seems at once to realize the beau ideal of the poet's fanciful descriptions, and half imagine that the Arcadian scenes which they describe stand before him. And never was a lovelier or happier spot presented to the admiring eye of man, since sin's contaminating touch marred the fair creation of God, than the village in which my narrative had its origin. A thousand natural beauties and picturesque scenes, arising from the richness of its soil, the industry of its inhabitants, and the uneven surface of the land, which gently varied from hill to dale, were found in its immediate vicinity; while its more distant landscape, taken from the north end of the place, presented bold and lofty hills rising in majestic grandeur, around whose elevated heads, and sometimes half way down their eminences, the clouds played in fantastic form; while, from their base to their most lofty points, trees of various kinds and growth, intermingled with every variety of wild shrub, waved their abundant foliage, and gave an appearance to the mere visitant of forest rising above forest, to an extent which the eye could not easily take in. On the right of the village, a beautiful park, lawn, and fishing-ponds, bespoke the abode of ease and wealth; while on the left hand, rising from out of a cluster of oak, birch, and alder trees, the neat spire of the house of prayer attracted attention; at a short remove from which the humble mansion of the village

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pastor courted observation by its chaste and unassuming architecture. Gable-ended farm-houses, neatly white-washed, with here and there one of more modern structure,—humble yet comfortable dwelling-places, inhabited by the labouring classes,—neatly laid-out gardens, and spacious orchards, filled up the broad outline of the picture (for it was a living picture), and rendered it such a place as contentment and health, the handmaids of industry, might have claimed for their own. Such was this lovely village twenty years ago, when first I visited it.

But the things at which I have glanced were not the only, or indeed the chief circumstances which gave the village its charms; these were rather the effects, at least in a great measure, than the cause. That which constituted the principal attraction, and from which all the others proceeded, except what Nature herself had done for it, was simple and fervent piety,—pure and undefiled religion.

Forty years and upwards had now passed away, since the patriarchal minister who inhabited the parsonage house I have referred to first came to the place. The Rev. Edmund Buckingham was then a young man, of between twenty-five and thirty years of age; although, from his sedate and thoughtful habits, he might have been taken for ten years more. The place, at that time, was rude in its inhabitants, and barren in its appearance. The former incumbent loved his bottle, his gun, and his hounds, better than the souls of the people committed to his pastoral care; and on one occasion, I have been credibly informed, that he actually came in haste from his sports, clad in his shooting dress, to the church, to perform the duties of his vocation; and, leaving his gun in the porch, he passed into the vestry, threw his surplice over his shooting jacket, and hastily pushing through the service, hurried to his gun, and again rode off to his sport. Then indeed it might have been said, "like priest, like people:" the blind led the blind, and it was, therefore, awfully probable, both would fall into the ditch.

Upon Mr. Buckingham's first settling among them, his habits and his doctrines gave some of the former minister's associates great offence, and they withdrew from him: nothing less than this could be expected. His first sermon in the church filled them with surprise, while he faithfully and plainly addressed them from the words of

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Joel, chap. i. verse 5—"Awake, ye drunkards, and weep and howl, all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine; for it is cut off from your mouth." Still the faithful man persevered in his work, and in a short time evidence was furnished, in the general appearance of the village and its inhabitants, that "godliness with contentment is great gain." Sobriety, order, and comfort, succeeded to intemperance, confusion, and want: he soon gathered a flock around him, and continued to live in their affections.

Never did the sweet description of a parish priest, as given by Goldsmith, apply to any of that calling more fully than to this worthy individual:—

> "Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
> Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
> Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
> By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
> Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
> More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
> He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
> Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way."

He had been so long in the village, that but few lived who were there when he first came; such as were now men and women, the fathers and mothers of a new race, he had dedicated to God in childhood, and watched over their advancing years.

The family of Mr. Buckingham consisted of a wife, and one lovely daughter. He had had five other children; but He who gave them for a while had claimed what were his gifts, and taken them to himself. Meekly the pious pair bowed submissively to the repeated strokes, while the tears of parental affection gushed from their eyes, exclaiming with the man of Uz, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Clara, the surviving child, was now in her nineteenth year, beautiful in person, and in disposition captivating. The sage counsel of her parents (for both knew how to give it) had been strictly attended to: the cultivation of her mind had engaged more of her attention than the adorning of her body, and hence she might be said to be as well informed as she was handsome. The chief business of her life, next to her devotedness to God (and herein she was eminent), was to render happy those dear parents whom she loved only short of idolatry: nor

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were her endeavours thrown away: they felt the affection of their beloved daughter, and rendered unfeigned thanks to God for such a child.

It was a beautiful evening in autumn: the setting sun threw his broad burnished rays athwart the western hemisphere, and shed over the neighbouring hills, and around the thick surrounding foliage, a halo of brightness of a soft saffron tinge, approaching to a light yellow, as though the whole village had been encircled by a robe of fairy workmanship. Mr. Buckingham was sitting in a rural arbour, over which the clematis and jessamine had woven their fibres, until its interior became impervious to the beams of the sun,—listening to his daughter, who was reading Thomson's Seasons to himself and wife. She had just finished the sublime description which the poet has given of autumn, and they were commenting upon the lines—

> ——————"From Thee begin,
> Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my song,
> And let me never stray from thee!"

when they were disturbed by the announcement of Mr. Molesworth. He was familiar with the family, and they therefore made no bustle to adjourn to the house, but desired the servant to conduct him into the garden. His acquaintance with the family was one of a particular kind: of what its precise character was none could have needed to make inquiry, however ignorant of Lavater, who had chanced to look at Clara's face, as soon as his name was mentioned. He was the son of a wealthy merchant in the west of England, and had for several years been perfecting himself in agricultural pursuits with a respectable farmer in the village. His modesty and worth had secured the warm friendship of Mr. Buckingham: at his church he was a constant attendant, and, with Clara and others, was exceedingly active in conducting the concerns of a Sabbath-day and week-evening school, for the instruction of the children of the poor. Frequent intercourse had produced friendship, and friendship, in reference to Molesworth and Clara, had ripened into a more tender passion. Their virtuous engagement was approved by the parents on both sides, and expectation was strong that in a short time the pastor's services would be required to render their loves indissoluble until death.

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The servant who had announced Mr. Molesworth returned from him, with a request to Mr. Buckingham that he would favour him with a few minutes' private interview. "So, a private interview!" observed the pastor jocosely, looking at the same time archly at his daughter; "I should not wonder now, my Clary, if you are not a party concerned here; however," he continued, as he perceived the colour fade from her cheeks again, "I shall soon return, and will then give you all necessary information." The fond father naturally concluded, that the object of the interview was to fix the period for the union with his daughter. Clara, however, had other thoughts: some unaccountable misgiving took possession of her, as the sound of a "private interview" fell upon her ear.

"Well, Edwin," cried the old man, as he entered the room, at the same time stretching out his hand to give and take the usual salute, "what means all this privacy? I suppose"——he stopped short in his address, perceiving that the young man's countenance wore marks of heavy sorrow, and approaching him with hasty step, inquired with solicitude, "What is amiss, my son?" "Sir," returned Edwin, "that will inform you;" and he presented a letter to him: "my object now, sir, is to seek your advice and comfort, and then to leave this happy place, for some time at least." Mr. Buckingham took the presented billet, and to his amazement and grief learned from its contents, that Edwin's father had of late indulged so much in the use of ardent spirits as scarcely ever to be really sober. The passion for drink had been of recent existence, but of such rapid growth that, from one of the most abstemious of men, he had become one of the most intemperate, and from habits of the greatest activity in mercantile pursuits, he had sunk to utter carelessness. The consequence was, his business had been neglected; the servants, copying the example of their master, became intemperate too, to support which they had robbed him to a considerable amount. These causes combined produced their natural result,—failure; and that was climaxed, on the part of Edwin's parent, by an act of self-destruction! Such was the information which the letter conveyed. "My son," said the pastor soothingly, "this is indeed a heavy affliction; but while we cannot explain all the conduct of Infinite Wisdom, we must learn in silence to adore. What may yet await us

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in life we know not: let us seek for counsel and help from above, that while we are instructed by the awful lessons which the conduct of others places before us, we may obtain the grace which will support us under sorrow, and give strength to obey while we receive instruction." Such advice as piety and wisdom could afford was given by Mr. Buckingham; and in a few hours after, having first taken an affectionate and painful leave of the family at the parsonage, Mr. Molesworth was on his way to the house of mourning. On his arrival, he found that the information which he had received was rather softened down than exaggerated. He had not only lost, through the influence of strong drink, a father whom he had loved with unlimited affection, but had become, by the failure of the house, beggared in point of property: some new course of life, therefore, was now to be fixed upon, and he was not long in determining. A few weeks sufficed to make his arrangements, and, fearing to trust himself in the presence of his kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Buckingham, and beloved Clara, lest his purpose should be shaken, he wrote a long and affectionate letter, (in which unmurmuring submission was not the least striking part,) and informed them of his full intention of going out to the East, as an adventurer, where he had some connexions, from whom, he was assured, he should receive all the assistance they could render, and where he hoped, by active exertion, and the blessing of Him whose it is to make rich, to realize in a few years, if spared, sufficient property to sanction his seeking the hand of Clara.

I will not attempt to describe the feelings of the pious family, on the receipt of the astounding communication. My object is to furnish such leading particulars connected with the family before us, as may serve as a beacon to others, by which to steer from the rocks and quicksands of evil: it will therefore be sufficient to observe that the worthy minister would gladly have received him into his bosom, and shared with his Clara and himself the little property he possessed, rather than have allowed him to be subjected to the innumerable evils and temptations by which he would be surrounded in the eastern world: while poor Clara's grief appeared inconsolable, and for some time, fears for her life even were entertained. At length, however, she revived, but seemed like a tender plant drooping beneath the effects of a recently destructive storm.

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How numerous and how destructive are the evils which intemperance has appended to it! The yielding to this *degrading* vice in the case of one person, proves, either by direct tendency, or more remote consequences, the ruin of the happiness and welfare of whole families. The fondest hopes that human beings can cherish, are blasted in a moment, and from a state of respectability and credit, they are plunged unexpectedly into the very depths of dependence and want. Here it was painfully displayed. At a convivial party, where what is called

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul"

prevailed, and received fresh stimulants by the frequent passing of the intoxicating draught, Edwin's father, impelled by false shame, had yielded for the first time, to what neither his reason nor his taste approved,—drinking ardent spirits. He retired from the revels with an incipient relish for that which before he had loathed and shunned, and in less than *twelve months* from that fatal period, by loss of time, and neglect of business, had sunk one fortune, and lost another; had corrupted his servants by his example, ruined his son by his profligacy, and under the excitement of strong drink, closed his career by self-destruction!

Until this period, the path of Mr. Buckingham had been bright and smooth, but now his circumstances seemed as if about to undergo a painful change. The truths which he had long believed and taught, he was called to live upon,—the consolations which he had often poured into the troubled breasts of his people, were now to be the solace of his own bosom.

One year had passed since Edwin's departure, and two or three letters had been received from him, containing pleasing intelligence of his welfare and prosperity, during which time, the affairs at the village went on nearly as usual; when an assault was made upon the peaceful retreat, by the enemy of man, and misery and ruin threatened to become universal. Up to this period, the place neither possessed nor needed a public house: each peasant had brewed his own beer, and the evenings of each day were occupied in improving the property which he possessed. But now, a person who had lately removed from London, *for the sake of secrecy*, opened such an establishment in the centre of the village. For a time it was ap-

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prehended by some that no evil would result from it, but the good pastor thought otherwise, and employed all his influence to avert what he feared would be the consequence, but in vain. The place soon became the resort of the idle and careless, and the result was, the village, which had never before been alarmed or disturbed from its tranquillity after sun-set, was often roused at midnight, by the quarrelling and fighting of the drunkards at "the Plough."

As yet, the enemy had not approached the pastor's flock; those upon whom he had exercised his influence, and by whom he annoyed the peaceable inhabitants, were such as had never been his servants and slaves, but by their means, he hoped to effect his purpose, in again establishing his authority in the place. It was evident, indeed, that a considerable degree of laxity had already taken place in the conduct of some; "iniquity abounded, and the love of many waxed cold." The force of example began to be felt; a too frequent exhibition of crime had familiarized the dwellers in the village with it, and so, by degrees, their strong feelings of moral integrity were weakened. Many who, until this haunt of vice was opened, and for a while afterwards, had never tasted a drop of fermented liquor, or distilled spirit, had been induced to do so, and in many houses among the middling class, that destructive beverage became fashionable; and this partly resulted from the introduction of a practice which can never be necessary, and cannot be too highly reprobated,—the paying the workmen at "the Plough," rather than as before at the houses of their employers; besides which, the establishment of different clubs and societies, which, like so many nets spread to take the feet of the unwary, induced not a few to spend such money there as before had been devoted to meet the wants of, and supply comforts to their families; whilst their time, which had been employed in the cultivation of their plots of ground, or the improvement of their habitations, was sacrificed to folly and sin. In a little time, the work of ruin became apparent, in the ragged apparel and besotted appearance of those who before had been decently clothed and healthy in person, as well as in the rank weeds which overran their pretty flower gardens, or sprang up in the place where useful roots had been cultivated for their families.

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Such advances in the cause of evil, were beheld by Mr. Buckingham with agonized feelings. A sudden blight appeared to have fallen upon his labours. As the pious Nehemiah had done, he mourned, and wept, and prayed before God, and like another Aaron, when the plague from heaven threatened to destroy the whole of the tribes of Israel, he ran among them, and "stood between the dead and the living, and the plague was stayed,"—he besought that the evil might be removed. To add to his present affliction, the health of his wife sensibly declined. She had sympathised with her beloved husband in all his griefs, and like him, had grieved at heart, for the growing evils which prevailed. Her excellent Christian spirit had endeared her to many; indeed, all who knew, loved her,—and frequently, when the toils and anxieties of the pastor pressed heavily upon Mr. Buckingham, her affectionate smile and pious greeting soothed his spirit, and animated him afresh in his work. He could not, therefore, contemplate the possibility even of being separated from her, without extreme agony of soul. He turned his fond and anxious look upon Clara, and there again he was met by the expression of cheerless sorrow; a wounded spirit bowed her fragile form downwards, and threatened altogether to destroy it. Some months had elapsed too, beyond the usual time of hearing from Edwin, and no communication had been received; fears were therefore entertained, that uncongeniality of the climate to European constitutions had proved fatal to him, and that "they should see his face no more."

In consequence of Clara's ill health, and Edwin's absence, the children of the poor were not so well attended to as formerly; indeed, many of them had already left the school, and the painful cause which weeping mothers assigned for their absence was, that since the establishment of "the Plough," their husbands had spent much of their earnings there, and they could not, therefore, procure clothes, and scarcely food for their children. Another cause, however, which operated both fatally and extensively, was the conduct of a young person, whose activity in the school had heretofore been most praiseworthy. In an evil hour he had been led astray, the foundation for which was laid in the fashionable custom to which his father had yielded of introducing spirits at his table. A meeting of friends at his dwelling, chiefly Christian pro-

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fessors, had induced him, inconsiderately and criminally, to strive to outvie the entertainment given by some of his guests a few weeks before; in order to accomplish which, every luxury of the season which the village could produce was supplied, and after the removal of the dinner service, spirits were introduced. Here, for the first time, his son, their only child, tasted the fascinating draught, and imbibed a love of strong drink! Mr. Spencer was a member of the church in the village: his attachment to Mr. Buckingham was strong, and never before this occasion, had a party met at his house but the pastor's presence was expected, and considered an honour; but now he was neglected, at least he was not invited: conscience appeared to whisper his presence would not be agreeable, or the reproof he might give would not be welcome.

A few weeks only had elapsed, after this day of feasting, before Henry Spencer, who from that time had taken in secret daily potations of spirituous liquor, was found among a party who had met in the skittle ground at "the Plough." Those who had seduced him, triumphed with satanic glee at his fall, and so successfully did they ply him with the narcotic drugs to make his overthrow the more complete, that in the course of the evening he was conveyed by some of his new associates to his father's house, in a complete state of insensibility. Had not propriety prevented, shame would not have allowed him again to appear in his place among the children. Hence, not only were his services lost, but his example hardened many in the ways of transgression.

How soon the chastest mind becomes corrupted, and the most pliable, hard and impenetrable! Here, alas! the fact was demonstrated. Henry had commenced his course under the tutelage of his father, for it was at his table the ruinous beverage was first presented to him; and now it was painful to hear with what biting sarcasm he had learned to throw back the advice which he offered, and how he scorned the counsel he tendered. His progress in vice was rapid, and he soon became the leader of the vicious of the village. No sports of cruelty took place, but he was present; and no affrays occurred,—and they were now frequent,—but he was a party concerned. He had for some time abandoned all habits of industry, while idleness, and acts of impiety, in which he now appeared to glory, went hand in hand. To supply himself with funds,

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with which to support his profligacy, he had recourse to every degrading practice within his power, and by means of false keys, obtained free access to the property of his parents, which he freely squandered away. The mother's grief at the conduct of her son, was heart-breaking. She was a sincere and unassuming Christian, and had not consented to the folly of her husband in the introduction of spirits to his table, although she had not ability to prevent it: and now, while she traced the ruin of her beloved Henry to that circumstance, her agony of soul was incontrollable. The repeated acts of delinquency which marked his conduct, the constant alarm and fear of his falling into worse evil still, and the sleepless nights which the watching mother passed during his absence from home, sapped the foundation of her constitution, and she fell an early victim to the unnatural cruelty of her only child.

This circumstance, for awhile, seemed to rouse the profligate youth to a recollection of his awful fall from virtue and happiness, to vice and misery; and with tears of bitterness he followed her remains to the tomb. So greatly had intemperance altered his person, in only a few months, that the aged pastor did not recognise the once comely Sunday-school teacher, as he sat in the church, while the service for the dead was performed. The voice of the man of God, as he read—"Behold, I shew you a mystery," &c.—entered like a sword the soul of the fallen youth. He remembered how often before, he had listened to that voice with delight,—how repeatedly he had shared with others the affectionate minister's smile,—how greatly he had delighted in attending with the children in that place, —and how fondly that mother, whose remains now lay cold before him, had beheld him in his useful engagement. His thoughts were too oppressive to be long indulged in, and he strove to put them from him, and for a time, he partially succeeded;—but at the grave's side they rushed upon him like an armed man;—the heavy sounds which arose from the coffin, as the earth fell upon it, accompanied by the words,—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"—struck him with terror; he lifted his head in agony as if to relieve himself from choking grief, and the gaze of the minister was full upon him: he strove to avert his eye, but was unable; the mild pity which beamed from his countenance, smote him like the hand of death,—he quailed before his view, and in an agony of feeling, sunk

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upon the earth, and in a deep swoon was borne away from his mother's grave.

A hope was entertained that reformation would follow those emotions; but no! they were merely the triumph of feeling for a moment—the principle of transgression remained untouched: he even felt maddened to rage, that he had yielded to such impressions, and, by drinking deeper, resolved to annihilate every throb of sensibility that was not already destroyed.

The faithful reproofs and solemn warnings of the minister, together with the activity he had displayed to meet and counteract the evil which he perceived spreading, roused up some of the baser sort to a paroxysm of rage, and they determined to display how fervently they hated all that was good. A dark conspiracy was formed at "the Plough," after having drunk a considerable quantity of raw spirit, to set fire to the village church. The instructor of Hobbes, Bolingbroke, Paine, Rousseau, Condorcet, and others of that class, inspired them with his own spirit, and taught them, like "devils with devils damned," to say, "Evil be our good." Having prepared all that appeared necessary for the execution of their wicked purpose, they sallied forth. It was a night eminently fit for such an enterprise,—dark and stormy. Already they had effected their design, the porch of the church had ignited, the fire blazed out, which was soon communicated to a dry hedge which adjoined the premises behind Mr. Buckingham's house, in which were barns filled with wheat, —the just-gathered produce of the harvest, and hay-ricks for the feed of his galloway; upon these the devouring element soon preyed with fearful violence, and the whole village was illuminated by the blaze. Several persons were soon roused from their beds, and before the incendiaries had succeeded in leaving the ground—who fled different ways to their rendezvous—were on the spot. One, however, of the destroying party, in his fright, suddenly plunged into a deep pond, and being considerably under the influence of intoxication, was drowned. His body was found on the following morning, and buried at the expense of the parish. Henry Spencer was in this dark affair, nay, had taken an active part in the business, and from him the information of the whole was received years after, just before he died. He had just scaled the high fence which separated Mr. Buckingham's premises from the road, and

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was recovering himself from his fall, when he was seized by an unknown hand. A violent struggle ensued; his superior strength freed him from the stranger's grasp, and now, heated with drink, and desperate from his circumstances, he aimed a powerful blow with a stick which he carried, at the head of his pursuer: his blow took effect, and he fell with a deep groan. The sound roused and alarmed the trembling ruffian; he stooped to look at his victim. At that moment, a flame burst forth from the burning corn, and fell full upon the wounded man's countenance. Henry turned sick at the sight,—t was his father! To remain where he was, he knew would be death; and therefore, smitten with horror, such as the first murderer felt when he fled from the scene of blood,—he hasted from the spot to seek concealment.

With considerable difficulty, the inhabitants of the parsonage were roused from their sound sleep, and were soon conveyed to a place of safety. The fire continued to rage with fearful violence upon the dry and combustible materials which lay within its influence. In a short time, the whole of Mr. Buckingham's possessions behind his house, presented nothing bnt an extensive mass of glowing fire. The church suffered no other damage than the destruction of its ancient porch, while the parsonage escaped with the exception of some of its decorations being demolished. But the neat flower-garden was made a heap of ruin, and the favourite arbour had perished in the flames.

As soon as the first effects of the fire had been remedied, every possible attention was given to endeavour to discover its authors, but in vain; for, although strong suspicion fell upon different persons, and several examinations took place, sufficient evidence was not afforded to empower the authorities to rid the village of them. They knew, indeed, that the man whose body had been found in the pond, was a companion of the known dissolute disturbers of the place, but that fact even, unsupported by positive evidence of the actual guilt of the survivors, did not warrant their committal. Whether, indeed, the drowned man had been implicated in the act of incendiarism at all, or whether he had been the sole agent, could not possibly be determined—all was mystery. Whether Mr. Spencer, who had recovered from the blow he had received from his son, had recognized him or not, was

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questionable; if he did, however, paternal feeling triumphed over the stern voice of rigid justice, and he did not discover him.

It was more than three months before the parsonage had received such repairs as were necessary to allow of the return of its former inhabitants, but Mrs. Buckingham never smiled on the spot again. The favourite garden had been restored to something of its former beauty, and the arbour, in which so many happy hours had been spent in former days, was re-erected, but her exhausted frame, from long declining health, was unable to bear up under the shock which it had received from the alarm created by the fire. She lingered on, indeed, until the opening of the following spring, and then, in peaceful resignation, and in the spirit displayed by Stephen, "calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" she fell asleep. If it be enquired how the husband and Clara sustained the bereavement, it need only be answered, as those who feel the sentiment of the poet might suppose they would.

"O God! whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom-globe surveys,
To thee, my rock, my help, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise:—
O teach me in the trying hour
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power—
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear."

Having long imbibed the spirit of the gospel they bowed submissively to the will of God, and breathed the sentiment of the Saviour, "Not my will, but thine be done." Theirs, indeed, was not an ordinary loss;—some snap the bonds of affection long before they quit the earth, and render by their conduct a separation devoutly to be wished; yet even then, the sympathies of our nature lead the survivor to shed a tear over the inanimate remains of the deceased: but here, no diminution of affection had ever been experienced; each opening day presented some new act on the part of Mrs. Buckingham, which told her affectionate husband that her profession of love was genuine, and this bound with a stronger cord her devoted partner to her; while to her daughter, she was what a mother ought to be—a friend and a guide, a preceptress and a companion: hence at her loss they felt a pang which language may not, cannot utter, but then, they

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experienced that as their day was, so their strength was also, and that more sorrow was not permitted to come upon them, than grace was given them unmurmuringly to bear.

But let us for a moment turn to Edward Molesworth, who, in consequence of the intemperance of his father, had become an exile from his country and friends, and a wanderer in a strange land. Bitter indeed were his reflections, and painful his regrets, as he stepped on board the vessel which was to convey him thousands of miles from those to whom he felt bound not merely by the *pledges* of affection, but by affection itself of the strongest kind; and until the lessening cliffs of his native land were reduced to a mere speck in the horizon, or faded altogether from vision, he gazed upon it with an enthusiasm of mournful feeling, and felt as if he envied the cattle which browsed in its valleys, and the birds which occasionally alighted on its ground. His voyage was a prosperous and a speedy one, for at the end of four months and a few days, the vessel sailed up the bay of Bengal, and he landed on the distant shore of India. His place of disembarkation was Madras, where, having a distant relative holding high office in the East India Company's service, he hoped to be introduced, through his influence, into some situation by which his assiduity might be rewarded. His reception here was all he could have wished for, and much above what he expected. His father's death and his own circumstances, produced in the recital, a feeling in his relation, which told well in his favour, and he pledged him all his aid. In the first instance, he had hoped to have secured for him a situation under government in the civil department, as a writer, but in this he was disappointed, notwithstanding the interest he possessed. The celebrated college at Haileybury had never yielded to Edwin its powerful aid, and without having studied in that distinguished seminary, admission to office was not possible. Thus frustrated in his object and hopes, he began to despair of realizing what his fertile imagination had pictured; but not so with his friend—the very circumstance of want of success in his application, determined him to take his kinsman under his own protection, and to be himself the builder of young Edwin's fortune: he did so, and for a time engaged him about his person. The capabilities and activity he displayed won his favour completely. Few were engaged

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under this gentleman, who were not slaves to intemperance. Edwin was almost a solitary exception, and by his sober habits, not only retained his health firm and unbroken, while others ruined their constitutions by an opposite course, but proved his high qualifications for a station of considerable trust in the interior of the country, which was the personal property of his relation. This was a settlement on the banks of the river Burda, whose tributary streams are emptied into the Godavery, and which, because of the fertilizing benefits it confers upon the extensive country through which it meanders, is esteemed, like the mighty Ganges, sacred. To this place, after residing about twelve months at Madras, Edwin was sent, and it was during that removal, and the difficulty which he found of regularly transmitting letters to England, that had occasioned the chasm which had taken place in his communications to the parsonage. After having fully established himself in his new situation, he wrote to his beloved Clara, furnishing a full and gratifying account of his health, success, and prospects, accompanied by expressions, indicating his sanguine expectations, that in a much shorter time than he at first anticipated, he should be able to return to home and to her. This welcome and cheering epistle arrived most opportunely; that is, a few weeks after the interment of Mrs. Buckingham, and served greatly to cheer both Clara and her beloved father, who piously observed upon the occasion, "You see, my dear Clara, to us the promise is fulfilled—help is sent in time of need, and although afforded us in this way, it comes by the appointment of Him, who has promised never to leave and never to forsake. He never has, my child, any who have confided in him—he never will; no!" he continued with animation, "I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken."

In the mean time, the affairs of the village grew worse and worse. The depravity and distress which had been introduced by the opening of "the Plough," increased rapidly. Until that time, poor's rates were scarcely known, but now, they became so oppressive, that several persons had left the place, and others were preparing to follow. Robberies were frequent, and instead of the happy homes and smiling families which were found in the village, quarrelling and fighting, and want and wretchedness, prevailed. Poverty too, with its long train of ac-

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companying evils, plentifully existed. The man who, until now, could do, as every Englishman should always be able to do, look his fellow man in the face boldly, although not impudently, hung down his head and slunk away, or with a humble, cringing tone, which his proud spirit rebelled against, but which his circumstances compelled him to bow to, sued for what, with prudence, he might have possessed of his own. Credit, which had seldom, if ever been asked, was now sought and refused; in short, the comfort and respectability of the village were gone, and every thing presaged its utter ruin.

The gay time of spring returned, and the lovely month of May drew near. The revellers met as usual every evening at "the Plough," and there it was determined, while the sound of drunkard's voices was loud, that the ancient feats of the place should be revived, and that on May-day, those recreations which their forefathers enjoyed, but which "the saints" had put down, should be restored.

On this important occasion, Henry Spencer was chief speaker. He insisted on the propriety of recreation, and proposed, that on the day which had been named, a race should be run for a new laced hat, a crown should be contested for by a turn at single-stick, and that, if a boxing-match could be made up, a subscription should be obtained for the benefit of the successful champion. A dozen roaring voices supported the proposal, and after drinking success to a revival of old English sports, the company separated at midnight, and repaired each to a cheerless home.

The tidings of the proposed games were actively circulated, and the news spread far and wide with the rapidity of wild-fire on a parched heath. Active preparations were instantly entered into for their full employment, and not a few, whose interest and honour would have been to have united with the efforts made by the worthy minister for their prevention, either publicly espoused, or secretly abetted them. For two or three preceding sabbaths, the sacred watchman lifted up his voice and faithfully warned the people. He perceived the sword coming, he announced its approach, and warned them of their peril; but they took not the warning. Some, indeed, who had once professed unalterable attachment to their pastor, having secretly indulged in the evls against which he fearlessly inveighed, were offended by his plain and powerful addresses, and "went

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back and walked no more with him." The evil spirit's doings were successful indeed; the people had chosen one of the most powerful auxiliaries of hell,—DRUNKENNESS, to do the work of Satan among them, and they appeared to have been given up to their own heart's lusts.

At length the eve of the day, the long looked-for day, came, and never were the scenes of nature more glorious, abundant, or rich than then, around the village of my tale: but man observed them not; their eyes seemed holden that they should not behold them: in this sense "they had eyes but they saw not." The sabbath-day dawned, and a thousand feathered choristers sported from grove to grove, or mounting on the wing, sailed towards the gate of heaven, chaunting their songs of praise to Him "who maketh the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice." Man only—intelligent and immortal man, was not grateful; at least, the greater part of the inhabitants of the village had not risen from their beds, even when high noon had arrived. The effects of the previous evening's debauch at "the Plough" had stupified them, and rendered both physical and mental ability, weak and helpless. On that day, the day which God has commanded his creatures to hallow to himself, the green before the drunkards' haunt presented a spectacle at which indifference might have shed tears of blood, and which proved, in the absence of all other evidence, the long-suffering patience of God, in not at once destroying the daring contemners of his proclaimed will, and the disputers of his authority: but he is God, and not man, therefore we are not consumed. There the young, and the middle-aged, and the old, consorted. Parents and children, masters and servants, mingled, a confused and undistinguished throng. Folly held high revel, and destruction, behind her mask of smiling pleasure, smiled horribly, and laughed to derision the ignorance and madness of man, and exulted at the growing harvest of immortal souls, which was ripening fast for his rapacious and never satisfied maw.

Booths were already erected for the accommodation of the spectators of the announced sports of the morrow, and they were even now filled with males and females, drinking and carousing. In different directions, groups of persons were seen engaged in games of various kinds.

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Already the wickets were pitched and the cricketers stood up in their respective places, prepared to enter upon their sports. One of the large booths, in which, every impediment having been cleared away, a party, to the sound of a grating fiddle, was engaged in dancing; while in another part of this scene of daring impiety, wrestlers were putting forth their strength, and hurling, or being hurled, to the ground.

Meanwhile, the sound of the village church bells floated softly and plaintively upon the air, to summon to worship the creatures of God; but such sounds were not heard by the noisy sporters, or if heard at all, they only excited some obscene and infidel jest, the offspring of ignorance and depravity. And yet, perhaps, some one might be there, not yet so hardened in guilt, but that a mental conflict would obtrusively rise within him, and destroy the feigned pleasure of their mad revelry. As the evening advanced, "the Plough" filled with men and women, who, having thrown off the fear of God and reverence of His sabbath, seemed prepared for any evil work to which the god of this world might direct them. The coward sought by drink to inspire courage, and the bashful confidence. "But who," Johnson pithily asks in his charming memoirs of Addison, "who that ever asked success from Bacchus, was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?" No one! he binds around such, fetters more durable than such as are forged of iron, or he propels them to self-destruction with fearful velocity. How often do the hands of the inebriate

> "In one rash hour perform a deed
> That haunts him to the grave!"

In fact, hard drinking is the parent of almost every crime that can be named, while it exposes its slaves to danger and death at every turn. Here an awful display was furnished. The party at "the Plough" continued to drink until some of the more boisterous seemed disposed to close the evening of the hallowed day which they had profaned, with riot. To accomplish this object, was perfectly easy. An intimation was thrown out, which was considered by a furious sot to reflect upon his courage; this was a signal to commence hostilities,—half a dozen words were banded from one side of the table to the other, accompanied by "actions suited to the words," until, like some savage

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beasts of prey, they foamed with rage, and sprang towards each other. Instantly the table, with all which it bore, was thrown over, and a scene of confusion took place, most horrible and degrading. Two or three pots of beer flowed around the room, a quantity of tobacco pipes crashed as they fell, or were trodden under foot;—the women shrieked with terror, or with noisy yells urged on the infuriated men. By the falling of the table the candles were extinguished, so that they were left in utter darkness, but those who had caused the uproar had already seized upon each other, like grappling fiends, and with desperation in their tones and gestures, appeared bent on each other's destruction.

After the lapse of a few minutes, a light was obtained, and it was then discovered that one of the party had fallen in the affray, and in his fall had received a serious contusion on the face, a little above the right eye, from which the blood was flowing copiously. As no signs of remaining life were given, the whole company became alarmed, and a person was dispatched for the surgeon of the village. The wound was examined by the professional gentleman, who declared it was of a serious character. He proceeded to dress it, and then gave orders for the immediate removal of the wounded man to his own house, which being attended to, the party separated, wondering how the accident could have occurred, and with a promise to meet by noon at the same place on the following day. The unhappy victim of intemperance lingered for a week or two, under excruciating pains, during which, scarcely a lucid moment was possessed by him. No doubt existed in the mind of his medical attendant of the certainty of his being restored, had it not been for the quantity of spirit which he had on the evening the accident happened; in consequence of which, the wound soon exhibited a high state of inflammation, which all his art could not reduce; delirium followed, and that was succeeded by positive madness, and raging for drink,—he died!

It might have been imagined that the scenes at "the Plough," on the Sabbath evening, would have damped the hilarity of those who attended on the Monday; but such was not the case: they seemed rather to inspire them with stronger determination to prosecute the plans they had laid down for their recreation. The day arrived, and at an early hour, two or three were seen straggling

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into the place from neighbouring towns and villages. It was a lovely morning, and high sport was calculated upon, by both old and young, male and female. By two o'clock the village presented a scene, such as for years before had not been witnessed. Crowds paraded the broad common, and numbers were to be seen approaching the point of general attraction, over the sides of the surrounding hills, arrayed in all the finery which their circumstances could procure. Had not the motives which induced the attendance, and the probable results of the attendance, been considered, it would have been as gratifying, as it was an imposing sight. But reflection converted the otherwise cheering scene into one of painful disgust. The worthy pastor beheld for a moment the sight from his study window, and then turned away from it; and wept over that which he could not remedy.

The sports commenced, and with a degree of spirit equal to the most sanguine anticipation, continued to proceed: for as yet, intoxication did not greatly prevail. Running, wrestling, cudgelling, and various other sports, had succeeded each other, commanding the attention, and exciting the boisterous shouts of the applauding multitude, equally discordant, although not so powerful, as those which are said to proceed from the infatuated devotees of Juggernaut, as the car of the idol god moves along, and grinds to death beneath its wheels, its blind votaries. Then followed another and most disgusting exhibition,—a pitched battle, —and what is still more revolting, between two females! but the climax to this scene of barbarism was found in the fact that the combatants were sisters!! It would be disgusting, even to nausea, to dwell upon this unparalleled scene of obscenity and crime. It is sufficient to state they were young women, and in person, rather pretty than otherwise; but they were evidently considerably under the influence of drink. The mind sickens at such a display of depravity, and turns from it with horror, while the exclamation bursts from the unconscious lips,—"Oh, that a rational being should put an enemy into his mouth, to steal away his senses."

The fight had scarcely closed, in which both parties were painfully disfigured, before the sound of martial music was heard, announcing the approach of fresh visitors, and in a few moments a recruiting party entered the village, preceded by a drum and fife. The man of the sash, alias

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serjeant, had heard of the revel, and conceived it an opportunity favourable to his purpose, by which, not merely to prove the loyalty of the villagers, but especially that his own pockets might receive a supply of gold, as a reward for active services rendered the state, in procuring some hardy youth for the service.

The inspiring sounds of music, and the gay coloured ribbands which streamed from the caps of the soldiers, appeared to fascinate the gazers, both male and female. The happy carelessness and accommodating pleasantry of the serjeant and his men, gave to the excited passions of spirit-heated players, the most fascinating views of a soldier's life. The men of war drank and sang with any who felt disposed to join them, told tales, in a high strain of jocularity, concerning pleasures they had never enjoyed, and of wealth they had never realized. Their purses, for purses they actually carried, were open for any who wished to drink free of personal expense. In short, their money, happiness, and singular good temper, appeared alike exhaustless. Intoxication was fast stealing in stupifying power, over the senses of the drinkers at "the Plough," and as they became less sensible, they became more valiant and loyal. Each one longed for an opportunity of meeting with the foes of Old England, and with Home's noble shepherd, was ready to exclaim,

> "May heaven inspire some fierce, gigantic foe,
> To give a bold defiance to our host!
> Before he speaks it out, I will accept it,
> A hero conquer, or a hero die."

With loud, blustering words, interlarded with awful oaths, several protested their willingness to become soldiers. The serjeant perceived his bait had taken, the silly braggarts received cheerfully the king's coin, again they were treated, their straw hats were decorated as finely with blue, orange, and red, as a chimney sweeper's on the first of May, and they were bid to look forwards to being made captains or generals in his majesty's service. On the following morning, when they were partially sobered, they found that a return to their usual occupations and their friends was impossible; they had sold their liberties and their lives during the hours of intoxication; and now they turned to drinking again, to drown the unpleasant feelings which reflection produced in their minds.

Among the number of these new recruits was Henry

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Spencer: he had been a leader in the uproars of the village, but he had run his course, and was soon to commence a new career, in other and more deadly scenes. The recruiting party lingered about the place the whole of the following day, picking up one and another of the dissipated and idle, and then,—followed by the lamentations of wives, mothers, and sweethearts, who now, when too late, regretted the revival of the sports of former days,—marched with their booty to their head quarters.

The age and increasing infirmities of Mr. Buckingham rendered it necessary that he should, at no very distant period, resign his charge, and retire from a post, in which the most happy and most sorrowful of his days had been spent. Clara beheld, with the keen eye of strong affection, the sorrow which preyed upon the ystem of her beloved father. The growing immorality of the village, since the establishment of "the Plough," hung heavily upon his spirits, and these feelings had received considerable poignancy by the loss of his affectionate wife, whose death was evidently hastened by the wickedness of the incendiaries. Time rolled on, and things passed from bad to worse.

The father and daughter were, as in happier days, seated in the arbour, and Clara read, as she was wont to do, to her parent. When she ceased, she looked fondly and affectionately in his face, and while a tear stood in her bright eye, she inquired, "Oh, my father! Is it not wrong to repine at the dispensations of Providence?" "Does my child do so?" inquired the old man with considerable anxiety. "I fear I do," she replied,—"at least, I do not so unmurmuringly submit to them as I ought to do; I rather *say* 'Thy will be done,' than *feel* a wish it should be done. My mind turns to those days when our village was a peaceful place, when we were so happy here, that it appeared impossible more bliss could be enjoyed; when the dear, dear friends we have lost were present with us.—Oh! I feel unhappy, and I fear, repine improperly at the change which has passed upon us. Tell me, my dear father," continued the weeping maid, "am I not acting wrong in so doing—how shall I remedy the evil which I feel?" The pious parent pressed his daughter to his bosom, and while he struggled with his own feelings, sought to counsel and give a right direction to hers. "That you should feel our change of circumstances, my Clara, is not surprising, neither is it wrong: Christianity

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renders not its subjects stoics, it rather refines and quickens their sensibilities. Still a danger does exist, of allowing the mind so to be affected by passing events, as to forget by whose decretory or permissive providence they take place. We should ever remember, that Infinite Wisdom manages and guides all human affairs, and out of seeming evil produces real and lasting good. Either for the trial of our faith, or the display of his own glory, and always for our benefit, painful circumstances are allowed to take place. There was a danger, my Clara," continued Mr. Buckingham, "of the high degree of felicity with which we had so long been blessed, leading us to forget that 'this is not our rest.' He who marks the effects which suffering or enjoyment produces on the soul, saw that earthly blessings were detaching those warm affections from himself, which he alone has a right to possess; and to prevent our leaning upon earth, removed our supports, that we might be brought to rest entirely and fully on himself. The remaining depravity of our nature may repine and grieve, but the cry of the spirit, which pants after full conformity to the will of God, will prevail. Yes, my child, in *you* it shall prevail, and that which now in your judgment and affections you approve, shall, notwithstanding the opposition of the fallen part of it, possess its full and gracious influence over you." "But can we approve what we cannot comprehend?" inquired Clara. "We can, we *do*, my dear child," replied her father; "every day we do so. We cannot comprehend ourselves; we know not how the volitions of the mind act upon the extremities of our bodies, and yet we neither doubt our performance of actions, nor quarrel with ourselves because there is mystery connected with them which we cannot fully solve; and while we cannot comprehend the things connected with ourselves and our actions, would it be wise or holy to deny, or even question, the wisdom and mercy of His acts, who is 'wonderful in counsel and excellent in working?' The simplest piece of machinery which the ingenuity of man can construct, contains within it many parts, probably, which one unskilled in mechanical science cannot account for, and yet it is approved. Ever remember, my dear Clara, that *now* we know but in part, but that what we know not now we shall know hereafter. And amidst the most trying dispensations, faith in the promises and truth

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of God will empower its possessors to look forward to a brighter, happier state, where the wicked will cease to trouble, and the weary will be at rest."

Clara was about to reply, when the sound of a carriage driving rapidly up the village, and stopping before the gate of the parsonage, arrested her attention. There had been a time when she would have listened to the sound with delight,—when the natural buoyancy of her spirits would have been displayed in the pleasure which she felt when visitors were announced, or when company was introduced. But that time had long since passed away,—it was when her beloved mother was yet alive, and when young Edwin had possessions, without the fact being clearly understood by herself. But since those happy days, sad changes had been experienced. Her spirits had felt the benumbing touch of bereavement and disappointment, and therefore on the present occasion, and for months previous to it, she experienced and cherished a desire to escape from the bustle of life, and, in the society of her aged father, and in communion with her own heart, seek the possession of purer and more lasting pleasures than ever have been enjoyed by either the men or the women of the world. It was under such a feeling that she now observed to her father, "What visitor have we now? I really half wish none would disturb our solitude." The last word was yet upon her lips when a gentleman, muffled up in a large travelling cloak, stepped from the carriage, which was visible to Clara and her father as they sat in the garden; a servant having preceded him, and rung the bell. In a moment the gate was opened, when a voice was heard inquiring for Mr. Buckingham in a tone which indicated considerable anxiety: the sound reached the quick ear of Clara, who instantly with a loud shriek exclaimed, "It is my Edwin!" and fainted upon her father's shoulder. It was indeed Mr. Molesworth: he had suddenly returned to his native country, and posted night and day from the first place in England at which he had landed, to the place whence his affections had never strayed for a moment during the years he had been absent, and surrounded as he frequently had been by circumstances considerably calculated to have produced such a result. Clara's shriek was heard by him, and without waiting for the servant's answer, whom, in the feeling of the moment, he pushed aside with a degree of rudeness

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and physical force such as brought his head into rather unpleasant contact with a large oak tree which grew on one side of the gateway, he rushed into the garden, and in the twinkling of an eye relieved the old man of his fair but unconscious burden.

A few simple restoratives soon brought her to herself; but what presumptuous head shall dictate to the plastic fingers the scene which followed, that they may transfer the exhibition to paper? I at least feel that I dare not attempt it. I admit the confession is humiliating, and some of my fair readers may be all on the tiptoe of desire to be furnished with a dramatic, wrought-up display of all that then took place. But I am, as they must before this have perceived, a plain, matter-of-fact man, and therefore must respectfully beg permission to leave to their poetic powers to imagine what they please about it, and if they should not be quite correct in their conjectures, no one will know it, and no great harm will be done;—all therefore, I need say is, that after a mutual recognition between the parties, and some refreshments being served, which Clara soon placed before her welcome guest, although he *had* broken in upon their solitude, he proceeded to account for his sudden appearance.

In his own (to Clara) unequalled charming manner, but which may be abridged without greatly injuring the narrative, he gave an account of his voyage, his feelings, and his landing, and all the et ceteras thereunto belonging, and then proceeded to state that he had heard in India, (although not from Clara, for she avoided every communication that might pain him,) of the state of the village,—the firing of the parsonage,—the death of Mrs. Buckingham,—and the declining state of Clara and her father's health. The channel of his information was singular as it was correct. Shortly after the destruction of the fortress of Kalunga, at which place the gallant General Gillespie was pierced through the heart by a musket ball, he was at Calcutta, to which place several of the wounded soldiers were conveyed. While visiting the hospital on one occasion, he was struck by hearing his name pronounced by one of the invalids. Greatly astonished at the circumstance, he stopped to speak to the wounded soldier, when his surprise was considerably heightened, by discovering in the person his former fellow Sabbath school teacher, *Henry Spencer!* From him he

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learned every thing which had transpired at home, up to the time he had enlisted and left the village. Edwin sought to direct the dying man to the only Source of hope and peace, and before his death, which occurred in a few days after, he expressed his sorrow for his past life, and imputed all his misery *to an unnatural love of spirituous liquors, which had been formed at his father's table.* In humble dependence upon the Saviour's merits, he breathed his last.

Edwin continued to state, that on his return to Madras, he found his relation dangerously ill, who, feeling his approaching end, and as he had no kindred but Edwin, he made over to him by will the whole of his vast possessions, as a reward for his services and sobriety, and shortly afterwards died. Edwin now determined to embrace the first opportunity to return to his native land: his object in visiting India had been more than realised, and he therefore longed for nothing so much as the company of his only earthly friends, the inhabitants at the parsonage. One of the Company's ships shortly after sailed, in which he embarked, and after a pleasant and speedy passage, once more trod the English shore. As no means were afforded of sending notice of his arrival, he had hasted to announce it himself, and hoped, as he said, that the alarm he had caused by his sudden appearance would be pardoned by Clara, for which favour he pledged himself to seek her happiness all the days of her life.

The last official act which Mr. Buckingham performed in the village church, was the celebration of the nuptials of Molesworth and his daughter, with whom he retired to a mansion purchased by his son-in-law, and enjoyed such felicity in his declining days, as his early and long maintained habits of piety had formed a foundation for.

Upon the place he had left, "*Ichabod*" seemed to have been written. The inhabitants dwindled away,—the cottages fell into ruins,—the church became dilapidated, and its pathways were choked up with rank weeds; "the Plough," which had been the means of such extensive evil, shared the fate of the other habitations; the sign swung creaking by one hinge in the howling blast, the window frames were demolished, and part of the roof had fallen in. On every part of the once happy and flourishing place the results of intemperance were impressed, and until this day it remains a DESERTED VILLAGE.

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THE YOUNG MINISTER.

In attacking a practice so common as smoking, I am fully aware that I am exposing myself to the censure of all ranks and conditions of men; but as facts are stubborn things, and speak more forcibly the language of conviction than the finest logic, I shall confine myself to a simple narrative founded on *facts*.

John Wilson was the son of industrious and honest parents, who brought up a large family in credit and comfort, and who gave them all the education the village school could supply; that is to say, they learnt to read, to write, and "cast accounts," and this knowledge satisfied all but the hope and pride of the father and mother, John, who soon outstripped the village schoolmaster in his acquirements, and gave fair promise of being, as Mrs. Wilson predicted, a greater man than the minister; and when their means failed of procuring him further instruction, his thirst of knowledge was rather suppressed than quenched, as whenever opportunity offered, he gladly returned to the fountain from which he could alone draw delight.

John was put to one or two trades, but, much to the surprise of his disappointed parents, he was returned on their hands as too stupid to learn either to weigh figs or raisins, or to retail tapes, and he was soon considered an

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almost useless member of a family where each contributed their mite to its support.

At length John's fondest hopes were realized; he was noticed by the worthy minister, who meeting him in a field with a book in his hand, which appeared to engross the whole of his attention, inquired into the nature of his studies. John coloured, looked confused, and acknowledged it was an old Eton Grammar he had bought at a book-stall, when he went with his father to market.

The learned are generally pleased with those who wish to learn, and the worthy Mr. Mason inquired if he would like to learn Latin.

John's eyes glistened—it was the height of his ambition. "Better than any thing in the world," he exclaimed in a tone of rapture. The good pastor smiled, and said, "The desire of knowledge, like other affections planted in our natures, will be very apt to lead us wrong, if it be not well regulated; and the best knowledge that we can acquire is that of God and our own soul."

John's eyes fell in disappointment to the ground.

Mr. Mason saw it, and added—"'Know thyself' is one of the most useful precepts in the whole moral system: among the heathens it was held in the highest veneration. Thales the Milesian is said to be the first author of it, who used to say, 'That for a man to know himself, is the hardest thing in the world;' and among the Christian world this self-knowledge should be held still higher, as human nature is the same now as it was then: the heart is deceitful, and the necessity of watching, knowing, and keeping it, the same; and we can acquire this knowledge, John, without Latin."

"Yes, sir," said John, colouring to the ears at his presumption, but determined to gain his point if possible; "but Latin does not prevent a knowledge of ourselves, or of our Bible."

"No," replied Mr. Mason, "but whatever you may think, Latin, and Greek too, are easier learnt, than that knowledge of ourselves the Bible presents to our view. In that revelation which God hath been pleased to give us, as our guide to duty and happiness, we learn the depravity of our nature, our utter alienation from God, and there, as in a glass, we may survey ourselves, and know what manner of persons we are. Other knowledge is very apt to make us vain: this will keep us humble."

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"It may be so," said John, sorrowfully, "but I think I should never be vain of whatever I may acquire, though I fear it will be little indeed."

"Well," said the clergyman, "I see you are hard to be convinced; so call on me to-morrow, and we will talk a little more on the subject."

John was all sanguine expectation; he slept but little that night, and at an early hour was in the study of the vicarage, gazing in rapturous wonder on the folio volumes that crowded the shelves, and wishing he could but read them all. The interview was most propitious to his views, and ended in his becoming the pupil of the worthy clergyman, who not only instructed him in the classics, but, of what was of far more importance, in his duty to God and man; and for five years John enjoyed the advantages of excellent tuition, and eventually became a preacher of the gospel in a dissenting chapel. This was not exactly what his pastor had planned; nevertheless he put no stumbling block in his way, and Wilson soon became a popular preacher, and for years he conducted himself with that circumspection and Christian love and zeal which adorned the gospel he professed. Among his occasional hearers was a gentleman of fortune, who merely went to chapel as he did to the theatre, to be amused, for Mr. Wilson was a fine orator, and he admired oratory; and after hearing him a few times he sought his society, and as he indulged in a cigar and glass, the young preacher was soon induced not to look singular, and to take just one glass, one cigar.

A few weeks after this acquaintance was formed, Mr. Mason called on his old pupil, and on entering his little parlour, looking much surprised, he exclaimed—

"I smell tobacco—do you smoke, Wilson?"

"I now and then take a pipe."

"And a glass?" added Mr. Mason.

"Not always."

"The one generally accompanies the other," replied the aged pastor.

"Perhaps so, my dear sir, but I find that a pipe composes the mind and soothes the feelings."

"And, John," said Mr. Mason solemnly, "the mind never wants composing in health by artificial means but when it is discomposed by improper causes, or the feelings soothing but when they should not be irritated. A throne

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of grace should supply the Christian's composing drugs, and the fountain of his Redeemer's blood his soothing draught. Beware how you commence a bad habit."

"Really, my respected sir, I cannot think so seriously of so harmless an indulgence, though I would not differ from you willingly even in this trifle, but I think you are prejudiced against what I consider a very innocent recreation to the mind; that prince of eloquence and of ministers, Robert Hall, the great preacher, Mr.——.

"Stop, you cannot quote higher authority, Wilson, for the support of your cause," said Mr. Mason, interrupting him; "and I doubt not but both those great men took strong opiates to render their very existence bearable, for both were afflicted with the most excruciating pains, attendant on distressing and incurable diseases; and surely you will not tell me that remedies which are necessary for allaying a racking disease, are to be resorted to in health and strength—if so, take your laudanum."

Wilson smiled—"I can sleep without laudanum."

"Ay, and you can compose your feelings without tobacco, or there's something wrong that ought not to be soothed but cauterised. You have been my pupil, Wilson, in the classics," said Mr. Mason affectionately, "let me now instruct you in human nature. We are easily led into wrong, and

> 'The first, once past, leads on to more,
> And that proves fate which was but choice before.'

A stone on the edge of a hill propelled once forward, stops not until it is at the bottom."

"Dear sir," interrupted Wilson, "I assure you I care little about smoking; I now and then take a pipe, but can do without it almost as well as with it: I seldom drink, and then one glass."

"*Almost*, and *seldom*, two fatally ominous words! Almost will become *always*, and seldom *regularly*. Smoking and drinking are sworn companions; let me beseech you, Wilson, not to make them yours. Consider, a minister of church or chapel is a public character. Men seek happiness in a variety of ways, and, succeeding but seldom in their pursuit, they look to their pastors, when disgusted with the phantoms of fame, pleasure, or ambition, to set them right, and show them the ways of wisdom, and the paths of peace. We are the servants of a 'God of

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holiness, perfect holiness, bringing every secret word and action into judgment: 'his eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men;' how much more his ambassadors! Yes! we are a fence round the pit of perdition, our banner is the cross, our motto Jesus and him crucified. Beware, Wilson, how you let the banner drop from your palsied hand:—it is not enough to be pure, we should appear so; the heart cleansed by the blood of Jesus should disdain the shadow of offence, nor should our actions wear the hue of guilt. How know you the effect of your example? can you say that the youth who sees you smoke one pipe, and take one glass, will not from one take two, from two go on to two and twenty? The line of demarcation between right and wrong once effaced by the foot of the bold adventurer, he soon is lost in the vortex of sin. In what can the essence of a regenerated heart consist, but in living to the glory of God, in bringing every action to the touchstone of his word, in exemplifying to those around us that we carry the cross,—deny ourselves,—obey his mandate,—'Be not conformed to this world?'"

Wilson looked grave; he could only say his taking a pipe and occasional glass were by no means a matter of importance to him, and if it would oblige Mr. Mason he would give them up.

"It will oblige me," said Mr. Mason; "for many a promising youth's prospects have I seen blasted for time and eternity, by commencing a bad habit; and that of smoking is among the worst, as it leads to drinking, and drinking to every vice. I wish I could convince your reason, in renouncing this practice. But look around: do you not know many who would be more useful members of society if they indulged not in this indolent habit—of some preacher, even, whose name is often annexed to intemperance, whose sobriety is doubtful, and who brings a reproach on the cause of his Lord and Master? You would shun cards—why?—they excite the passions; they destroy time. Their advocates tell you their feelings are not aroused, they do not gamble, and as to the time, they required recreation and could do nothing better. We say it is bad reasoning, but not worse than your defence of smoking: in one the passions are excited, in the other they are stupified. It is much the difference that exists in melancholy and raving madness—in both reason more or less resigns her throne. Wilson," said Mr. Mason, with

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peculiar solemnity, as if oppressed with fear and a sad foreboding of the fate of his old pupil, "I once told you, I believe in our first interview, that to know ourselves was a knowledge more difficult to acquire than Greek or Latin. You doubted me, but I have found it; you will find it so. Let me conjure you to examine yourself closely, not weekly but daily, see what spirit you are of, ask yourself what gives you the greatest pain and torment, or the greatest pleasure and entertainment: thus will you become acquainted with your reigning passions, and prevailing temper and disposition. If you are captivated (which God forbid!) by the pleasures of sin, you will be brought to repentance; if with the pleasures of sense, you will discover your mind to be low and sordid, cleaving to dust and ashes; if with imaginary pleasures and the painted scenes of fancy and romance, you will detect your soul in a trifling turn, and you will teach it subjection, and bring your imagination and thoughts into the holy bondage of the gospel. And may the Almighty God confirm you in this resolution, and his grace assist you against every vice, against wearing even the garment spotted with the flesh." And with this pious benediction Mr. Mason bade his farewell. It was his last to Wilson, for in a few days he was called to that rest which remains for the people of God: to him sudden death was sudden glory.

Mr. Wilson mourned his friend and patron sincerely, and for some time adhered to his resolution of renouncing his one pipe and one glass; but calling on his occasional hearer, the admirer of fine oratory, he was induced to take one cigar,—they were so excellent,—and one glass, as its necessary accompaniment. The second was so pressed it could not be refused without rudeness. We say nothing of the third, but the hospitable host, after he departed, with a shrug of the shoulders, and a look more expressive than words, declared that professors of religion liked the good things of this world as well as others, and that saint and sinner were much the same in spite of praying and preaching. But Mr. Wilson heard not this; he knew not the odium he threw unwittingly on the cause he professed to espouse, or we believe he would for ever have renounced the baneful temptation to indulge those corrupt appetites and passions which rendered him eventually unfit for that holy and sacred office he had assumed; he would have been aroused to obey the heavenly mandate, "Watch and pray."

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He married; the cares of a numerous progeny added more to his chagrin than comforts. Long had the glass and pipe been his afternoon solace, soon they were his morning companions. His sermons were no longer the delight of that part of his congregation who attended his chapel to hear fine compositions; they were often monotonous, vapid, and spiritless. The true Christian perhaps would have overlooked the deficiency of style, if there had been an increase of spirituality; but alas! there was not that life and conversation which evidenced the constraining influence of the Holy Spirit. His most zealous friends reluctantly were obliged to withdraw their support, his feelings of course were more and more irritated, and the pipe and glass more and more frequently resorted to. His wife, (this is not common, we hope and believe,) often sipped from his glass, so often that at last she had one to herself; and whilst he soothed his feelings with tobacco, she deadened hers to the wants of a large family in gin, whenever she could procure the shilling to purchase it. Need we dwell on the frightful picture? The once splendid preacher, the gifted and talented man of genius, is recalled to a sense of his degradation in a prison; he is far removed from his old friends,—he is among strangers,—he is laid upon a sick bed,—the grave opens to his view,—eternity appears, and the infinite importance of what he has to do,—the goading conviction that it must be done,—the almost utter incapability of doing it,—the dreadful combination in his mind of both the necessity and incapacity,—the despair of crowding the concerns of an age into a moment,—the impossibility of beginning a repentance which should have been completed—of setting about a peace which should have been concluded—of sueing for a pardon which should have been obtained—all these complicated concerns, without strength, without time, without hope, with a clouded memory, a disjointed reason, a wounded spirit, undefined terrors, remembered sins, anticipated punishment, an angry God, an accusing conscience,—all together intolerably augment the sufferings of a body which stands in little need of the insupportable burden of a distracted mind to aggravate its torments.

Around the closing scene of Wilson's life we draw the curtain. There was something better than despair, but no rejoicing, no sweet confidence in the love and pardon of an offended God through the blood of Jesus. "The sting

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of death is sin." The last words of the poor penitent were, "Lord, forgive! Lord, receive thy unworthy servant, a penitent backslider, a miserable, deluded sinner! Lord, Lord, forgive!"

Was he forgiven? We are not called upon to decide. He to whose broad eye the future and the past lie open, as he has been his constant witness, so will he be his unerring judge.

Reader, are you a drunkard? No, you say; though I am now and then a little exhilarated, (which is either half mad or stupified, or both.) Remember, drinking is the root of all vice: smoking leads to it—it is the devil's leading-string, commencing with a hair, and ending with a cable.

But you do not drink even to exhilaration; you only occasionally indulge in one glass, one pipe. Renounce the commencement of a bad habit. You have not the resolution, you must do as others. Join the Temperance Society in your neighbourhood. Had he whose memoir you have read been a member, we verily believe his life would have been free from reproach, his death happy.

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THE TRAVELLERS' ROOM.

"WELL! I have the promise of the firm that in another year I shall be admitted as junior partner." Such was the summing up of a long train of reflections by a commercial traveller, as he one afternoon trotted along in his chaise to a large market-town in Devonshire; and as he uttered the words aloud, he gave his horse the rein and a touch of the whip, his heart exulting at the fair prospect before him of attaining to eminence.

George Armstrong, the subject of the following short narrative, was a man who, to a fine exterior, joined the fascinating qualities of an easy address, polished manners, and a mind stored with most subjects of general information. He was known and esteemed almost throughout England as a man who did no one harm but himself, and ever willing to assist a friend. "It is a pity that you are so very fond of company," remarked a true friend of his one day; "your love of sociality will, I fear much, bring you to an untimely end; for spirits seem to you the only cement of friendship. The shaking hand, the heavy eyelid, ought to serve as monitors that the love of company is ruining your health and brightest prospects." "Poh, poh, my dear fellow! you look at my indulgence in a bottle of wine now and then as a

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frightful crime. Do not treat the matter so seriously: you know that, being a bachelor, I must go somewhere to spend my evenings; and besides, I am obliged to treat our customers; if I were not to do so, how many orders should I get next journey?" Thus would he reply to the serious remonstrances of those who really loved him, and by sophistical arguments endeavour to persuade them he was drinking nothing to injure himself. At the age of 26, having then been "on the road" about eight years, with almost unexampled success, he was reduced to the last stage of debility, and was removed to the sea-side in a most pitiable condition, a complete wreck in mind and body of all that was once manly and interesting. It was an afflicting instance of the effects of mistaken views on the subject of apparent hospitality and kindness, but which is of almost every day occurrence among commercial travellers. Generally gifted with strong and clear intellects in matters of business, they cannot yet be brought to see the utter ruin which must accrue to those who, for the sake of pleasing a certain class of customers, and from the *strong influence of example*, from day to day, and from year to year, persevere in a course of drinking. It is at present looked on by a traveller as almost an impossibility to transact business with a customer of the firm without the agency of wine or spirit. He would no more omit to offer it, than he would fail to ask the tradesman on whom he had called to look at his samples. But how fatally erroneous is the delusion! It is to be seriously hoped that the dawn of a better day is breaking, when the traveller and tradesman will see that the practice of drinking is mistaken hospitality, and tends to perpetuate an enormous loss of property and life.

We return to George Armstrong, who, as we have already said, was taken to the coast in the forlorn hope of recruiting his health by abstinence and sea-bathing. Through the blessing of Providence on the means employed, he was, after some time, enabled to take short excursions in the immediate vicinity. It was a source of great thankfulness to his friends to find that, as his health returned, he was apparently convinced of the absolute uselessness and pernicious effects of the drinking habits into which he had been led; and they hoped that the near view he had had of an eternal state, would impress his mind with the conviction that his former habits

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were not only incompatible with temporal prosperity, but with happiness beyond the grave. It was pleasing to be with him on the calm evenings of the summer which he spent at ———. He would sit on a bench facing the sea, and watch the slow motion of the vessels, as, with their white sails set to catch the breeze, they in succession passed, until, as the last rays of the evening sun were shed on the scene, they would become totally becalmed on the face of the deep. Many a protestation of future amendment did he make, and many bright hopes of happiness glided before him; and as the autumn advanced, he found his strength sufficiently restored to commence travelling again, with an apparently firm resolution of abstinence from *excess* in drinking. But who shall define the delicate boundary which separates moderate use from abuse? How true the old proverb, that "one glass is too much, but two glasses too little, for any man!" There is nothing but a rigid and unswerving resolution to *abstain altogether*, that will impart true security. It is a barrier which cannot be destroyed, a defence which is available against the most insinuating wiles of the tempter, and a phalanx which the utmost efforts of the enemy of souls cannot penetrate. Would that our countrymen might see its value, and adopt it as a sure preservative! Then should we see the habit of drinking, stripped of its false, its meretricious enjoyments, in all its true deformity, serving only to excite disgust and detestation.

George Armstrong's services were gladly accepted by the firm for which he had before travelled, for his peculiarly agreeable manners and great perseverance had been the means of doubling their returns since he had first set out.

About three years before the recommencement of his career, he had been united to a young lady whom he had known from childhood. The affection they bore for each other in those days of guileless innocence increased with their years; and when George Armstrong claimed her hand in marriage of her sole remaining parent, the affectionate old man exclaimed, "My dear boy, take her; and with that precious gift, my prayers shall ascend to heaven for your prosperity. She has been an invaluable blessing to me since her mother's death, and may you both be spared to be blessings to each other, and to all around." George at that moment internally vowed that

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the cultivation of the pleasures of domestic life should be his sole pursuit, and that nothing should for the future tempt him to waste more of those hours in the company of the giddy and the vicious, the misappropriation of too many of which had already been to him the cause of deep remorse. For some time he persevered in his resolution, scarcely trusting himself in the "travellers' room" of any of the taverns of the towns in which he transacted business. One night, however, after dining with Mr. A——, a very old customer of the firm, and partaking rather freely of wine, he rose to depart, telling him that he should despatch his letters to town, and then retire for the night. His host insisted on seeing him as far as his lodgings, (which were at a private house, kept by an old couple, well known and esteemed by most commercial travellers for their civility, yet plainness of manners.) On their way home, George asked Mr. A—— to step in with him to the "Commercial inn," to see if an old friend whom he expected had arrived, at the same time assuring his companion he should not stop. However, when he found his friend was there and wine already on the table, his resolution was overcome, and to the repeated inquiries of Mr. A—— whether he meant to depart, he answered, "Wait a few minutes longer, and I will go." Midnight insensibly crept on; still he yielded not to the solicitations of his true friend, who at length left him, annoyed and irritated at the want of decision so manifest in the conduct of the man for whom he had sincere regard, and at his own folly in going in at first. At *six in the morning* Armstrong departed, declining the offers of assistance to his home with contempt. He had scarcely got outside the door when he reeled and fell. Some men proceeding to their work raised him from the ground, when he groaned fearfully; which led them to conclude he had sustained a more serious injury than mere bruises. A surgeon who happened to be passing, found that his collar-bone was fractured; he was therefore put to bed with all speed. The agony of body which he suffered was most intense; but the reproaches of conscience were still harder to bear. His heart was a prey to the keenest anguish, and he cried aloud for death, for an alleviation of the mental torture he was enduring. His wife, who was then not very distant, on the first receipt of the intelligence hastened to him, and the scene we witnessed was most affecting.

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She uttered no reproaches—she saw his heart throbbing under the violence of his emotions, almost threatening to burst its boundaries, while his eyes glared most fearfully as he groaned his professions of penitence.

He was some weeks confined to his room from the effects of this accident, and when he recovered sufficiently to move out, his appearance was pitiable in the extreme.

Two solemn warnings had Providence given him of his displeasure at the course he was pursuing; could he require a third? Can we imagine a man persevering in such a career, after the bitter experience he had had of the miserable result of his love of *sociality*? We should be inclined to answer positively in the negative, did we not see almost daily instances of similar conduct. How true is it that "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not!"

George Armstrong had never known what it was to bow the knee to his Maker, to implore his guidance and direction through the difficult path of life. Trusting to his own strength, twice had he been bitterly convinced of his weakness—twice had solemn judgments been inflicted on him, the direct consequences of his intemperance. Yet even these instances were insufficient to teach him that the firmest purpose of man, when formed entirely on his own unaided strength, is perfect weakness, and that, unless the heart be lifted up to implore Divine direction, accompanied with human means—that of *entirely* abandoning the vicious propensity, and not suffering sin to effect *any* lodgment, he is lost. But the subject of our tale had not been blessed with pious parents; he had never been taught in the days of childhood to ask the blessing of God—to lay the thoughts and desires of his heart before Him—nor to pray that his heart might be changed, and his desires purified. Need we wonder, then, at the mental darkness under which he laboured, or that, now affliction overtook him, he was as a vessel without a helmsman?

Years rolled on, unmarked by any particular occurrence, save that Armstrong still persevered in his infatuated career. His wife had long seen with anguish that his professions of amendment were only elicited while suffering under the effects of his excesses: the pain removed, wife and home seemed to have lost their charms—the loud laugh and coarse jest of his fellow-travellers

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amply compensated for the deprivation of the society of her whom he had once idolized, and had sworn to cherish and protect, and for the home in which all his delight was once centered. Indulging *occasionally*, as he professed to do, in their company, the habits mentioned were gradually but strongly formed; and when at times a firmer resolve than usual seemed to be formed by him that he would discontinue the practice of drinking, almost the first invitation from one whom he knew was a *good fellow*, was quite sufficient to induce his acceptance of it, especially when accompanied with a little raillery on his cold-water-drinking propensities.

Another circumstance took place about this time, which although of a different nature from his former accident, yet sprang from the same cause. He had fallen in with one or two of his boon companions at a large town in the west, and had remained with them till a late hour. Their persuasions for him to remain all night were ineffectual, although the state of the roads he had to pass was such at the time of which we are writing, as to render travelling after nightfall exceedingly unsafe. But the customers of the house in the town to which he was hastening, having been informed, contrary to usual custom, that he would punctually be there on the day succeeding the night he had been carousing with his *friends*, he felt himself compelled to proceed. Having looked to his pistols, he pushed on for some time at such a rate that he found his horse flagging fast: he was therefore compelled to stop at an inn in a small village, to give him a feed and a little rest.

He again set out, and had gone about a mile out of the village, when he observed by the star-light, something resembling a hat in the road. He was in the act of stepping out to ascertain what it really was, when a rustling in the hedge induced him to suspect that all was not right. At that moment two men sprang out, one to the horse's head, while the other demanded his money. His reply was the firing of one of his pistols at the man nearest him, but which in his agitation did not take effect; at the next moment, giving his horse a smart cut with the whip, he knocked down the fellow at the horse's head, the wheel of the chaise passing over him in its progress. In a state of great excitement he reached I——, and having obtained assistance, returned to the spot where

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he encountered the ruffians, but the wounded man had disappeared; although traces of blood being clearly distinguishable for some distance, shewed that he had been severely hurt.

Six months before the unfortunate subject of this tale was about to be admitted a partner, he was again obliged to desist from business, and as it proved, for ever! He himself saw the grave yawning to receive him, his wife in danger of being left utterly destitute, and knew as well as any man the sentence uttered in the inspired volume against drunkards was true; yet the chain was now too firmly fixed—the hour was past when his recovery to health could be at all contemplated as possible even by the most sanguine of his friends. In the autumn he embarked for Madeira, to try the effects of a more southern climate. He was liberally supplied with money by the firm, who, such was the esteem in which he was held, at the same time gave him full authority to draw on their agent for whatever sums he needed. But it was plainly seen that he would not long require the assistance of any one: eternity, with all its fearful realities, was before him; the hour was fast approaching when the cajolings and the flatteries of earthly connexions would avail but very little to silence the accusings of conscience, or calm the troubled spirit.

He would not suffer his wife to accompany him, although she implored him not to deny her this last boon. Assurances of his return in the spring, with his health completely restored, were reiterated again and again; but these assurances had long ceased to have their weight in the heart of his already widowed wife. He had proved his utter want of any thing like decision or firmness of purpose many times before; she therefore pleaded her cause before Him who alone could raise her husband from the bed of affliction, and effect a change in his sentiments and feelings. With a mind imbued with resignation to the Divine will she saw him on board the vessel with tolerable calmness; but the shock at parting was almost too much for her, already weakened by constant watchings at his bedside, and by the constant affliction she had experienced soon after their union. She was taken ashore to an inn, where she had strong hysterics, which were succeeded by extreme weakness. Hovering for a long time between life and death, the latter would have been hailed by her as a welcome

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release from this scene of sorrow. But it was not so designed: the cup of affliction prepared for her was not yet filled.

The brig in which Armstrong sailed was detained by contrary winds some days; but having veered round she put to sea, and after a voyage of three weeks reached Funchal. A merchant there who had known him in England kindly received him into his house, and he received every attention from this hospitable friend, with whom he remained till the commencement of the following year.

But the flame was flickering in the socket; nature, it was evident, could not hold out much longer; and as a last resource, he was put on board a vessel bound for Fayal, hoping the change of air and scene would benefit him. The captain, however, perceived soon after they got under weigh that he was so rapidly sinking as to render it extremely doubtful whether he would reach Fayal alive. His fears were but too well founded. In the evening of the second day after their departure from Funchal he was called to the cot of the dying man, who in broken sentences commended his wife to the protection of heaven, and having given some directions respecting his effects, earnestly prayed for some time to that God who had long borne with his wickedness, and given him ample opportunities for repentance. As the last rays of the sun sank beneath the waters, George Armstrong expired without even a sigh, nature was so thoroughly exhausted. The body was taken to Fayal, where it was decently interred.

Thus perished a man on whom Providence had liberally bestowed his bounty, which, if cultivated, would have rendered him a blessing to that society to which he had been a curse. He possessed talents sufficient to command respect from all with whom he came in contact, but which, by the pernicious and destroying habits of a love of company, were crushed, rendering it physically impossible, while the cause remained, that the effect should be otherwise. The grave received him in the very prime of life —an old man at the age of thirty!—an age when men usually attain their full strength of mind and body.

Is it not strange, that for the satisfaction of being termed a "good fellow," and allowed to possess the

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priority in wit and repartee in the coffee room of a tavern, a man will sacrifice the comforts of home, the respect of those whose good opinion is worth possessing, his prospects in life, his true peace of mind, and, in some awful cases, his hopes of salvation? George Armstrong, at the beginning of his career, would have laughed to scorn the man who could have deemed it possible that *he* should ever fall a victim to drunkenness. But no one, however firmly his mind may be made up, at the commencement of the habit of drinking, to take as much only as *will do him good*, (fatal delusion!) can secure the certainty of dying a sober man. An absolute infatuation possesses men's minds generally with regard to this vice, in thinking their own individual cases so peculiar, that it is impossible they will ever become drunkards. But there is scarcely a man in England who does not know one or more, who are now seemingly irreclaimable from this habit, who were not once sober men, respected and respectable.

How long is this degrading vice to hold dominion over the peace of mankind and the soul's happiness? Temperate drinkers, even, will not dispute that it is the cause of much misery in the world, yet cannot consent, for the good of their fellow men, in showing an example, to forego their own poor gratification. And if the *real* opinions of men could be elicited, as to whether they loved the liquor most or the apparent sociality which that liquor produced, in nine cases out of ten it would be found that it was for the sake of enjoying the company of their friends that they touched spirit at all. Yet, does the man who rises rom your table, which has been well supplied with spirit to evince your *friendship*, shakes you by the hand, and departs, esteem or respect you one jot more *next day*? Will he not rather, when reason resumes the ascendancy, feel irritated at your constant importunity in inducing him to drink? Head-aches and sick stomachs are too unpleasant for a man to desire a repetition either of them, or of the dose which produced them, unless he be already advancing on the road to drunkenness. And even supposing a man does not drink sufficiently to produce nausea, yet no one is able to reason as calmly, to act as coolly, to judge as wisely, after having drunk even *one* glass of spirits and water as he who wholly abstains. He may be able to transact his ordinary business without either feeling the pernicious effects on his mind himself, or his dependents

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for him; but if any event occurs which excites anger, or respecting which it requires judgment to decide, we assert that he is not able to repress the one, or exercise the other, as effectually as if he had not drunk any.

We are unwilling to close this tract without further notice of the unhappy wife of the man whose short history has been narrated. For some years she lived in her father's house, constantly mourning the loss of him whom she had loved so well. The home of her childhood, where all her days of true happiness and peace had been passed, where she had been wooed by him whose early dreams of prosperity had been entirely destroyed by his own misconduct, and whose end had been so tragical, afforded her now no pleasure. Her kind parent did all in his power to alleviate her sorrow, and withdraw her mind from the melancholy which possessed it. After a while he succeeded: time insensibly weakened the vivid recollection of the past, and she felt something like a return of former peace, although happiness would never again possess her mind, when her alarm was again excited on account of her aged parent, on whom the infirmities of age were fast increasing. He was obliged to be confined to his bed; and, finding his end approaching, with that consideration and love which had ever marked his character, he bequeathed a small annuity which had been his means of support for some years, to his beloved daughter, and a few days after breathed his last. She now felt herself alone and friendless in the midst of a world which had no charms for her, and which she would gladly have left, had her Almighty Father been pleased to take her.

A few years after this event the death of those on whose lives her annuity depended plunged her into actual want. None of her friends now remaining were sufficiently disinterested to be at the charge of her maintenance; so that, after some time struggling against adversity, she was compelled to enter the workhouse of the village of which her late husband had been a native. Here her retired yet kind disposition caused her to be universally respected in the village. As age crept on her, and infirmities increased, she was allowed an attendant. Her room (for she had one allotted her) was a pattern of neatness and cleanliness; her window overlooking a garden at the back of the house rendered her situation comparatively pleasant; and in addition to the clergyman, who regularly

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called once a week and preached to the inmates, about eight or ten in number, she was frequently visited by the two daughters of a gallant admiral, (who had retired on half pay, and had taken up his abode in this delightful village,) and who, by their kind attention and benevolence to the afflicted, endeared themselves to all who knew them.

The remainder of her days was spent in calmness and communion with her God, who, although he had been pleased to lay much of his afflicting hand upon her, had yet given her possession of the pearl of great price. The world, with all its hopes and joys, had long ceased to be of interest to her; heaven, with its peace and love, was all her desire. To this she looked forward with the humble hope of a Christian, having read in the book which is truth itself, that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Her health gradually declined, and the attention of the ladies to whom we have before alluded, if possible, increased. They did all in their power to soothe the dying hours of one for whom they felt a sincere respect, having known her in her former prosperity, which her calm dignity of manners in her subsequent adversity increased; and her gratitude was often expressed by wishes for their temporal and eternal prosperity. About six years ago she died, rejoicing in the hope of seeing heaven without a glass between.

Think not this is a mere tale of the imagination. The curse of drinking will produce all the misery here pourtrayed, and is daily giving lamentable proofs of its power to change the best affections of our nature, and nourish all the evil passions in the heart of man. Gloriously will the sun arise on that day when it shall be proclaimed from every hill top that drunkenness has ceased from the earth, and every valley and plain shall re-echo with the exulting shout. Peace, happiness, and love shall reign where strife, misery, and hate before held dominion; virtue shall attain the ascendancy, and man shall wonder at the fascination which formerly held him spell-bound.

Reader! do you desire such a consummation? Set the example by abstaining.

An esteemed young friend of ours in an extensive wholesale house in the city, about three years ago signed the declaration of the Temperance Society, under a con-

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viction not only of the uselessness, but of the pernicious effects of spirits. At the commencement of the present year, however, having accepted a commission to travel for another firm, he addressed a letter to the Temperance Depositary, requesting him to erase his name from the signature book of the Society, confidently believing, from what he had seen and heard of the tyrannical drinking customs throughout the country, that he should never succeed in his new line of life, unless he fell in with the prevailing habits. But we rejoiced to see a letter from him a few months after he set out, in which he said:—

"I am agreeably surprised at the little trouble one meets with in avoiding drinking to excess. I have not (although I requested my name to be erased from the Temperance list when I commenced travelling) drunk a drop of spirits. I generally take two glasses of wine after dinner, and in the evening, from the example of two or three old members of the Society of Friends, I request 8*d.* to be put to my bill, instead of drinking at all. I shall therefore ask to be re-admitted to your books, and hope to meet with no opposition."

We are not wrong, then, in indulging the expectation that in a few years we shall see a great reformation amongst this hitherto very intemperate class of men, and that none but those who set comfort and respectability at defiance will persevere in a course so fatally destructive to both.

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THE HALF IS NOT TOLD.

No maxim is so forcible as an inference correctly drawn, resulting from our own reflection, and based on matter of fact.

"WHAT," it has been asked, "has a young man in the morning of his days, and the spring-time of life, whom the chilling blasts of winter never compelled to wrap his mantle close around him;—a young man, whose pulse bounds with health, and whose heart fails not by reason of age—a *young* man, to do with cigars?" What? why just as much as he has to do with ardent spirits. Why then is it that we meet so many fashionably-dressed young men, as well as others, 'neath the scorchings of a summer sun, like locomotive chimneys, emitting smoke as they pass along, and contaminating the pure air of our village fields and lanes with the fume of Havannahs? Why? it may be answered, because such persons do not appear to know that there is a connection between effects and causes—the thirst produced by the cigar, and, in many cases, the drunkenness ensuing;—and that a free-born Briton may be *really* as much a slave, as he that writhes under the lash of an American taskmaster.—And because females, who in truth give laws to society, sometimes smile at what they should deprecate, and palliate what they should prohibit;—females, whose vast and acknowledged influence in society is such,

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that it shall be found the folly or vice tolerated amongst them shall be by the moralist denounced almost in vain.

Intemperance is allowed to be a tyrannical and destructive vice; but who shall effectually beat that hydra out of its stronghold, until an intemperate man finds it *difficult* to form a connection with a virtuous female? What society for the suppression of vice is likely to be *so* effective, as a determination on the part of such females to exclude the vicious *man*, as well as *woman*, from their association? But how many of the well-disposed amongst them are incapable of forming a correct judgment! How often is the judgment biassed by the affections! How many, on whose education large sums have been expended, are left untaught on important points! How easily volatile minds, unaccustomed to reflect that follies often germinate into vices,—the act into the habit,—may be induced to believe it impossible to prove, that *one* original act of disobedience *could* lead on to, and involve all human evil, and even the conflagration of the globe! While however on each of these classes, the powers of abstract rhetoric might be employed in vain, a short sketch, founded on facts, should it pass into the hands of any such, may, with the divine blessing, not be wholly without effect. There are persons to whom an essay would be insupportable, who will read a tale.

Victorine and Charlotte were the daughters of a gentleman of ample fortune in the West of England, and from the death of their inestimable mother, companions of the retirement, and chief contributors to the happiness of Mr. Dornford, who felt, dear as was every child to his heart, *them* doubly dear, whose playful sprightliness had often beguiled the heavy hour, and suppressed or soothed the sorrowful recollection; and after the happy settlement of several others, in subordination to the higher claims of religion, objects of his ever anxious solicitude. The best judgment of both parents had been exercised in the selection of schools and public preceptors for the elder children; but from the date of the loss of Mrs. Dornford's dear companionship, Mr. D. was desirous that Victorine and Charlotte's education should be conducted at home.

Difficulties, however, presented themselves. To introduce a stranger to his familiar intercourse during intervals of study of such frequent occurrence, might cause only general politeness, and becoming respect towards her, to be mistaken for particular attention. To subject himself

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to the perpetual influence of female society he was not willing, whose heart had purposed that the full tide of its affection should flow into the bosom of his children, the only acknowledged representatives of their late mother, and true claimants on his care and love. To expect that a female of high qualifications should be confined within the precincts of the rooms set apart for education, whenever visitors were not expected, would appear as if it were apprehended some evil might result from further communication.

But it occurred to him, that all these might be obviated by a thoroughly accomplished sister, a widow, in her twentieth year, residing with her brother-in-law, a clergyman, in Worcestershire: and indulging the hope that, while by no means depending on such engagements, she might from feeling towards himself and the children, be induced to undertake their superintendence, he wrote to her requesting the same, as the greatest proof of kindness she could shew him, making a handsome proposal of consideration.

Mrs. Lindsey acquiesced, on condition that she should pass the time necessary for the relaxation of the children, at the Priory; that the domestic management should rest entirely with Mr. Dornford's trustworthy housekeeper; and that one of her married nieces should, if friends were expected, perform the feminine honours of hospitality, until Victorine should be old enough to sit at the head of her father's table; when it might be expected the pupilage of Charlotte, then six years of age, would terminate to occasion her release. Mrs. Lindsey had much pleasure in believing that she enjoyed the confidence of the family in general, who regarded her independence as a highly advantageous circumstance, presenting security against the temporizing so common to governesses, and the ill corresponding of the address in the study with the report in the drawing room, arising from the conviction, that if their true opinion of the behaviour or improvement of their pupils should be known, they would be dismissed in the hope that some other person might manage or advance them better; and also the error so prevalent amongst pupils, of considering the governess or tutor under obligation to them for emolument, rather than themselves to him, or her, for the exercise of patience, and the impartation of knowledge;—an upside-down state of things, which, Mr. Dornford used to say, the good sense of the parents or friends of children should correct, as it could

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not be expected that persons enjoying an independence should be willing to engage in such arduous duties.

The present case, however, being a happy exception, from the first day of Mrs. L.'s entering upon the office, every thing was real and unvarnished. Neither specimens of penmanship nor drawing were touched up to deceive the parent; and if at any time, as Victorine and Charlotte's education advanced, their papa looked into an exercise book, which he sometimes did for amusement, and found an error, Mrs. Lindsey would say, "That has occurred in the entry; the exercises are always corrected by me, in the first instance, with explanation," (the soul of correction.) "You must impute it, my dear brother, to the volatility of youth; as my dear nieces increase in attention, their books will appear more correct on perusal:" when Mr. Dornford would close the book, stroke the curling hair of his sweet girls, and direct towards them a look of inexpressible kindness. And though, to them, the course adopted by their aunt might at *first* appear rather harsh, it resulted from sound judgment, and *ultimately* pleased them much better than perpetual reproof for careless entry would, that is as often by some disregarded, while depending on after corrections neatly made, (a heavy tax on the time and attention of the governess,) to gloss over and conceal it from the eye of the parent or friend; and the same remark will apply to other faults, for which like frankness and sincerity in the teacher would prove the best antidote.

To please so kind a papa, was a sufficient motive with each; and if at any time Charlotte, by an innocent stratagem, effected her escape from the study, that, instead of exploring the intricacies of a difficult sum, or reducing to application the rules of a French academy, she might enjoy his caresses,—the desire of his approval forwarded her ottomans, and threw nature into Victorine's painting, and expression into her music. Not that Mrs. Lindsey's approbation was regarded by either of them with indifference. Her interesting person, extensive information, unaffected manners, and affectionate disposition, drew forth towards her a large share of their respect and love. Perpetual reference was made in their minds to her report, which they knew would be veracious and faithful, and which they were most anxious should be satisfactory.

As they advanced in age, and were better able to appre-

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ciate her happy method of instruction, they felt sensible how often her ample elucidations facilitated their ascent up the hill of science. But on no account did they feel so much indebted to her, as for the assistance she had afforded them in the study of the Sacred Scriptures. Her large acquaintance with oriental customs, geography, natural history, and the history of the world;—nature in its several branches, moral evidence, dates, circumstances, &c., in subservience to the vivifying and illuminating influences of the Holy Spirit, had, with regard to her own mind, stamped the sacred volume with such an irresistible character of truth, that to understand its doctrines, and be conformed to its precepts, was the business of her life;—to escape its denunciations, and ultimately realize its promises, the chief object of her pursuit, and the dominant desire of her soul.

It might be expected, that the pupils of such a preceptress would possess minds richly freighted, not only with treasures of earthly wisdom, but also with those of heavenly origin and destination. And when at length the period did arrive that, after a sojourn of ten years at Hatcham Hall, Mrs. Lindsey prepared for her return into Worcestershire, had not her place been in some measure supplied by Mr. Dornford's piety and intelligence, Victorine and Charlotte would not have lamented her absence less than Telemachus did that of his revered and beloved Mentor,—and with greater reason.

But she felt that with regard to them the work was accomplished, and that her society was now due to one, to whom she had long promised her hand in marriage, whose establishment was arranged for her reception, and who had anticipated, with deep interest, the termination of her engagement at the Hall. Mr. Dornford's marriage present, a splendid silver épargne for flowers, had been some time ordered at the jeweller's; and his two daughters, who were then with him, having obtained his consent to fix on any article for the same purpose, of value not exceeding £50, Victorine selected a pair of elegant bracelet-snaps, set with brilliants; Charlotte, a ring to correspond; and the set was completed by other members of the family, who were deeply conscious of Mrs. Lindsey's merits and excellencies.

On the morning of her departure, much regret was manifested by the domestics, who, in their turns, had all directly or indirectly shared her attention; they felt they

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were losing a friend, and they sprang to anticipate her wishes, and give utterance to their gratitude. The event about to take place was not altogether unknown to them, as like occurrences in families seldom are; and the unheard, but heartfelt wish was poured forth by each, that a blessing might crown the union. Victorine accompanied her, to act as younger bridemaid; and had just returned from the celebration of the hymeneal festivities, when, having finished the painting of a beautiful tulip that she had placed in her portfolio, she proposed to Charlotte to accompany her to Mrs. Clare's.

The reader should be informed, that Mrs. Clare was well known to Mrs. Lindsey, and a most interesting and extraordinary woman, formerly the wife of a merchant of Bristol, and pre-eminently happy in the connubial relation, as every woman ought to be, who, possessing the object of her heart's preference, knows she is to that same person dearer than all the world beside. It was wedded love, augmented by the advance of time, and the developement of character, heaven-authorized and pure, revealed in the look of tenderness,—based on religion, and confirmed by every action.

While, however, enjoying a domestic allotment that falls to few, with a lovely offspring rising around her, by a sudden stroke of Providence she was deprived of her most affectionate husband, and left with a family of eight children, the eldest not exceeding fourteen years of age, and the youngest only four months old. After the funeral obsequies, it soon became the painful duty of Mr. Clare's executors to announce to her, that his whole property, especially at a low rate of interest, would scarcely provide them with necessaries; for which the general scale of a merchant's expenditure, his not having commenced with a large capital of his own, and his premature death, might well account.

Mrs. Clare received the communication with the utmost fortitude, and for the first time *really* felt the value of the mental acquirements of which she had had an opportunity of securing the possession, when placed by her friends, before her marriage, at one of the first schools in the neighbourhood of Bristol, with a view to her filling the situation of private governess. She immediately broke up the establishment, dismissed the servants, and relying on the promise of that God who had not been unknown to her in her prosperity, and invoking His aid, retired to the

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village in which Mr. Dornford lived; where, summoning up all the energies and capabilities of a mind fully adequate, she, assisted by a French lady, a native of Paris, undertook the education of all her children; submitting, for their sakes, to a perfect seclusion from the society she was well calculated to please and adorn. Agreeable in person, richly endowed in mind, and thoroughly well bred, she must be seen at her rural abode, if seen at all, when religion or duty called her not thence; as she said, to visit in the class to which she had been accustomed, would require a wardrobe that she had not then the means of keeping up, and she considered a guinea better laid out in stationery or books for the children, than in a dress cap or scarf for herself on such an occasion. While, to curtail expenses to the utmost on their account, she, who might be considered a critic in Latin, French, Italian, and English, a professor of music, drawing, writing, and arithmetic, and a storehouse of general knowledge, stooped to offices all but menial. Such was the individual that Mrs. Lindsey happened to meet one day at a house in the vicinity, to which she had gone on an errand of benevolence, with whom the interchange of but a few words was sufficient to originate an attachment of which kindred spirits can only judge. Such was the friend with whom she had taken sweet counsel, to assist whom in the discharge of arduous duties she had embraced every opportunity of leisure, and to whose friendship, at her removal, she affectionately recommended her pupils and nieces, Victorine and Charlotte.

It was spring; and the sweet enchantress had thrown over nature again her robe of many colours. A shower had just fallen, and the rose and the honeysuckle wore pendants of liquid pearl, and every flower and shrub shone with augmented brilliancy in the after sunbeam; beauties, that no one could be better able to estimate than Victorine, whom Mrs. Lindsey, or now more properly, Mrs. Andover, had left all but an enthusiast in botany; yet, it was evident on her first walking out, after having been only a short time at the Vale, she noticed not with her usual interest.

Victorine was warm-hearted; intelligence flashed in her fine dark eyes; a natural gaiety overspread her features, and grace added a charm to every movement; but that gaiety was superseded by pensiveness, and a mental abstraction not likely to escape the observation of Mrs.

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Clare, revealed a mind not perfectly at ease, and a heart the subject of new emotions. An alteration in her person and manner was perceived by that lady, and the cause suspected; but when Charlotte said, "I cannot imagine why my sister appears to shun company so since her return from Worcestershire; I am continually finding her alone, who used to seek me, if absent;" Mrs. Clare added, smiling, "and who is then, if I conjecture rightly, never less alone;" and hoped the object would prove worthy of her sweet friend, whose instant change of colour proved the conjecture but *too* true, and rendered it desirable to retreat from observation as soon as she could, that she might elude further inquiries. Rocked in the cradle of affluence, and from her infancy accustomed to hear only soft voices, and sounds of respect, and to see herself surrounded by more than the comforts of this life, while allowed to anticipate "another and a better," her peace had flowed like an unruffled stream, and she had heard of evil only by report. But her mind was no longer at rest and unperturbed, her thoughts were never so difficult to control. She *felt* she loved, and she *feared* she loved in vain.

Among many friends that honoured Mr. and Mrs. Andover's nuptials, Mr. and Mrs. Heber, long and deservedly esteemed on Mr. Andover's side, with their son Lancelot, and two daughters, joined a numerous party on one occasion. Lancelot was the only surviving son of four; and those parents who, having lost many infant children in succession, scarcely permit themselves to enjoy the hope of rearing one, will best know whether to censure or acquit Mr. Heber, who, after having experienced a similar trial, when he saw Lancelot pass a period that the others had not reached, and present the prospect of inheriting his name and fortune, clung to him as his *living* first-born, and legitimate source of solace and comfort; and if, from the circumstance of still somewhat delicate health, the early impatience of restraint that Lancelot evinced was unchecked by him, lest the curb should produce nervous irritation, or induce disease—till the fixed habit resisted its influence, and his parental fondness appeared to some to merge into parental folly,—the fault, which presents a caution to parents in general, will seem to such in *him* almost excusable.

The commencement of his studies, which it appeared advisable not to press too much upon his attention, pre-

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sented discouragements, that only patience and perseverance on the part of judicious teachers could have overcome, and the preparation necessary for a university was tolerably well accomplished, when, to complete the education of a gentleman, he repaired to the seat of learning that may be termed a city of palaces; where classical enthusiasm created a wish to see the river, from the banks of which Horace expected to reap immortality;—the ground on which Plato and Aristotle walked;—and the place where Epaminondas bled; and, be it observed, not the better disposed to morals, for rising from the study of Ovid and Anacreon. The gentle remonstrances of a tender mother, who, had she known more of college life, would have dreaded less the example of foreign manners, were heard, but disregarded; and possessing, by the will of an uncle, the ample means of gratifying his inclinations, to which at length his parents yielded unwilling consent, he set out, accompanied by a fellow collegian, who, like himself, was desirous of visiting the capitals of Greece and Italy, taking Paris in the way. Thence he had just returned in time to form one of the party at Mr. Andover's, where the younger bridemaid engaged his attention for the evening, and Love, that is never at a loss for language, spoke powerfully to the hearts of each; and when Victorine, with inimitable grace, played an accompaniment to a duet on Mrs. Andover's harp, which she sang with Lancelot, his fond parents silently hoped that they might be one day more closely and tenderly united, while all present expressed themselves highly gratified with their performance.

During her stay at Mr. Andover's, Lancelot knew too well how to act his part, to allow an opportunity of strengthening the impression that he felt he had inspired, to pass unimproved; evincing at the same time a great sense of propriety, and punctilious regard to etiquette, arising from the circumstance of her being at the time only at the house of a friend, and his having had no communication with her father; upon which Mr. Andover, who could have no doubt respecting his intention, remarked in a conversation with Mrs. A., while he took care one day, in Victorine's hearing, to say, in reply to an observation made by one present, "He has a *very* fine person, and most fascinating manners; but, unfortunately, such qualifications, though in him all but irresistible, afford no criterion of

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character, or guarantee of conduct; and what is worse, these points cannot be easily ascertained, by reason of his long residence abroad, unaccompanied by a person of established reputation. I had my suspicions, but while I would not for the world introduce a known rake into a social circle, who might by any possibility influence the destinies of any one, *these* alone, without proof, would not have justified me in objecting to admit into it a son of Mr. Heber's;" when Victorine immediately left the room in much agitation, followed by Mrs. Andover, who, taking her by the hand when alone and partially recovered, said, in the most affectionate manner, "My dear young friend, perhaps your Christian principles will be called into operation on this occasion. We feel assured that you love Lancelot Heber, and that he passionately loves you; and if it should appear upon inquiry, (for inquiry will be made,) that Mr. Andover's cautionary remark is unfounded, we shall be truly glad for your sake, though the young man, if moral, I fear is without religion, which *he* should possess, into whose society you enter for life; but should it on the contrary *not* be unfounded, Mr. Andover has given you a strong proof of friendship, in expressing doubt with regard to the expediency of an alliance that must be so desirable to his particular friends, the parents of Lancelot." Victorine said, much as she had felt the shock of Mr. Andover's observation, she was quite convinced that it could only have arisen from friendship towards her; that their united opinion would have much weight with her, and added, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, while she frankly owned her heart would incline her otherwise, she should feel it to be her duty to return home, if she, Mrs. A., would excuse her doing so, that her father, on whose kind consideration she knew she could rely, might have an opportunity of judging and acting in an affair, in which, after what Mr. Andover had expressed, it could not be right to proceed further without his knowledge.

The proposal that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Andover could have made, obtained their ready concurrence; for while truly sorry to lose Victorine's company, they regarded her return home, at that juncture, as the most judicious step that could be taken; and it was agreed, that as no friends were expected by appointment that day, Mr. Andover should see her home, who could acquaint Mr. Dornford

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with a few particulars, and, by riding post, be back in time to meet a party of friends on the next.

Mr. Dornford expressed neither surprise nor displeasure at the announcement of Mr. Andover; and the next day received a letter from Lancelot, declaring in warm terms his attachment to his daughter, and his hope that he would permit him to visit her at home;—stating his income, from the will of his uncle, to be £2000 a year, to which, if not regarded by him as sufficient for a genteel establishment, his father would add any sum that he might name; assuring him of the intense anxiety with which he should await his reply.

Mr. Dornford then sent for Victorine into the library, and said, "My dear girl, in settling my children, most of whom you know are settled happily, I have said to them, in the words of the excellent Philip Henry, 'Please God, and please yourselves, and you will not displease me;' a maxim that seems to me in some measure to partake of the wisdom apparent in our glorious constitution, where each of the three branches is, or ought to be, an equipoise or balance to the others; or rather, where two springs of action, nicely balanced, require only the co-operation of a third, to render them effective and complete. The person and address of the man you marry ought to be agreeable to you, but we fear in this case the fair structure is already undermined, by a habit to which, perhaps, this young man will evince a more passionate regard than even to Victorine herself, and which, the sequel will probably prove, he will not abandon even for her sake. The habit to which I allude, though at present incipient, is like most vices, of a progressive and augmenting nature. It is that of having frequent recourse to ardent spirits, into which young men who travel for pleasure are exceedingly liable to fall. The facts and features of the case shall be made known to you; in the mean time invoke divine aid and direction. I value not his fortune, as I happily possess the means of making you comfortable with a man of character and education, though he might not have a shilling. But while to a *justified* preference on your part, no secular motive would induce me to oppose a barrier over which a dutiful child could not pass, I trust your piety and good sense will incline you to concur with me in a *justified* opposition to vice and immorality; which I shall first express by an inti-

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mation, in reply to his letter, that his visits cannot be allowed, until satisfactory information has been received respecting his conduct abroad."

Those who have suffered from suspense in similar circumstances, may conceive how Victorine passed the period of inquiry, in which hope and fear took alternate possession of her mind;—the former suggesting that a report was often unfounded, and then, in contemplation, she dwelt upon his prepossessing exterior, his polished manners, his literary taste, his fondness for music and the arts;—the latter representing in this instance it might not be so, which would probably separate her for ever from one she thought so calculated to make her happy, and perhaps consign him to inevitable ruin, by depriving him of a powerful motive to reform, whom she could not think past reclaim, and fondly hoped might be reclaimed by her instrumentality.

But while thus, in the true spirit of charity, inclining most to hope, Lancelot found means to convey a letter to her hand, deploring in most pathetic terms the repulse he had received from her father, confessing that he had fallen into some excesses abroad, invoking her as his guardian angel to assist in his rescue, and check his wandering by becoming his monitor and guide, and promising her unalienable affection, gratitude, and *obedience*. And her heart, softened by love, was yielding to the delusion, and giving credence to the chimera, when she received the following letter from her sister Melbourne.

"My dear Victorine,

"Mr. Andover, who has just returned from Paris, called upon us this morning, and leaves it with me to state to you, that from Lancelot's adherence to his real name when there, he found little difficulty in ascertaining his dissipated habits, together with those of his companion, which account was corroborated by a friend of Mr. A.'s, on whom he could rely, who lived near an hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, from which they had been expelled for disorderly conduct; and who, gathering from a hint or two of Mr. Andover's that his inquiry had reference to a matrimonial alliance, said, 'Rely upon it he should not have a daughter of mine, unless reformed; and I think little less than a ten years' proof of that reform would satisfy me.' Mr. Andover added, further particulars, to be trans-

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mitted to Hatcham Hall, would, he thought, fully convince you that it was unnecessary to pursue his journey further.

"Now, my dear Victorine, my advice is to decide at once. The young man is a brandy drinker, whom Mr. Andover saw, when he paid the wedding visit, after dinner, and as he thought unobserved, fill glass after glass with his favourite liquor, which he drank off undiluted, without its appearing to have the least effect upon him. Say not, the companionship of the marriage state may prove his salvation; and repeat not the old exploded maxim, that 'a reformed rake makes a good husband.' You have heard of the case of our dear friend Selby, whose *reformed* rake, as she thought him, was found in such a besotted state on the marriage morning, as not to be aware of the engagement, and would not have been up in time for the ceremony, if one of his friends had not entered his chamber to arouse him. And well I remember hearing our nursemaids tell, that after having lived with him a short time, which it was impossible to continue, she was compelled to sign separation articles, that only a desperate case indeed can justify; and she told me herself, the other day, that while she hoped to experience the Divine forgiveness, she could never forgive herself, for having taken that fatal step in opposition to the will of her father; which, while it had subjected her for more than twenty years to a worse than widowed state, had only introduced an imbecile to inherit his property, not a fraction of which she was able to calculate; and added, she feared that circumstance, together with her own unhappy condition, had shortened both his and her mother's life.

"Think not a powerful motive may avail, in a case where the powerful motive of self-interest and self-preservation fails. Do you recollect, when we were taking a ride one day, seeing a fine-featured man,* in the attire of a gentleman, clinging to the rails of a house, as if seized with a fit, or some sudden illness, which rendered him unable to support himself; and which we thought it must be, from the extreme paleness of his countenance, though it became us not to inquire. Well, my dear, Mr. Melbourne heard afterwards, that though a person of large property, and

* The writer often witnessed what is here described, and knew the individual, who was supposed to be worth not less than £30,000, and terminated his existence thus, at about the age of thirty-five.

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highly respectable connections, his state at that time arose from habitual inebriation, from the effects of which it was said he was *never* entirely free; that he was then on his way to a tavern, to which he was not long afterwards able to go in any way, without being supported; whither he was afterwards led and supported, twice or three times a day, until unable to go in that way, when his death soon occurred, whose liver, the medical gentleman of the village said, might be compared to a cinder.

"I state these particulars, though they form a new and unpleasant subject for epistolary correspondence between us, to frighten you out of every subterfuge. It is true, Lancelot's case is not thus deepl ymarked at present; but he is on the road to it, and you must not be exposed to the risk of his proceeding to such a point. I expect he will tell you that he has provided himself with pistols, but you must not regard it. I will only allow you to pray for him, which I will do myself as well as I can. But you must not have 'this man to be your wedded husband.' Victorine Dornford will not want an admirer more worthy of her. I will see you shortly. Be firm.

Your affectionate sister,

PRISCILLA MELBOURNE."

Victorine felt the force of her sister's arguments, and the point of her raillery; it was just such a letter as she might have expected, on such an occasion, to receive from her sister Melbourne, who was warm, penetrating, and averse to half measures;—yet she could not exactly follow her advice. She remembered that it is said, "Whoso confesseth, and *forsaketh* his sins, shall find mercy;" and argued, that he could ill lay claim to the benefit of that promise, who acted not on the same principle towards his fellows;—and that it ill became those to treat others with harshness, who must themselves plead guilty before God. Towards the vice, she felt not less abhorrence than did any of her friends, while she was anxiously desirous of restoring the wanderer, thereby to hide or prevent the further multiplication of his sins. And she would have succeeded in prevailing upon her father to allow that a six months' abstinence, well established, should be considered proof of Lancelot's recovery, had not Mr. Dornford said, "he did not see how that abstinence could *possibly admit* of proof. Would he submit to the degradation of being closely watched, and confine himself within the limits of the

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grounds,—Mr. Heber require from his butler the key of his cellar, receive no company for the period, or inspect every article brought in at his gates?" and added, "I shall write to him, saying I have ascertained that his habits are dissipated, and that nothing less than a thorough reformation of character can render him eligible for a connection with my family,—leaving it to *him* to discover *means* of proof:" which letter went, accompanied by one from Victorine, of the most persuasive kind, and breathing love and tenderness, but concurring by implication with that of her father. And never did Lancelot appear so despicable in his own eyes,—never vice so degrading,—never moral lesson so forcible, as that now inculcated; which told him plainly, that a fine person, good connections, taste, literary attainments, and £2000 a year, would not effect a passport into Mr. Dornford's family, without moral character. He recognized in it the consequence of persisting in a wayward scheme, which had wounded the heart of his parents, withdrawn him from their oversight, and left him exposed to the lure of the profligate, and the contagion of the profane. He bewailed the day, when, at a splendid café in Paris, in the midst of various groups of different nations distributed around the room,—statues, columns, and lamps, multiplied to thousands by immense mirrors, he wished to be thought too polite to differ from others in the same company, and feared to appear fastidious, by refusing to partake of the liqueur that was commonly preferred among them.

He resolved upon a change of conduct, and hoped, by substituting warm negus, well spiced, for the usual libation, to cheat his stomach into forgetfulness; but on one occasion, yielding to the force of a habit not entirely subdued, he ventured to quaff again the fiery draught, and, like one infatuated, took more than the accustomed quantity, which operating on a frame out of health at the time, bodily and mental, brought on a high fever, accompanied by delirium. His life was rescued by the skill of the physicians in attendance, but his case settled down into a confirmed lunacy. Long did the affectionate Victorine lament his melancholy fate, supported as she was by the consciousness of having been justified in the course she had pursued, which never excluded him from the *possibility* of their being one day happy together, though the

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idea of that possibility she permitted not herself *now* to indulge for a moment.

Frequent turns to Mrs. Clare's, visits in the circle of her numerous acquaintance, short excursions with her beloved father and Charlotte,—the strawberry and cream party—the sale of fancy work on their grounds—the concert of music—the botanical display—the philosophical apparatus, were alike proved insufficient to dissipate the gloom that had overspread her mind; when she knew no greater happiness than she felt in conveying to Lancelot, as from an unknown friend, the well-chosen book, to cheer a lucid interval, or fruit from the hot-house, of which he was allowed to partake. Nor could she for a length of time be induced to listen to any other proposal of marriage, until, yielding to the solicitations of her friends, who thought new duties and a new scene might occasion a new train of reflections, she united her destinies with those of a gentleman of true piety and pleasing exterior, as well as education, taste, and fortune; who, well acquainted with all the foregoing circumstances, and knowing by the happiness he enjoyed what Mr. Heber's only son had lost, when desirous of making the evil of intemperance appear in a strong light, told the story of his Victorine's first love.

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RECOGNITION;

OR,

THE TALE OF THE REFORMED.

———I do own that it is strange;—nay more,
The thing is passing strange,—'tis wonderful!
Yet wherein, tell us, does the marvel lie?—
In its own nature, nothing does exist
To make it so;—'tis merely so to us:
Thousands around us daily do transpire,
And yet we note them not.—But if perchance
One strike our fancy, and we mark the thing,
In full amaze we cry,—*How wonderful!*

It is not necessary that a man should extend his organs of vision to the utmost tension that the membranes of the eye will allow, when passing through the streets of a town or city, in order to see society, or for the purpose of reading character. Nor is it indispensable to an acquaintance with individuals, that every action of their lives should be witnessed, or that every word should be heard; no! a wise man is aware, that character is developed in *small* matters, rather than by *large* things. A lady whose placid countenance and demure address in public would deceive a crowd of novices, would discover, unintentionally, to a man of understanding, her genuine character, by a toss of the head, a curl of the lip, or a scowl of the eye; and

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while the general tone of her voice before strangers might be "winning soft, and most melodious,"—the harsh and haughty "No!" or loud and imperative "*I will*," although merely episodical to her usual address, would at once open the eyes, and convince the judgment of a close observer, that the latter bespoke the real character, the former was merely assumed.

A thousand instances might readily be presented of the mighty results which have issued from comparatively trivial causes, as well as in the means by which character is displayed. One illustration of the subject is given in the account of the unfortunate vizier, who, having offended his imperious master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night, his faithful and affectionate wife came to weep beneath his prison window. "Cease your grief," said the sage; "go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live black beetle, together with a little ghee, (or buffalo's butter,) three clews,—one of the finest silk, another of stout packthread, and another of whipcord, and, finally, a stout coil of rope." When she came again to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband's commands, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the ghee, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and to place the reptile on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the scent of the butter, which he conceived to be in store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread; who drew up the packthread by means of the silk, the small cord by means of the packthread, and by means of the cord a stout rope, capable of sustaining his own weight,—and so at last escaped from the place of his duresse.

Of the popular narrative above, all my readers were probably aware, before my paper reported it to them;—but I have one to lay before them, of which but few have even heard, and concerning which every one who reads may feel disposed to employ the exclamation in my motto —"WONDERFUL." Suggesting the propriety of bearing in mind the prefatory observations I have made, until the *finale* of my tale is given, I shall, as a learned one of the learned profession would say, while declaiming upon, or taking up a digression from his brief,—*proceed*.

"It may profit you, young man," said the venerable Mr.

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Howard, addressing himself to a person in the habit of a sailor, "to hear the history of one who has, by his own experience, proved in a measure the consequences resulting from a course which God has denounced by the prophet: 'Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink,—that continue until night, till wine inflame them;' while the advantages which are inseparable from fearing God, and keeping his commandments, may dispose you when you hear them, to implore divine power to go and do likewise."

The old man paused, as if to receive the request of his auditor to go on: he did not, however, immediately receive it. The sailor appeared to be lost in his own reflections, it was not, however, that he had been deaf to the brief address which had been delivered, for in a moment or two, as if arousing himself from the mental abstraction into which he had fallen, he sighed deeply, and with a look in which shame and sorrow were united, he said, "Your kindness, sir, is exercised on one who is unworthy of it; and yet, sir, I hope it will not be forgotten or disregarded." "If your future conduct corresponds with your present statement," resumed Mr. Howard, "your opinion of yourself, although natural, will be proved to be not quite correct. They alone are unworthy of kindness from their fellow men, who after experiencing it, forget or despise it;—but come," he added, "shall I counsel and caution you for the future, by the recital of my own past brief history? and afterwards you will, perhaps, furnish us with some account of yourself." "I shall be obliged by the recital, sir," returned the sailor, "and happy to hear it; but of myself, sir, I must be"—"Well, well," interrupted Mr. Howard, in his own inimitably good-tempered and soothing manner,—observing a tear rolling down the stranger's cheek, "we shall see;—you will listen to an old man's story, then, will you?" An inclination of the head gave an affirmative, and Mr. Howard prepared himself for his task.

Before, however, I allow my venerable friend to tell his tale, I feel I must request to be allowed to tell my own, by explaining briefly who he was that I have so unceremoniously introduced as the chief speaker, the persons composing the present party, and by what means they were brought together; otherwise I may be accused of

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employing the black art, alias fiction, in conjuring up a personage who never otherwise existed, and so destroy the advantages which I desire my narrative should be the means of producing.

I shall not presume to break in upon Mr. Howard's tale, but leave that entirely to himself: almost all I need say of him is,—and less I cannot say,—he was my friend, using that term according to its literal import, and not after its fashionable acceptation. We were early associates; we began our existence in the same town, and at nearly the same time; we studied in the same seminary of learning, and shared in all the pains and pastimes which are usually experienced by Etonian scholars; there we conned over Cæsar, Virgil, Cicero, Plutarch, Xenophon, Longinus, &c.; we grew up into life together, and only separated to enter upon the profession which each had selected. After a series of years, and a variety of adventures, he settled down in the county which gave him birth, and not far from the place of his nativity. His pleasant residence was such an one as every Christian philosopher, at the decline of life, would wish to possess. It was neither stately as the mansion of a noble, nor wretched as the hovel of a beggar. The superfluities of a depraved taste did not debase it, neither did the evidences of poverty render it wretched. It was a modest, convenient dwelling, of the cottage kind, neatly thatched, and prettily white-washed; and surrounded by just sufficient ground to supply himself and a friend with vegetables, suitable to the variety of each season of the year, and a few choice shrubs and flowers, whose beauty and fragrance charmed the eye and regaled the sense.

In addition to these comforts, he was blessed with a wife, and four daughters, to whom he was devotedly attached. Mrs. Howard was some years younger than himself, for he had entered a second time into the marriage state. Dr. Johnson observes, that for a man to enter a second time into matrimony, proves either that he was wretched in the first instance, or exceedingly happy. This was sage arguing on the part of the Doctor, for on one side or the other, his conclusion was sure to be right. My friend had experienced to his heart's content,—and, perhaps, a little beyond it,—in his first nuptial alliance, the former state; in the latter case, however, he was blessed

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with a female who was as much an ornament to her sex as his former wife had been a disgrace to it;—but I am trespassing on his province, and must hastily retreat.

In this charming spot, and with his no less charming family, he had lived a few years, blessing, and being blessed. His time and means were actively employed for the benefit of his fellow creatures. The wanderer and the destitute frequently found a friend and a home beneath his roof; while to reclaim the vicious, and reform the debased, appeared the great end for which himself and his affectionate companion in life lived. Perhaps age had rendered him somewhat garrulous, and few things pleased him better than the recital of certain parts of our history. As, however, it did not reflect honour and fame upon him, parade and ostentation were not the motives which induced him to become his own chronicler. No! some indeed might have supposed it was a singular propensity, bordering upon weakness, of which he was possessed, to speak of what others most studiously seek to conceal,—their own degradation; but it was not so. Perhaps David's conduct and language might best explain the course pursued by my valued friend, when he said, "Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord." His own past follies were exhibited as a beacon to others; and the mercy himself had experienced was made known, to encourage such as might be seeking it themselves.

At the time in question I was on a visit at his cottage, where I had spent the best part of two most happy weeks. It was the early part of August, and we were seated, after an early tea, in a shrubbery of his own laying out, at the end of his garden. I should have said, perhaps, that there was one most offensive habit which my friend could not give up, and that was taking an occasional pipe! I shall not become his apologist in this particular; the respect in which, it is well known, I hold the good taste of the ladies, and the high sense I entertain of courtesy, forbid me; still I imagine that their violent and most proper opposition to the use of the earthen tube would have been considerably qualified, if not altogether abandoned, had they only beheld the grace with which he held it; besides which, if I remember right, he was in the habit of excusing himself, by saying he was taught it by a lady! This may seem strange, I admit, but it may nevertheless be correct, for I know another person who was also so instructed.

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Well, so it was: he did use the pipe; and now, a small bright metal tankard,—for he preferred it to glass,—stood before him, on a rustic table, holding his evening portion, about half a pint of home-brewed ale, while his pipe and tobacco were handled by him, as he addressed the sailor.

On the evening preceding the one now referred to, Mr. Howard, on returning home from a neighbouring town, had the happiness to rescue from the hands of some abandoned females, the now penitent stranger. He was then very far gone in intoxication, so far, indeed, as to be incapable of all resistance; it was therefore perfectly easy for either friend or foe, to do with him as their opposite dispositions would prompt them. Happy for him, he fell into the hands of the former, in the person of Mr. Howard. The well-known character of my friend forbade even the base and unprincipled, in whose company the sailor was now found, to offer any resistance to his expressed intention of having him conveyed to his house, which was immediately done; and in the apartment usually devoted to such accommodation, and under the care of a trusty servant, he slept until the following morning, when, the effects of the previous night's debauch having passed away, and food and explanation of the cause of his present circumstances being furnished him, he was invited into the shrubbery, to receive the advice which his kind host was about to give. The company consisted of my friend and his amiable wife, the sailor, and myself. Mr. Howard lighted his pipe, and after two or three gentle puffs of his fragrant Oronoko, he in his own good-tempered way, addressed himself to the stranger, and went on.

"I was the eldest of a family of seven, three of whom were girls, and the rest boys. With these beloved sisters and brothers, I spent my earliest and most happy hours. The first pang of grief that my heart felt, was occasioned by the death of my brother Edward, who was the next born to myself: the agony of my mind on that occasion I well remember even now, and never shall forget. I frequently to this day, although the finger of age has spread his silver caul over my head, look back to those juvenile days, and sometimes wish I could recal them, if only for the purpose of displaying all the affection which my heart now feels towards parents and friends, still loved in their memories, although lost for ever from my sight, until 'the

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trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible.' The days of my childhood were not distinguished by any circumstance but what is incidental to that age, unless a strong passion which I felt for books may be so called. The affection of my parents was extreme, yet that affection was never allowed by them to exceed the bounds of propriety, by suffering myself, or my brothers and sisters, in any thing which appeared to have a tendency to impropriety, or which might offend against the laws of moral integrity: both by their own conduct, as well as by their warm and frequent precepts, they endeavoured to instil into our minds a reverence for, and a delight in, the ways of truth. Oh! had I followed the advice, and imitated the example of the best of parents, how much of the evil and misery of my life had been prevented!

At an early period I was placed out at a popular establishment for learning; and there, perhaps, was laid the foundation for many of the practices of my after life. I feel no disposition to bring any charge against the learned Dr. K——, the head master of the school, nor against the laws by which it should have been governed. The doctor was assiduous in his duties, so far as regarded the advancement of the scholars in classical and scientific attainments, while the laws in themselves were wholesome and good; but the one appeared too much like the propelling power of a steam engine, whose only work is to propel to a given place; while the latter resembled an excellent and substantial fence, surrounding a beautiful garden of fruits and flowers, but in which there are a number of gates, and these constantly open, that those who should have been employed in gathering and assorting the fruit and flowers, chose rather to avail themselves of the liberty so easily obtained:—in short, general laxity of discipline prevailed, and the consequence was, the boys, preferring their own enjoyment to fagging at mathematics, or poring over Latin and Greek, were guilty of frequent irregularities, which were either not known, or winked at. Here, therefore, I learned habits to which I was before a stranger. The company of the senior scholars led to association with some dissolute young men of the place, of fascinating talents, but not of the most respectable order, either in family or conduct. It was here that I acquired the fashionable arts of modern gentlemen,—oh! that persons should be so misnamed!—swearing and drinking, with

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their invariable accompaniments, dissimulation and intrigue. Every succeeding session found me advanced in evil, and a deeper adept in the practices in which I now delighted. Many a holy day of God have I returned from excursions of pleasure, in a high state of inebriety, setting propriety at defiance, and trampling under foot the laws of my country and of God!

"Talents, not infrequently, become a snare and a curse, not only to those who possess them, but to society at large; and especially so, when they are devoted to the pursuits of sin. Of this sad fact, I soon became an unhappy evidence. The natural vivacity of my disposition, and a talent which I possessed for poetic composition, made me not only a welcome visitor in a numerous circle, but my company was eagerly sought after by the dissipated and the gay. My own sex pressed my society, because of my capabilities to minister to their entertainment; while the opposite sex seemed to enjoy my visits, because I could flatter their vanity in strains which they approved, and because the lead was ceded to me among my fashionable companions. The result was natural: my pride was fed, while to gratify it to the full, my time was sacrificed, my money squandered, and my character fearfully exposed to loss.

"Year after year continued to be thus spent; and as if to give a finish to my character, and prepare me for a climax in iniquity, I usually spent the recesses at the house of a near and wealthy relative. His opinions of, and affection towards me, knew no bounds. I was his idol, and he appeared as if wishful to display his peculiar attachment towards me, by ruining me. His habits, indeed, were disapproved of by my parents; still I was permitted to be a frequent inmate of his mansion. At such periods, the brazen gates to the temple of dissipation were thrown open, and every inducement which could be supplied was furnished to induce me to enter. Few surpassed my relation in his day,—awful fact!—in love to strong drink, in which he largely indulged, and in the frequency of profane oaths. Scarcely a day passed, or an evening returned, on which he was not considerably under the power of stupifying drink; and numberless were the hair-breadth escapes which he experienced from premature death, in consequence of his habits of intoxication: but 'though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a

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pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him;" mercy is scorned by such, and judgments are not regarded. His end, however, was wretched, as the termination of the lives of all drunkards must be. While with him, I was supplied with money as I wanted it; and my evenings and nights were very generally spent where the thoughtless and debased resort,—at the theatre, or the tavern.

"At the termination of my studies, I returned home, and prepared for a profession in which I expected to realize distinction and wealth. Now it was, that circumstances of a painful nature multiplied, and with rapid succession broke upon me. Notwithstanding my dissipated habits, I still felt a charm in the society of my brothers and sisters, which rendered them inexpressibly dear to me, and which nothing could dissolve. I therefore felt the more keenly, the breaking up of a circle, in which I had spent my happiest hours, and in which, at that time, all my happiness appeared to exist. My youngest brother, Joseph, who was still but a child, was intrusted to the care of an intimate friend, who commanded a fine ship, to take a voyage for the benefit of his health. He left the parental roof, never again to return, the ship was lost on the coast of Coromandel, where nearly every soul perished; my brother, however, was among the saved, but he did not return to cheer the hearts of his sorrowing parents; reports of him, and once or twice letters from him reached us; but years have now rolled away since, in all probability, he has ceased to be an inhabitant of this world." A tear stood in the old man's eye, as he touched upon his brother's death; affording ample evidence, that years had not effaced the fond recollection from his mind, or weakened the affection in which he held his memory. The sailor beheld his emotion, and seemed to shudder with some internal emotion; indeed, each of the party evidently sympathised with the feelings of my friend, who, after a pause of a few moments, proceeded with his tale.

"I now come to a period of my history, which was undoubtedly the most eventful of my life; and which I never can survey, and frequently I do so, without considering my subsequent sufferings as judicially permitted for my conduct then. Let no one after me consider perjury as a venial offence, or imagine that the feelings of a sensitive and devoted female, are to be made the sport of a cold-hearted changeling with impunity;—and yet, mine

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was not change,—no, years of bitter regret, and unabated attachment, assure me it was infatuation,—madness;—I was trepanned, I,—but where am I wandering—I will explain.—

"I had nearly attained my twentieth year, when on an occasion never to be forgotten by me, while passing through my father's garden, I was unexpectedly met by a fascinating female, who appeared to be about my own age. Whatever before had been my notions of female beauty, I was now convinced they were incorrect; and that if any standard could be raised, by which that arbitrary term, and contested opinion, might be defined and settled, such a one stood before me. It was not simply in her stature, symmetry, step, or complexion, that her fascination existed;—these all appeared combined, and whereas on former occasions, my attention had been arrested by some one particular grace or expression, I was now unable to fix upon any one, all seemed alike unrivalled, and all appeared at the same time to astonish and impress. She appeared to me the prototype of Milton's Eve:—

> ——————"So lovely fair,
> That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
> Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
> And in her looks; which from that time infused
> Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
> And into all things by her air inspired
> The spirit of love, and amorous delight."

"My desire to know who this fair being could be, was soon gratified. The children of a near friend of my mother's, at whose house she was staying, had been spending the afternoon with my youngest sisters, and for these she had entered the garden, at the time I was about to leave it. Our interviews after this were frequent, and every succeeding meeting only tended to rob me more fully of my peace, for I loved the charming Eurina, with all the passion that mortal should feel towards mortal. At length, every assurance that modesty and truth could give was afforded, that my affection was returned. A thousand instances are yet stored up in my memory, of deep, devoted attachment on her part, which, as I think on, crush me with a weight of grief, which nature trembles beneath.

"Years passed on, and expectation was strong, con-

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cerning the issue of our acquaintance, and among our friends nothing was talked of more than

"Nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites,"

which it was believed would soon take place,—when a serpent, in the guise of a female, crossed my path, and coming between Eurina and myself, blasted all my hopes of happiness. A thousand and a thousand times have I reviewed that fatal moment, and as often have I been like one waking from a painful dream to endure all the misery of a dreadful reality, while mentally I have inquired, 'can all this be true?' A greater inequality, a more perfect dissimilarity in every particular, could scarcely exist, than was found between this woman and Eurina: in the most unqualified sense. Shakspeare's comparison might here be instituted,

———"*That* was to *this*,
Hyperion to a satyr."

yet so it was by a master-piece of dissimulation; to perfect which was suited—the tone of her voice,—the action of her body,—the muscles of her countenance. She won me to her purpose. With my eyes wide open to the evil which was spread for me, I went towards my ruin as though I knew it not. My infatuated passions overruled my judgment, but did not destroy it.—But why am I thus tiresomely minute? Suffice it to say, that after years of ardent affection, felt and received, I abandoned the woman who *only* possessed my heart, and was united by legal bonds to one who acted as a demon towards me. Still it is well, and yet I shudder while I review the misery which I endured from her for more than twenty years!

But I must hasten to the black scenes of my tale. Scarcely had the first three short months of my married life been run, before the mask was dropped, which my wife, ere she became such, had worn. I discovered at once that I had no home, my dwelling place became the most hateful spot with which I was acquainted. The soft and gentle tones of a voice which seemed incapable of reaching a loftier key, were changed to the thundering of a continued borean storm. I felt the evil of my situation, but knew not how to remedy it. Conviction fell with a withering blight upon me. I seemed conscious that my sufferings were retributive, my perjury to the deeply injured Eurina, was followed by punishment from the person for whom I had

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impiously sacrificed her happiness and health. To put away the more than half distracting recollections under which I writhed, I seized the intoxicating cup; this was a kind of sealing my own misery, it was adding fire to flame, troubles came down upon me, like hail upon the blossoms of spring, threatening my entire destruction. . . .

"My second brother, my beloved Frederick, left home for sea, on a speculation honourable and lucrative, and shortly after, news came of his death: this was followed by the loss of a beloved sister, and that by a second, while the whole was succeeded by the removal of my father, whose end was hastened by the unnatural conduct of my wife! Oh, what a change had a few years wrought; I stood confounded amidst the ruins of my family. In the mean time, affairs at home grew worse and worse, and from a small quantity, to cheer my spirits, as I foolishly supposed, I continued to increase my draught, both in frequency and quantity, until I became a settled and confirmed drunkard! I was now less capable than formerly of attending to my business, indeed it was utterly neglected, my companions in my midnight revels, urged me in my dark career, and from a state of competency and ease, I sunk by degrees to want and wretchedness. Under the influence of drink, I signed a security for a worthless associate, to a large amount; a few weeks only passed when, unconscious of the dilemma into which my intemperate habits had thrown me, the sum for which I had ignorantly made myself responsible was demanded. I was aware, that to meet the claim my whole property must be sacrificed. Stung to madness by my folly, I became more foolish still, and ran again to that which had already ruined me. Without examining the correctness of the demand which was made on me, and in order to avoid the disgrace which I had brought upon myself and my beloved children, —for they were dear to me as my own heart's blood,—I fled from the place of my ruin, and without scarcely knowing what I did, for I was scarcely sober one hour, I crossed the British Channel, having no settled plan before me, excepting a desire to leave England, and, I then thought, for ever!

"On my reaching Paris, I proceeded immediately to the Rue de la Paix, and took up my residence at one of the principal inns in that dissipated city,—the hotel Mirabeau. I had brought with me about two hundred and seventy

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pounds, which was all the ready money upon which I could at the moment lay my hand. Here I drank largely, anxious, if possible, to silence the clamourings of conscience, and drown reflection altogether. But I was not allowed to succeed in my wicked purpose; even in the height of intoxciation, I felt my humiliating circumstances. With the feelings of a maniac, I rushed from the hotel, I knew not whither, and half unconscious of my own conduct, I wandered on,—crossed the place Louis XI., over the Pont Louis Seize, towards the bank of the Seine, and now destruction lay full before me. I approached the dark waters in which, almost every night that passes, some one or more unhappy beings, rushing from the gaming tables or loathsome brothels of the Palais Royal, consummate their misery. The moon played silently upon its surface, and threw far around me a clear soft light, which rendered even distant objects partially visible.

"This was an awful crisis, the horrible suggestion fastened upon my mind, that death was preferable to the life I was now doomed to live. I staggered nearer,—I approached the edge of the water,—an invisible hand seemed to urge me on,—now my degraded, miserable condition, seemed to glare before me. A fearful desperation shot through my brain, the strong fumes of the large portions of spirits which I had swallowed, rendered me furious; I exclaimed, as I rushed towards perdition, 'This, then, shall end it.' At that moment, I perceived a figure floating on the waters, it approached the spot where I stood, as if transfixed by some powerful necromantic spell; I stooped to lay hold of the object which had so unexpectedly arrested my attention. It was the body of a woman. Never shall I forget the dreadful sensation which I experienced as I drew it to the shore; it was a ghastly sight, murder had undoubtedly terminated the existence of one, who, so far as the moon-beams enabled me to discover, had been young and handsome. I was sobered in an instant,—my blood seemed to curdle in my veins, as I gazed upon a gaping gash upon the neck of the unfortunate female, from which even yet, blood oozed out. The sound of voices from persons approaching the spot, roused me from the state of reverie and stupor into which I had fallen; and impressed with the thought, that if found in such circumstances, no plea which I could set up, would be sufficient to free me from the dreadful imputation of murder! how

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different were my sober thoughts, from my reflections, or rather purpose without reflection,—in drink. I now sought to save that, which before I had determined to destroy,—my life! Creeping therefore, like some guilty being, I removed to a distance from the spot, and beheld with pleasure, from my retreat, the persons I had heard, approach, in a short time afterwards, the place which I had left. They were two young men, a few moments consultation appeared to take place over the body, and then they raised the bleeding female from the ground, and carried it, with apparent tenderness, towards the building which is appropriated for the reception of bodies which are found in the river.

"For a short time my mind was occupied in thinking upon the unhappy person whom I had dragged from the Seine, when, by a natural transition, my thoughts reverted to the purpose which had brought me to its margin, and then, with redoubled violence, my own fearful circumstances recoiled upon me. With unaccountable infatuation I again flew to spirits, and drank until I had once more lost the proper exercise of my reason. In this state I wandered, more by instinct than understanding, to the first floor of the Palais Royal, and entered one of those spacious and splendid pandemoniums, whence many a frantic youth has issued, uttering fearful execrations on the hour that he entered its infernal gates, and consummated his crimes and misery, so far as time is concerned, by an act of self-destruction.

"The dice were actively thrown, and polite invitations were tendered me to join in the game. I consented, won, and bet again, and again fortune, as I supposed, favoured me. So I continued to fill my pockets, until feeling thirst pressing me, and elated with my success, I retired to that brilliant temple of luxury, the *Café des Milles Colonnes*,—so called because its columns are reflected in glasses till they become thousands, and there, added drunkenness to thirst. Now my die seemed cast indeed; I strayed back to the place I had quitted, and in less than one hour, my winnings had returned to the pockets of those from whom they had been taken, while my own money departed with it. Thus on the first night of this my last visit to Paris, I became through DRUNKENNESS a *gambler*, and through gambling a *beggar!*

"At an early hour on the following morning, I was

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awoke by some heavy drops of water falling on my face, and on opening my eyes to discover by what I was annoyed, I beheld waving above my head the branches of a tree, from whose foliage heavy drops of rain were shook by the rustling wind which agitated the limbs. In indescribable surprise I started upon my feet, and found that I had been reposing upon one of the chairs which are placed under the trees that are planted in the inside of the piazzas of the Palais Royal, and which, during the day, are let to dissipated loungers, with a newspaper, for a couple of sous a piece. How I came there, how long I had reposed, or what was my present business, I could not immediately comprehend. After a few efforts, however, to clear away the film which hung around my mental vision, the fact, which Shakespeare's exclamation might well describe,—'horrible, most horrible,'—broke upon me, and I soon *felt* as well as recollected my last night's folly. But how I had left the gambling table, or how I had managed to take up my abode where I had evidently lain during some hours, no effort of mine could explain.

"In consequence of having been exposed some time to the cold air and damps, I shivered like an aspen leaf, which, together with lassitude, and nausea, arising from intoxication, rendered me a pitiable object indeed. The hum of conversation which now met my ear, soon increased to a noise, for the piazzas began to fill. I felt ashamed to meet the eye of one of my fellow-creatures, and therefore hastily retreated from the spot. After strolling about the suburbs of the city for two or three hours, among crowds which it was impossible to avoid, each of whom appeared lounging about without actual occupation, although giving no indication that they were above it,—I felt the cravings of want; and then it was, that the bitterness of despair and madness, for a while took hold upon me. I was pennyless, houseless, and friendless;—an exile from my country, a ruined man fleeing from the arm of the law, or the pointing finger of scorn; and I was all this from indulging in the use of *ardent spirits!*

"Amidst the total wreck which I experienced, happily my watch remained, that it had not followed my gold was astonishing; it was a valuable one, and it appeared to me as a plank would to a drowning man. In a moment I experienced something like comfort, the price it would fetch would relieve my immediate wants, and something

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might occur which would enable me to procure at least a living for the future. The first shop which caught my eye, at which it was likely I could obtain cash for my time-piece, I entered, and soon found it was no uncommon thing for gentlemen, after a night spent in the Palais Royal, to raise sums in a similar way. The bargain was soon struck, and with about one-third of the worth of my watch, I left the shop, and entered a *restaurant;* the *carte*, or bill of fare, was handed me, and I made a selection from a list which exhibited

'Earth, air, and ocean, plundered of their sweets.'

My appetite was soon appeased; for which, together with half a bottle of wine, I paid four francs and twelve sous, and then, in the imprudence of folly, for trouble had not made me wise, I ordered a strong tumbler of brandy and water, and while drinking it, was swallowed up by the horrors of my own obtruding and intolerable reflections.

"Sorrow and distress which proceed from the ordinary course of human affairs, and over which we have no controul are frequently distressingly acute; but such as result from our own acts of folly and crime, come charged with a power to inflict torture, in comparison with which, the former, objectionable as they may be, are but as the draught of nauseous medicine which is swallowed to expel disease, to a stream of liquid fire poured into the system, which burns as it descends, and destroys in its issue: and something of this I felt at this period. Mine were evils of my own procuring, nay more, which with desperate folly and persevering madness, I had procured in every drop of spirit which I had swallowed, and yet I continued to drink it.

"I passed one week in this miserable way, striving, but striving in vain, to forget the past, and to close my eyes against the future, by the use of frequent and strong potations of the destructive liquid, to the tasting of which I can trace all the misery I then endured. At length, my slender funds warned me by their rapid decrease of the necessity of seeking some means by which to replenish them. No way, however, appeared; and while I considered my folly in risking at the gaming table, that which, with economy, would have met my wants until some plan had been devised for my future course, I seemed to possess no power over my vitiated appetite, which

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craved, demanded, and obtained fresh supplies of liquid destruction.

"During the day, I wandered round Paris, in hopes of obtaining some employment for my pen by which to support myself, but failed of success. My application, in more than one instance, met with repulse; I looked,—shall I state it? yes,—I looked a *drunkard!* and that was considered a sufficient reason why those who otherwise might have engaged me, declined my services. So passed my time, until seven francs constituted the whole of my stock of money.

"Of all the miseries of a merely earthly nature, which in this world a man can know, poverty appears the greatest. A man may be infected with a disease which makes him loathsome, both to himself and others, yet money can make his society delightful; every infirmity under which human nature can groan may be endured,—money can conceal the infirmity, or can change the defect to a positive embellishment: he may be a knave of the first quality, whom society ought to execrate and shun, and yet money will form an apology for him, and make his presence welcome, even where the appearance of evil, it might have been supposed, would have been studiously avoided. Non compos mentis may be his state, in plain English, a very fool, whose ignorance may be declared by every word he utters, and in every action he performs, but money will turn his blunders into racy wit, and his sleepy ignorance to oracular wisdom;—in short, the only unpardonable, unbearable sin, is *poverty!* mind, and integrity, and real worth, because associated with indigence, is obliged to suffer.

> "The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
> Or else to bear, the whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes.'—

"All this I now felt, but alas, my own folly had occasioned it, I was deprived of the right of complaint, to whatever extent I might yet be called to endure, I was obliged to acknowledge I was my own tormenter.

"My last frank jingled upon the table of *the Café Montausier*,—for I had sunk from the most splendid, to the most wretched accommodation which Paris could

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afford,—as I paid for my last dinner; and where, or how, I was to obtain either food or lodging afterwards, I possessed no means to determine. The remainder of that day passed, and night came,—to me, a supperless and bedless night,—for Parisians are not more willing than the dwellers in London, to furnish the supplies without *le prix*.

"I wandered forth, so far as the woods of Champs Elysées, and, beneath the embordering of its beautiful plantations, took up my cheerless lodging, and slept soundly—more from fatigue and exhaustion, than the softness of my couch,—until the sun was high in the heavens on the following morning. As I again strayed into the city of frivolity and dissipation, my eye caught an advertisement, which announced that an English gentleman, who was about to take a tour, was in want of a servant. Menial as the post might be, I judged it preferable than to live a while in idleness, and then to starve amidst plenty and splendour, and therefore applied for the place, without an hour's delay, and obtained it. I was soon equipped in a dress suitable to my new station, and after a short preparation, I left Paris with my master, and commenced our projected journey.

"Oh! what a falling off was here; and yet strange as the statement may appear, the brutalizing effects of strong drink had wrought so great a change in my natural sensibilities, that for a time the degradation was hardly felt by me. The gratification of the appetite had succeeded to imbrute the man: my own experience proved most conclusively, that a drunkard and a brute are nearly allied, or rather, that the former sinks below the latter.

"With the rapidity of a courier, we passed through Troyes, Dijon, and Besançon, to Lausanne; and from thence, after resting a day and a night, moved forwards at break of day for Chillon. My object is not to describe places or scenery, where I might linger to tell of the rich, sublime, and subduing charm of Swiss scenery, where cottages, castles, churches, and villages, meet the enchanted view, and intersperse the luscious landscape. Here, fertile vineyards greeted the sight, and there, a handsome chateau arrested the attention. Occasionally, frowning, perpendicular rocks, of stupendous height, made a powerful impression on the mind, and in whose deep beds, the celebrated Rhone dashed, foamed, and wound away, sending up sounds from the deep abyss, loud and melancholy,

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which again were relieved by the tinkling sounds of goatherds' bells, coming down from the Alpine glens. The view from Villeneuve, which is at one extremity of the lake of Geneva, is fine beyond description; the imagination of man can supply nothing equal to it. So many bright associations are blended with the scenery in the mind of every reader, as to render it overpowering. From this point the chateau of Chillon is seen to the utmost advantage, mouldering in its own magnificence, and idle uselessness. As it meets the eye, the fate of the courageous, the patriotic, and virtuous Bonnivardt, the hero of liberty, rushes upon the mind, and the 'prisoner of Chillon,'

> ———'Who, for his father's faith,
> Suffer'd chains, and courted death,'

stands before the creative imagination. Byron's muse has immortalized the place, with pure and felicitous expression, and, with a vigour and spirit which does honour to his own mighty mind, he has sung his sufferings and his wrongs. Who can but feel the charm of the latter part of his sonnet—

> 'Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar;—for 'twas trod,
> Until his very steps have left a trace.
> Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod.
> By Bonnivardt!—May none those marks efface!
> For they appeal from tyranny to God.'

"From Chillon we pushed on across the Simplon, terrible in grandeur; from whose giddy heights we viewed the captivating Val d'Ossalo, and passing through several pretty villages, and some very miserable ones, entered Milan, a place justly famous for every thing but liberty, which it has never properly known. After paying proper respect to its magnificent amphitheatre, which is capable of holding thirty thousand spectators,—and the superb sculpture, of which there were many valuable specimens, although none equal to the exquisite and delicate marble ornaments to the magnificent triumphal arch which formed the gate of the Simplon, which, had it been completed, would have justified Bossi's strong assertion respecting it, 'that it would have presented the grandest architectural work of any class that has ever been imagined, either by the ancients or the moderns;'—and having surveyed with admiration the splendid productions of Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and Bernardo Zenale, which these renowned mas-

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ters have left behind, as well as innumerable other interesting objects, we journeyed forwards, until we arrived at the gay and voluptuous city of Venice. Here again my highest desire was gratified, in surveying persons and things, with whose names I had long been familiar. Our stay here, however, was shorter than I should have wished, but I was a servant, and a slave; a servant to my master, and a slave to my passions; and, unhappily, I was enabled to gratify them now to the full, for him whom I served was a drunkard!

"Ferrara, Florence, Naples, the village Marochiano, and the school of Virgil, were visited, and merely visited. At Rome, however, we took up our abode, and remained there a considerable time.

How lively a feeling is excited, and how deep it is kept up in the breast of every lover of the fine arts, even by the solitary mention of that cradle of history, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, &c.,—ITALY. Every thing about it is blended with youthful associations of pleasure, delight, grandeur, glory, extacy. Once the seat of empire for the mistress of the whole world, although at present the haunt of vice, and the throne of antichrist, it will never lose its celebrity, until taste shall cease to exist, for every thing that is great in antiquity, or glorious in arts. Every thing even of an inanimate kind, whether dug from the bowels of its flaming mountains, or fished up from the Tiber, Po, or Adda, is received with pleasure by the virtuoso; how could it be otherwise than that I should experience more than I can now express, when I stood upon the ground whose praise all nations have sung, and whose fame will only expire with the expiring groan of a dying universe. Yes,

> 'For ever and for ever shalt thou be
> Unto the lover and the poet dear;
> Thou land of sun-lit skies, and fountains clear,
> Of temples and gay columns, waving woods
> And mountains, from whose heights the bursting floods
> Rush in bright tumult to the Adrian sea:
> O thou romantic Italy!
> Mother of poetry, and sweet sounds.'

"I have before stated, my master was a *drunkard!* His indulgence in this vice led him to others, and this involved him, not unfrequently, in the most imminent and dangerous affrays. He had been at Rome and its vicinity

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somewhat more than fourteen months, when his health visibly declined. His intemperance had laid the foundation of a disease, which threatened his life; still he drank. The circumstance of his illness gave me fresh opportunities to indulge in my own love of spirits, and I did not allow the opportunity to escape me. Medical aid was sought for my master, and he was directed to take a sea voyage, as the only probable means of restoring him to health, or of saving his life. Immediately upon this recommendation, he determined to visit Spain, and we accordingly embarked at the mouth of that celebrated stream, the Tiber, and crossing the Mediterranean, landed at Cadiz. Whether the voyage would have proved efficacious or not to the lasting establishment of his health, was not proved, he had recovered considerably, indeed his health might be said to have been completely restored, when the love of ardent spirits was again indulged with greediness. His restored power appeared the signal given for increased debauch.

"On a certain occasion he had, in company with an English baronet, an equal devotee with himself at the impious shrine of Bacchus, been taking an excursion round the bay, in the barge of the latter. They had, with fatal precaution, supplied themselves with a sufficient quantity of brandy, before they sailed for their little voyage, and of this they drank freely during the day. The evening was a fine one, and we were returning in high spirits, when a sudden gust of wind caught the boat, and heeled her on her larboard gunwale. At this period, each of us in the vessel were considerably under the influence of liquor, the consequence was, we were unable to maintain our positions, and were thrown from our seats by the suddenness of the lurch. In a moment the boat filled with water, and the next beheld us struggling for our lives amidst the rippling stream. With my master and his companion the struggle was short, they sank, to rise no more until the sea shall be commanded to yield up her dead, while I was, with considerable difficulty, rescued from a similar untimely fate. This awful visitation, and my own providential deliverance, produced in my mind a feeling such as I had never before experienced. I saw, and felt then, the evils connected with the use of ardent spirit, and determined, from that time, never again to touch the destructive drug. My vow has been kept sacred, and I hope it ever will.

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"By the death of my master, I was once more thrown upon the world, and with but little more than I possessed when I engaged myself to him,—which was literally nothing. I had roved from place to place, like some perturbed spirit, 'seeking rest, but finding none;' and now my thoughts turned towards the land of my birth. The touching lines of Cowper rushed to my mind, and I exclaimed,

> 'England, with all thy faults I love thee still—
> My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
> Where English minds and manners may be found,
> Shall be constrained to love thee.'—

"I was in this mood one day shortly after my master's death, and before any arrangement had been made of his affairs. His papers were wholly under my care, and while I was carelessly turning over some newspapers recently received from England, to my inexpressible astonishment I saw the announcement of the death of my wife, connected with a paragraph which declared briefly my own sudden departure from home some years before, under the presumption, as it was supposed, that my fortune had been forfeited in consequence of a security which I had given for a person when in a state of intoxication; that my friends had examined the document when the demand was made, and found it in some legal particular informal; in consequence of which, my property had been enjoyed by my wife and family, until her death, and would now, in all probability, be placed under the care of the lord chancellor, unless I should, if living, soon return and prevent it.

"This intelligence, so perfectly unexpected, was electrical. My servant's attire was soon exchanged for a habit befitting the station I was again to fill, and in little more than two months from that time, I again pressed the land which gave me birth. My meeting with my beloved children I cannot describe, nor is it necessary. The happiness which I never expected to realize smiled upon me; my destructive habit had been completely overcome, my health was firmly established, and the business in which I engaged with unwearied attention prospered. Many attempts were made by my former companions to ensnare me again, but they did not succeed. I had bitterly experienced the evils of intemperance, and now determined by the help of God,

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wholly, and for *ever*, to abstain from the use of all ardent spirits.

"Of my second marriage, and all the blessedness I have experienced in it," observed Mr. Howard, smilingly, as he looked at Mrs. Howard, "I suppose I must not venture to speak; I may, however, most confidently assert, that I owe one of the best of wives to *Temperance*, for had I continued to be a lover of strong drink, I never should have enjoyed the happiness which I now possess; and that is as much as man can desire, or perhaps experience in this world." "I am sure, my love," replied Mrs. Howard, "if you impute your happiness to me, you are quite right in your remark that you owe me to temperance, and you ought, therefore, to be a bold advocate in its cause, for never could I have consented to become the wife of a man, who in conduct and habits was a brute; no! though I had admired his talents more than I did yours, or had esteemed him, had it been possible, beyond the high esteem in which I held yourself; for to have done so, would have been courting poverty and misery, by wedding intemperance and vice." "I feel the full force of your observations," returned Mr. Howard, "my own experience affords unexceptionable evidence, that loss of character and respectability, the sacrifice of peace and comfort, and the destruction of life, and endangering future salvation, are connected with the use of spirituous liquors, while the removal of these,—the heaviest of evils,—and the enjoyment of every possible good, may reasonably be expected to result from habits of sobriety.

"My abhorrence of intemperance now became equal to my former love of it, and I considered it proper that I should endeavour, not simply by my conduct and advice, but in every other way within my power, to make some reparation to society, for the evil which by my previous example I might have done. I therefore determined to seize every opportunity to assist and benefit such of my fellow creatures, as I might find led captive by the destructive agent of Satan; you," continued Mr. Howard, addressing himself more immediately to the stranger, "you are of that number, and in order to advise and benefit you, you have been brought into my house, and my own brief, but eventful history has been recited, and will, I should imagine and hope, instruct you sufficiently concerning the ruinous consequences which necessarily grow out of the use

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of ardent spirits; while the advantages of *entirely* abstaining from them, my own experience proves."

Mr. Howard ceased, and for awhile silence reigned. The stranger sat absorbed in his own reflections. He had covered his face with his hand, and was now evidently convulsed by feelings which he felt indisposed to display, but which he had not the power to conceal.—The big tear oozed through his fingers, and sobs became audible. Mr. Howard was himself deeply affected, he contemplated in his guest his own former state, and thought of the course which he ran, when "no man cared for his soul." Mrs. Howard, in a kind and affectionate manner, endeavoured to sooth him, while I sat an astonished, yet gratified spectator. At length the sailor recovered himself, and turning to Mr. Howard, said, "I thank you, sir, for the undeserved kindness which I have experienced at your hands, and hope I shall never lose the impressions which your statements have made upon me, or the obligations under which you have laid me. You may well experience some surprise at the emotions which I have displayed, and which I have striven in vain to put from me; but, sir," he continued, "so many points in your narrative compared with my own, has brought to my recollection times and scenes, which a course of reckless impiety had all but obliterated.

"It is now, sir, thirty years since I left a home where every indulgence had been experienced. I was then a lad of between four and five years of age. From my birth, I had been of a weakly constitution, for the improvement of which a sea voyage was advised. I was committed to the care of a worthy commander of a fine ship, the friend of our family, and with him I sailed. A few months after leaving the land of my fathers, the vessel was wrecked; a few only of the voyagers were saved, I was among that number, and being of an active turn of mind, I was taken beneath the care of a person who traded in a vessel of his own. The life of a sailor suited my roving disposition, which soon displayed itself, and after a few years, home and friends were almost, or altogether forgotten. I advanced in years, and in nautical knowledge and skill, and was promoted to an office on board the trader, in which I had learned the art of navigation.

"Many are the deliverances and escapes which I have experienced from death in all parts of the world. The habits of a sailor are well known, their folly and their

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profligacy need not any mention from me. I acquired all their peculiar propensities, and displayed all their foolishness. In many ports, I have squandered away what, if properly preserved, would have made me at this day the possessor of hundreds. Often have I gone ashore sober, with pounds in my pocket, when a single glass of rum, which was all I purposed to take, has led to a second and a third, and, thus prepared for it, I have drunk to intoxication, and then, exposed a helpless prey to numbers of both sexes who are lying in constant wait for intoxicated sailors, I have been led or conducted to haunts of vice and infamy, and in a few hours have been deprived of every farthing of the money, for which I had toiled at sea for several months.

"Reflection and grief are not very common with sailors. They know no value of money, any further than to gratify with it their appetites while on shore, and when their hard-earned wages are expended, they only think of another trip to sea, and another spree on shore. I have often experienced this, and although I have been vexed on a morning, when I have awoke from a drunken sleep in a strange place, to find that not only all my money has been taken from me, but even the clothes from my back; so that, in a ragged, borrowed dress, in place of a new suit, I have sallied forth to look for another ship.

"For the last three years, I have sailed as chief mate on board an American vessel, and with more earnestness than before have for the last two years desired to see once more my native country, and to ask forgiveness of my aged parents, if they are yet alive. Why I should so have felt, I cannot say; the thought even before that period was scarcely experienced by me. An opportunity presented to gratify my wish, and last week, sir, I landed at Portsmouth. I rode on the coach from that place. Yesterday morning, in consequence of frequently drinking by the way, I became a ready victim for those into whose hands I had fallen, when your kindness interposed and saved me from their grasp; but for which act on your part I should now, in all probability, instead of possessing, as I perceive I do, my three years' wages safe, have been pennyless.

"I feel, sir, determined never again to taste the drink which had so nearly ruined me. I long now to embrace my dear old parents once more, and then I shall endeavour, in the command of a ship which I am promised, to set

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before my crew an example worthy their imitation. In addition, sir, to the kindness which you have already displayed towards me, grant me one favour before I leave your hospitable dwelling, allow me to know the name of the kindest friend that I have ever met with, that I may hereafter bless it whenever I hear it."

"Most readily," replied the old man, "my name is Charles Howard." "Charles Howard!" exclaimed the sailor, trembling with agitation, and bursting into tears, "Surely it must be so; my feelings have not deceived me, as I listened to your history. I am your brother, your long mourned-for brother Joseph!" He rushed into Mr. Howard's arms, and the brothers wept like children; the meeting was joyous as it was unexpected. A short time furnished full explanation, and the other members of the family being called, a hearty and affectionate welcome was given to the restored prodigal, and by him returned in the true style of a British sailor. A good supper was ordered, at which plenty without intemperance was found. I had the pleasure of being one of the party, and, with others, admired the wonder-working hand of Providence, and rejoiced at the happy recognition.

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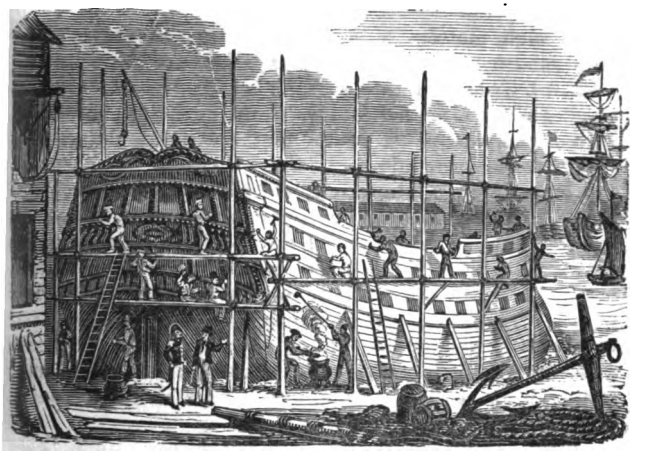

THE FIRST DRAM AND APOSTACY CONNECTED.

Yes, all is gone! enjoyment, peace, and wealth,
Affection's ties, which bound him once, are riven:
Diseases revel in the place of health,
While dark despair shuts out the light of heaven.

Whence sprang this ruin?—tell the harrowing tale—
Did fortune lower, or dark distress come down?
Ah no! but read, and then his fate bewail;
And shun the course which want and misery crown.

"TRUTH is strange—stranger than fiction," has often been said and sung. It is a statement, however, eminently calculated to arrest the attention, and encourage the heart of the Christian philosopher. Brilliant and wonderful as are not a few of the creations of the imaginative powers of our fellow-men, arousing every passion of their readers, and elevating them to the highest point of endurance, or bearing them away by their mental enchantments to the unsubstantial regions of ideality; while the magnanimity of their heroes is pourtrayed, or the sorrows of their heroines exhibited; or while a display is furnished of the awful depths of depravity to which some have sunk, even from the apparently most secure standings of virtue, and the superhuman deliverances by which others have been extricated from difficulties and dangers numberless and great—these, and a thousand

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other such matters of a similar kind, are more than paralleled by the almost daily experience of the men and women by whom we are surrounded, as if such circumstances were intended to furnish us, in living characters, with a demonstration of the fact that in all things God will have the pre-eminence.

I have a simple tale to tell, which will in some measure illustrate and confirm the correctness of most, if not all, the foregoing statements. I do not intend to insinuate that it soars into the sickly sentimentalism of giddy fiction, nor is it made up of those wonderful and numberless points of high wrought romantic interest which will petrify with horror, or fire with extacy; no, still it is a case more deserving close attention than any of such a stamp, simply because it is a tale, in all its melancholy parts, alas! too true.

In my native town—yes, my *native* town—who does not feel a charm circling and filling the soul as the thrilling sound, my native town, falls upon the ear? What a sudden draw does it not make upon our memories! It would seem as if time was not merely stayed in its hasty course, but as though its velocity took an inverse direction, and, rushing back to some distant former period, the dead and buried thoughts of other days leaped up again into life, and, by a kind of camera obscura view, the acts and scenes of blythsome boyhood days were made to pass in all the fantastic forms which they then possessed in airy march before us. I feel at this moment the spell upon me; yes, although the blood flows less rapidly through my system than formerly, and although the frosty touch of age has half paralyzed some of my energies, I am not insensible to emotion yet. My mind's eye runs over the scenes of my sportive days, while as yet I had not by experience an understanding of Job's sad saying, "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards"—instinctively I visit the bulky mansion of my grandsire, well known by the name of "The Flag-staff House," in which I am informed I first drew the breath of life, and in which the chief of my juvenile years were spent;—the humble abode of my spectacled preceptress, too, I behold, from whose eye, peering over the glass which intended to aid its vision, I first learned the meaning of that line,

"How dreadful is a woman's frown."

My native town: how I should like to describe it with all

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its striking appendages!—its royal and magnificent arsenal—its splendid and extensive military depôts—its barracks, parades, seminaries, and scenes: its celebrated and ancient stores,—its ship-yard,—the silver rolling Thames meandering past its borders, and passing through a portion of its parish,—its handsome church, which from its elevated position commands attention,—and hard by whose walls, rests the ashes of a beloved father, and other dear members of my family:—Yes, I should like to describe the scenes of my early days,—

> "Those haunts I ne'er shall range again,
> I lov'd to range in days of yore;
> And scenes my fond thoughts yet retain
> Though visited, alas no more."

But then I question if my readers would like it; and as I am writing for their amusement rather than my own, and with a view to secure to them what infinitely surpasses their amusement merely—instruction; and by exhibiting a fearful beacon, warn them off from danger, and lead them to such means as may result in everlasting blessedness;—this being the case, I had better perhaps forego my own gratification in this particular, and say no more about it, except that in the said town, lived Barnabas Butler, a youth whose mind was fairer than his body, the active energies of which, had they been carefully cultivated, would have raised him to eminence among his fellows, and to have become an ornament to society. The whole of the left side of Barnabas presented a serious malformation, so that his gait was of the most awkward kind; he simply touched the ground with the toes of his left foot when he walked, while a strong muscular effort threw up his left, and lowered in an equal proportion his right shoulder. As he moved forwards, no stranger could possibly observe his motion without supposing that his whole frame must have suffered considerable pain from the action. Such, however, was not the case; and notwithstanding the clumsiness of his movements, he at times furnished ample evidence that he could move at a rate little inferior to those

> "Whose forms were cast in nature's fairest mould."

But why should I thus particularize the crazy case of the immortal poet?—his mind, as I have said, and that only is worth the consideration of a wise man, was more finely formed than his body; indeed, he possessed a de-

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gree of native shrewdness and intelligence on some points truly astonishing. I have little doubt in my mind that he would have become a distinguished scholar, or an able divine, if another course had not apparently been marked out by providence for him, in which he was destined to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Barnabas had arrived at a sufficient age to enter upon some regular profession, and having selected one, although few could have been chosen to which he appeared by nature less adapted,—he was in due time and form bound apprentice for seven years, duly and truly to serve, by night and by day, if required by his master; in consideration for which service, he was to be initiated into the art and mystery of the calling which he had chosen. The profession to which his whole attention was directed, was one of high mechanical celebrity, well suited to his natural ingenuity, although it demanded, on not a few occasions, the exercise of considerably more physical energy than he appeared equal to yield. The calling to which I have referred as selected by Barnabas, will surprise my reader when it is mentioned—it was none other than ship-building! in which activity and strength appear to be indispensable, and that too on no inferior scale. How much steady perseverance and laudable determination can achieve, is impossible to decide: in the present case every difficulty was surmounted by Barnabas; and he completed, with full satisfaction to his master, the term for which he had been bound, and during the period, attained to a competent knowledge of his profession.

During the time of his apprenticeship, his mind had been enlightened by the light of truth; and hence a powerful inquiry was awakened within him, how he might escape from the wrath to come. The feeling of which he became the subject, was not of an evanescent nature, it remained upon him, and led to such pursuits as on such occasions are common. Every thing connected with his conduct and character assumed a gradual and pleasing change. His leisure hours, and they were found to be more than he had before conceived of, were devoted to the study of the book which only can afford such instruction and directions as the inquiring soul of man requires in the pursuit of life and immortality,—and which, under the influence of the spirit which it reveals, is able to make wise to salvation, through faith in the sacrifice of the

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Saviour; and the profiting of the inquiring youth appeared unto many. On every occasion which offered, the beautiful sentiment of the psalmist was embodied in his practice: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." His thoughts and affections became expansive; they stretched themselves abroad, unfolding into a benevolence which, while it blessed, returned in blessings, diversified, pure, and numberless. He had learned not to live unto himself; and hence he sought by what means he might best fill up his allotted sphere in society, by being usefully employed in his day and generation. Inquiry on such a subject, in the present enlightened period of the world, when the charities of the human heart are enlarged, and the barriers which apathy or sordid love of wealth had raised to shut out man from the commisseration of his fellow man are demolished, and the best energies of our improved nature are employed in meeting the necessities of those, who but too long have been compelled to adopt the language of crimination as their own,—"No man careth for our souls." The chambers of the sick and dying, the distribution of religious tracts, and the instruction of the children of the poor, presented to the mind of Barnabas, channels in which the streams of his benevolence might flow, and fully employed all the moments he could possibly spare, after the duties which he owed to himself had been discharged. Barnabas moved not alone in his delightful engagements; no, he had a friend,—(endearing invaluable name!)—he had a friend, who was the constant companion of his toils in his works of mercy, and the sharer of his pleasures in the rewards of charity. Constantly they might have been seen pressing together to the house of mourning, or journeying to instruct the children of the indigent. Like David and Jonathan, their souls seemed knit together; and their private conference tended considerably to encourage and strengthen each other in the ways of wisdom. Thus happily passed the latter years of his servitude—watching, and being watched over in love.

In the present day of almost universal activity, no small degree of danger exists, of young persons, under the influence of generous dispositions, and strongly excited feelings, although from the best of motives, so completely

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filling up every moment of their time in attending to the wants of others, as to forget, while keeping the vineyards of their fellows, the keeping of their own. I feel no inclination to repress the zeal, or retard the progress of any; I would much rather encourage and assist; I only wish to remind them of a possible danger, and to urge them to look to the state of their own souls, lest, while assiduously striving to lead or guide others to the wells of salvation, they should themselves be satisfied with broken cisterns, which can hold no water. The happy union of soul prosperity and personal activity, should ever be carefully maintained; without the former, the latter will become a snare and a curse, while, without the latter, the former will not long be maintained. Such is the nature of the economy which God has graciously established.

The conduct of Barnabas appeared to be in strict accordance with the advice now offered; and hence, he came to the work, in which he found increasing pleasure to be engaged, like one who had himself experienced the benefit of those things which he recommended to others.

Industry and uprightness will ever meet their reward. It is true it may be delayed, still it is certain; for the truth of God assures us, that "The hand of the diligent maketh rich;" and that "The generation of the upright shall be blessed; wealth and riches shall be in his house;" and that to such, "there ariseth light in the darkness." Barnabas realized it in his own experience and circumstances; and what he enjoyed is only a small sample of what thousands besides have been blessed with.

During the period of his apprenticeship, he was frequently brought into the company of the only daughter of his master. She was a lovely, but delicate female. Her beautiful symmetry might have been studied with advantage by a writer of romance, who wished to possess a heroine for his tale of more than ordinary interest. The amiability of her temper, in connexion with her well-informed mind, had gathered around her a select and valuable collection of friends; and many were the opportunities which were afforded her of selecting a partner for life, handsome, accomplished, and wealthy, but she declined it. No one, certainly, would have ventured to predict that the affections of such a woman could have been placed upon such a person as Barnabas Butler; hence, while surprise was excited on some occasions when

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suitors were rejected, and whispering maidens who longed to have similar offers, hinted, in half expressions, things I shall not name. I hate half expressions, and those who employ them are frequently bitter enemies in the guise of friends; still no suspicion, even in the minds of such keen-eyed personages, fell upon Barnabas. No—before such inexorable and positive judges, he stood fairly and fully acquitted; but in these affairs, just matter of high wonderment more frequently occurs than almost on any other. What strange, what unaccountable attachments are formed; or rather, with what strange and unaccountable beings do not the most lovely and accomplished females sometimes unite themselves, 'till death do them part!' I have known some such, and it is likely my readers may have known many more. So it was here; the fair, the beautiful maiden, perhaps like another of her sex, saw "his visage in his mind."—Yes, she loved, and I need scarcely say was as ardently loved in return. Such secrets will out: this gradually displayed itself. I am not aware if any opposition to such a connexion was displayed on the part of Matilda's parents. All I know is that in something less than two years after Barnabas's servitude had expired, he became the husband of the beautiful girl, and of course the son-in-law of his late master.

Here was one exception to the universal rule laid down by the poet—

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

The tide of happiness seemed to have flowed to its utmost height, and still it flowed on with unruffled surface, and with undiminished energy. The young bride was all her fond husband could have wished her, and he was all her fondest anticipations and warmest wishes, desired; nor did, as in too many instances is the case, any change in the conduct of either towards the other take place, except from being affectionate, Matilda became more affectionate still, as time passed along. Her temper was naturally most amiable, and even it had received an additional touch of sweetness, from the heavenly influence of genuine piety.

A few years passed away, and Barnabas, by his unremitting industry, became the possessor of some little property; and among other things, the house in which he

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resided, a comfortable although not extensive one, he could call his own. The flower garden, which ran to the distance of twelve or fourteen feet in front of his dwelling, was laid out by his own hand with a taste which none of his neighbours displayed, while the land behind his house, about one hundred and fifty feet long, was kept by him in an excellent state of cultivation, and supplied them with abundance of vegetables according to the varying produce of the seasons.

In addition to these enjoyments, he was the father of two lovely children, a girl and a boy, who under the example and precept of their excellent mother, seemed to bid fair to bless the parents on earth, and join them in the kingdom of heaven. His departure from his dwelling was ever accompanied by the prayers of his devoted wife; and his return was greeted with smiles and welcomes of undissembled pleasure. The domestic felicity which he enjoyed sweetened the toil of his labour, and rendered his home the most delightful place to him in the world, while it became a resting place both to body and mind.

I have before observed, that the profession which Barnabas followed, was one which frequently and generally required the exercise of considerable muscular energy. Those of my readers whose residence is or has been in any maritime town in the country, where ships for our navy have been built and repaired, are fully acquainted by observation, of the labour which is connected with such a calling: indeed such persons as have only beheld the floating towns pass by their dwellings, or float down the Thames, must at once have been convinced, when thought has been exercised, that the toil could not have been otherwise than considerable, which must have been employed during the construction of such vast and substantial fabrics. But in addition to the fatigue which attaches to the ordinary task of ship-building, during the bustle of stirring war, the labour commenced at five o'clock in the morning, during the summer season, and continued until seven or even later at night, while during the deary reign of winter, morning light and evening gloom were the periods which summoned to toil and terminated daily labour. Nothwithstanding this, Barnabas had never relaxed from his employment, nor ever, on leaving his home, had taken any thing beyond a few mouthfuls of bread or biscuit; and, thus supplied, he performed his

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toil with comparative ease until eight o'clock, the hour appointed for breakfast. Such had been his unchanged habit, through all weathers, for years; and while others, who worked with him, and had recourse to ardent spirits to warm and stimulate, felt their strength fail, his continued firm and good. Happy, past expression happy, would it have been for Barnabas, and happy for his family too, had he continued in a course which he had long proved beneficial both to himself and them. But, alas! in an evil hour, he tasted the poisonous drug,—and fell.

The light and sunshine which the previous part of my narrative contains, must now be changed for darkness and gloom. Like as in the first instance of man's disobedience, when Satan gained advantage over the hitherto happy pair, involving in calamity the whole of their future progeny, transforming the beauty and fruitfulness of the world to deformity and bareness, and hurling from the highest place of honour, and enjoyment, and life, the transgressors to disgrace, and misery, and death; so now the fiend had triumphed again—his principal engine of ruin had been made to act,—moral worth was sapped,—happiness and peace were soon to be destroyed, and an amiable family ruined.

For some time the season of the year had been peculiarly raw and cold; and Barnabas was, as usual, summoned forth to labour, while as yet darkness sat heavy on our world. Morning after morning, and week after week, he felt the biting cold as he proceeded to his work: but in a few minutes after he had commenced, his untainted blood flowed freely through his system, and a rich glow of natural heat spread over his whole frame. The elasticity of his body appeared to acquire new and increased energy, as the crimson fluid circulated cheerily through its channels, causing every muscle to leap with life. The vigour of his spirit seemed to supply the defect of his limbs, or even it, by his avoidance of all intemperate habits, became invigorated so as to endure fatigue without extraordinary weariness. I imagine I see him now, as in not a few instances I have seen him, hale and active, springing from stage to stage fearlessly and safe, or wielding the heavy pen-maul, or using the sharp-edged axe or adze, with an adroitness which few of his fellow-workmen could ever surpass. One morning, however, with a view of escaping the inconvenience of a keen north-east wind which blew

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briskly, he took, before leaving home in the morning, a small glass of spirits,—a dram! Flushed by its influence, he seemed to disregard the howling blast, and entered upon his employment with a more than ordinary degree of spirit and animation. Soon, however, the artificial glow which had animated him subsided, and a shivering cold, accompanied by a degree of lassitude, to which he before had been a perfect stranger, took possession of him. Ignorant of the cause of his feelings, he attributed it to the unusual rawness of the weather, and continued morning after morning to repeat the early dram, until he imagined he could not do without it. Here, however, he did not stop: it soon appeared necessary that at eleven o'clock each morning he should take some additional refreshment, and hence he repa'red to a house near at hand, known as "the tap," and eagerly swallowed half a pint of purl, that is, a portion of malt liquor made nearly boiling hot, mixed up with a given quantity of gin, to which ordinarily an infusion of bitter was added. This he at first took hastily, and returned to his work. By degrees, however, a blazing fire induced him to spend a little time before it; and then, by gentle steps, he proceeded to unite with those who crowded the place for the same purpose as himself: soon he enjoyed the company and conversation of such as, but a brief period before, he would have felt it a shame and a disgrace to unite in society with. On few occasions was a more literal and practical fulfilment furnished, of the description which the Psalmist has given of one who departs from God, than in the case of Barnabas—"walking in the counsel of the ungodly, —standing in the way of sinners,—sitting in the seat of the scornful."

Oh! with what celerity is the downward road travelled! Barnabas had now entered upon it, and before he was fully aware of the fact, was rapidly gliding along the fatal pathway which leads to death. Like Peter, he had chosen personal gratification and enjoyments rather than his company, and like him was preparing deliberately to deny the Lord.

But there was one who had observed this fatal step which Barnabas had taken; and every succeeding step he took, carried a fresh pang to his generous heart. It was his friend; the friend of his youth, with whom he had once delighted in the things of God, and associated with

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whom he had once been in the habit of seeking to glorify Him, promoting the best interests of others. But now, alas! he shunned his society: his faithful, but affectionate reproofs, had long since been declared to be unwelcome. But did he even then desert him? no! like a ministering angel he hovered about his steps, hoping he might yet prevent the ruin he so much dreaded: and even when shut out, and absent from him, he deserted him not,—his soul yearned over him, while his prayers ascended to the throne of grace on his behalf.

It is perhaps necessary to observe, that before Barnabas had reached the stage of his history now contemplated, his mind had undergone a considerable change in religious sentiment. He had, or he imagined he had, acquired additional light in the things of God, and soon became wiser than his teacher. He had mingled with some persons of a sect who reject the word of God as a rule of life, and soon he imbibed their heretical notions. He now exalted the grace of the gospel; but the operation of that grace, which is intended to produce personal holiness, was as far as possible cast into the shade. He insisted that he had righteousness in Christ, and was perfect in him, and that it was legality and carnal bondage to look for or expect a righteousness in ourselves. This became a blighting mildew to watchfulness and prayer on his own account, and at once destroyed all exertion for the benefit of others. Hence it was, that he drank deeper and deeper of the ways of sin, until every prospect of ruin in all that concerned himself and his family naturally ensued.

A short period only elapsed before his affectionate wife discovered an alteration in his conduct for which he could not account. Innocence is ever unsuspicious; it is personal crime that produces suspicion and jealousy of others. This interesting woman was guileless herself, and therefore judged favourably of her husband. At length the long-resisted truth admitted neither of doubt nor of palliation. It flashed with awful conviction on the mind of the wife and the mother. Yes! she saw, who above all others was less disposed to see, and was compelled to admit, that Barnabas, her beloved husband, had fallen. And, oh! to what a fearful depth had he fallen! He was now frequently in the habit of returning home the worse for drink, and hence the duties of his family and of God were

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neglected. If kindness, persuasion, entreaty, and prayers could have availed, these all proceeding from Mrs. Butler would not have been in vain: they were long, nay, unceasingly employed. But, alas! the mighty had fallen: his shield and his buckler had been vilely cast away, and the arrows of the archers had smitten his liver, though he knew it not. He had indeed drank strong drink to his hurt, and had forgotten the law of the Lord; neither did he regard the call of God by his prophet, "Awake, ye drunkards, and weep and howl." The raging of strong drink like a fire that needed quenching, was felt within him; an awful infatuation possessed him; and hence he experienced no disposition to seek for deliverance from the hellish bondage in which he was held: he appeared as if "led captive by the devil at his will."

Let those who peruse this tale of facts, while they sigh over the ruin which strong drink occasioned, dash to the ground the first presented dram, although raised even to the lips; or if they have partaken freely or *moderately*, of the pernicious draught, let them henceforth, if only for example's sake, abandon it entirely, and for ever!

How soon was the happiness of home turned into misery of the most finished order! where prayer and praise once resounded, now, too often, *the hiccups or the oaths of the drunkard were heard!* The little property which former industry and frugality had gathered together was speedily squandered away, while the earnings of the father were found insufficient to meet the wants of his family. Every week produced some new evidence of the evils of drunkenness. First, the cravings of beastly appetite, and then the demands of pressing necessity, rendered a mortgage on their dwelling-house unavoidable. This was repeated again and again for small sums, until for a trifling consideration, the whole was bartered away, and poverty and affliction stared them in the face. Night after night the delicate Mrs. Butler watched for the return of her lost husband, and felt the iron enter her soul, as her waking infants, aroused by hunger asked bread at her hands, which she had not to give them. Frequently her parents ministered to her wants; but even to them she felt unable at all times to make known her necessities, as she sought still in the strength of her affection to conceal the crimes of her husband. At length her weak constitution sank beneath the pressure of want and sorrow; and on the return of Bar-

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nabas one night, far advanced in a state of inebriety, the worn-out frame of his recently watching, ill-used wife, alone met his view: her spirit had escaped to "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

It might have been supposed by some, that this would have operated to produce a change in his conduct; but such only will imagine it who are ignorant of the nature of sin, and of that most ruinous of all sins,—DRUNKENNESS. Barnabas went onwards in his unhappy career, selling every fragment of furniture and other effects which the house contained, until at length, the very bed upon which he had slept was taken from him, by one who had given him credit for spirituous liquors. Natural affection had long since fled his bosom: his children were piteously neglected, until they were willingly given up by him to his wife's friends, by whom, in memory of her they loved with unbroken affection, they were cherished as their own. Premature old age fastened upon the besotted man, and at the early age of thirty-three, he was incapable of any employ, and hence, being destitute of every means of support, to prevent actual starvation he was conveyed to the poor-house, where he lived enfeebled both in body and mind, (and where, for aught I know, he still lives, although the probability is against it,) a burden to the parish, a misery to himself, a disgrace to human nature, and an awful evidence of the evils of intemperance; affording at the same time, a new testimony to the host already extant, of how fatally allied are "*the first dram and apostacy.*"

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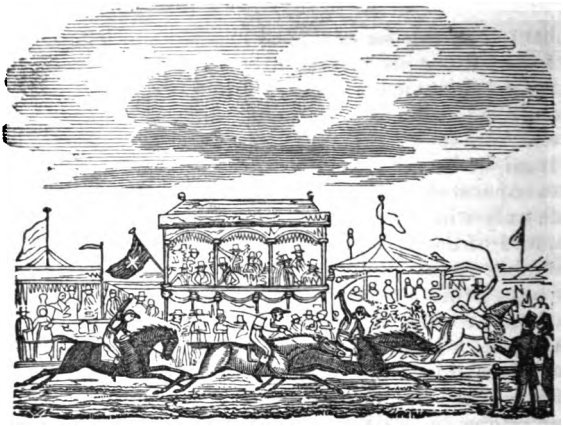

HORSE RACING.

I'm sick at heart to hear this ceaseless din;
Nor yet less grieved, to mark the foolish mob
Press on to vanities themselves abhor.—
Vexed, tired, disgusted, even to loathing,
Still on they press, because their fellows do!
Oh folly climax'd!—reason blushes here;
Still they believe the falsehood, often proved,
(And proved to cost, by loss of health and friends,)
That happiness and noisy pleasure are allied.
Oh! when will men grow wise, and only seek
The bliss they long for, where alone 'tis found,
In God, and in his service?

How long I had sat, pensively enough, with my head reclining upon my hand, labouring hard for a thought by which to preface and with something like propriety to introduce a narrative of an affecting description, the subject of which had just been laid before me, I cannot say; still on I thought, or rather I could not think at all, for no thought came; or if some vagrant idea, some loose and inappropriate conception, did flit across the mind, it was only like a church-yard ignis fatuus—it did not remain sufficiently long to allow me to give it form and substance, or it did not appear to suit my purpose.

"O the misery of authorship!" I groaned to myself, half-vexed, nay,—half-roused to frenzy, that I should be so circumstanced. What had produced this unprece-

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dented obtuseness of mental vigour I could not conjecture. I shifted my position once or twice, perhaps oftener, in my commodious arm-chair,—applied the thumb-nail of my left hand very sagaciously, although at the moment unconsciously, to my mouth, and commenced an attack upon its horny extremity: I rose,—took a turn or two round my study,—somewhat like that which Kirke White describes his own to have been; I looked upwards, downwards, and every other way,—still no thought came. Recollection, quick as lightning, at this climax of my feelings rushed into my mind of the motto or title of an excellent tract which I had lately perused, and I determined to adopt it as my directing genius on this painful occasion. I resumed my seat, and seizing my pen, plunged *sans ceremonie* pretty deep into the sombre fluid which was placed before me, exclaiming as I did so, "the most certain way to overcome difficulties is to T R Y."—Expressive character! never shall I meet you, in whatever place or connexion, but I shall think on the tract which first presented you to my notice in connected form, and never can my mind cease to revert to this important period. No sooner had I formed the determination than the resolve seemed to be rewarded; for at that precise moment, a voice from the street speaking beneath my window, reached my ears, and secured my attention. "Are you going to the *race-course* to day?" was the inquiry proposed.—The race-course! thought I,—and instantly a new channel of thought seemed naturally to open before me, swallowing up or putting to immediate flight my recollections and memoranda of the narrative upon which I purposed to write. The horse-course!—that is indeed —I moralized, a subject of sufficient importance to engage even *my* pen,—pardon the vanity, reader, of one labouring under the influence of the *cacoëthes scribendi* fever,—and with the purpose of obtaining all the facts of the case, I listened with peculiar satisfaction to what might be yet advanced. Several inaudible tones, of which at least only detached words could be made out, followed; and then a loud, long laugh, apparently of derision, struck my ear. A mild yet manly observation from another person, who was evidently protesting against the expressed determination of his friend, elicited from the first speaker an expression of astonishment, in the shape of a reply. "Why what in the name of Dame Sobriety, Clement, has

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of late taken possession of you? you had once the spirit of a man, but since you have become a member of the *Temperance Society*,—(I wish, by the bye, the Government would interfere and put it down, for it will undoubtedly injure the revenue,)—since then, you have taken into your head to spend morning, noon, and night of every Sunday in some conventicle or other, you have become as mopish as an owl when the sun shines, and as melancholy as a sky lark in a storm."

Again the laugh was raised for a short time, which appeared to be terminated rather suddenly by the reply —"You have mistaken the matter, I assure you, Walter; never were your dogs more completely on a wrong scent than you are now: I am neither mopish nor melancholy, I wish not to conceal the fact, that I owe—nay, start not, my friend—I owe, I say, my present condition, and that is far from an unhappy one, to habits of temperance. Could I at an earlier period have understood the nature and object, or have conceived of the high advantages which flow from union with a Temperance Society, I should long ere I did have avowed myself a member of that honourable body, and so far as my feeble capacity would have enabled me, an advocate of its cause; happy, Walter, would it be for you if the *occasional* glass which you take were abandoned altogether,—but I beg pardon, I am somewhat diverging from my point, not having, as I intended to have done, replied fully to your antique charge of melancholy.—If indeed, to act according to rationality, to which as a human being I lay claim, and to judge of things according to their *nature*, and not after their *names*, and hence to be thoughtful on things, because their infinite importance demand thought, and to shun others, whose nature and tendency is to debase,—is to be mopish and melancholy, why, perhaps, I may—must —plead guilty!—but," he added with increased seriousness of tone and emphasis of expression, "I have read, Walter, that 'the laughter of fools is madness,' and that 'the heart of fools is in the house of mirth;' while my own short experience assures me that

> 'To be *wise*, is to be happy;
> And wisdom lies not in the noisy rout
> And midnight revel, but in serving Him
> Who gave us being, and whose service is
> True freedom.'

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"But what, permit me to ask," interupted Walter, "are your objections against *racing*? Do you seriously condemn all running?" "No," replied Clement, "I recommend running: I think, for the honour of our national character, for the advantage of society, for domestic enjoyment, and for individual benefit, it should be attended to. Nay I maintain that *racing*, although sometimes it may be hard work, and apparent, and even positive loss of some sort may attend it, if followed up, is, nevertheless, a most rational, healthful, manly, and beneficial exercise; in fact, Walter, I never thought so highly of it, as since I joined—what you feel so disposed to raise your batteries against, or lampoon—a Temperance Society." "Bravo!" shouted Walter, in a tone of ecstacy, "your hand, my brave fellow." He added, "I see you are a man yet; if what you state is correct, and I cannot question it, I shall change my mind respecting these same societies, although I do not feel disposed to pledge myself, for the present, never again to drink a simple glass of grog occasionally. But why not go to-day?" he inquired with eagerness.

"I intend doing so," resumed Clement. "I was," he added, "on the course yesterday, and I hope to be so, if alive, to-day, and to-morrow, and not as a mere spectator either."

"On the course yesterday, and not merely a spectator!" echoed Walter. "Why which horse did you ride? —did you win or lose?

"I rode no horse," replied Clement, "and yet I ran, —I did not bet, and yet I won."

A few moments' silence followed this colloquy, during which I felt my own curiosity excited in an unusual degree. At length, Walter resumed, "'Pon my honour, you have overshot me: what do you mean, Clement?—If the words you employ were as strange to me as the meaning which they appear intended to convey is dark, I should say you had a spice of the unknown tongue about you,—if however you are serious in what you state, tell me so in plain English.

"I am serious—deeply serious," returned Clement in solemn tones.

Again there was a pause, which was broken by Walter, —"I never knew you addicted to falsehood;" he observed, "and cannot suppose you about to commence in so dis-

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graceful a line now; but certainly I should have seen you, had you been on the course yesterday; and then you say you rode no horse and yet you ran, and won, although you did not bet: how am I to reconcile these *apparent* contradictions?—I know you might have *lost* without betting, for I experienced it, having had my pocket emptied of my purse and money; but then I must acknowledge it was my own fault partly, for I had certainly taken a glass too much;—explain now, my dear fellow, explain."

"Listen to me then," said Clement, and his voice became solemn and deep,—"I am on the course of life! I am running for a crown, and hope so to run as to obtain:— I said I won yesterday, I did so: I obtained a new victory over myself; I obtained a fresh measure of power to determine and act, and I purpose by the grace of God, to remain steadily on the course until I reach the goal, and obtain the prize which 'the Lord, the righteous judge,' will give unto me at that day.

"I now believe that individual benefit, and national honour, and domestic advantage, and the welfare of society, would result from a proper attention to this course, and constantly running in this race: we should not only be a Christian nation so called, but a country of Christians: the advantages would necessarily follow, at which I have hinted, in full measure, for righteousness ever tends to the exaltation of a nation."

I more than half imagined that here my report would have closed, and that I should have been obliged to try again for a new subject; but no! Walter was not so easily beaten off his ground. Out of the abundance of his heart his mouth spake, and being full,—almost to bursting, of the *races*, his tongue was supplied with arguments, —such as they were, in defence of them. It is true they were none of the best; they were neither strong nor conclusive, and indeed were of such a character as it might have been supposed any truly sensible man would have been ashamed to employ: still they were such as every advocate of such pleasure invariably employs, and therefore, it may be presumed, the *best*, the *very best* that can be obtained. There was for instance, the "no harm" argument,—the "necessity of recreation" argument,—the "advantage derived from keeping up a good breed of horses," argument,—and a variety of others, equally false

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and foolish, of which it might have been most truly said, "bad was the best."

It was quite evident that he who had urged them on the present occasion, felt convinced that they were any thing but conclusive with Clement; he was therefore urged by his friend to state specifically what particular objections he had to the sport.

"In the first place," answered Clement, "I consider it utterly at variance with the Christian character, and therefore, believe that *all who attend voluntarily*, do voluntarily renounce all *just* claim to it. Your argument, or rather attempt at vindication of a bad, an unholy practice, that *clergymen* and *members of Christian churches* attend, throws not a grain of weight into your scale of defence The command is imperative and unbending,—"Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord!" The exhortation, containing as it does all the authority of a positive precept, is universal, "Be not conformed to this world." "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Besides, both the spirit and letter of the vows which such have taken upon them, are against their practices,—"to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world." Either such associations *must* be given up, or "praying without ceasing," and "redeeming the time," *must* be disregarded. Moreover, is it not to patronize a system of brutality, and to encourage and *promote* vice in almost every form?—For the purpose of affording pleasure to the refined taste of this enlightened age, and yielding gratification to the kind and merciful of our race, among which number—I blush to state it— are sensitive misses and tender-hearted matrons, whose nerves would be strangely affected at the sight of blood, if oozing from a puncture made on the finger by the point of a needle,—may be classed; beautiful and generous animals are goaded by spur and whip, until, trembling like an aspen leaf, they reach the goal, bathed in sweat and blood, and not unfrequently expire amidst the plaudits of the polite and sensitive assembly.

"On such occasions," continued Clement, "vice walks barefaced; drunkenness not uncommonly leads the van, and brings up the rear;—sharpers by profession crowd the adjacent towns and villages, to the ruin of the morals

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of the youth of both sexes, defrauding by their tricks and knavery the simple and unwary of their hard-earned all. Of pick-pockets, you have acknowledged a perfectly irresistible evidence has already been afforded you in the loss of your purse and its contents, and these swarm round such assemblies like hungry vultures attracted by carrion. Gamblers of every grade, from those who engage in the low and proscribed games of the thimble and the garter, up to such as sport in the more fashionable cues of the *rouge-et-noir* tables, where hundreds are staked, who bask in the powerful patronage and protection of rank—degraded it is admitted, and title—stained by the association, and beauty—disgraced by the fact,—meet, by scores, to the disturbance of the peaceable and well-disposed in the vicinity, and injury of all. Property is squandered; drunkenness is encouraged; idleness and robbery are promoted; character is lost; peace is sacrificed; females are ruined; God is dishonoured! To patronize such efforts, therefore, in any way, or to plead for them in any degree, is to be found guilty of treason against the Majesty of Heaven, and to prove traitors, in the worst sense, to the land of our birth."

"Well, well, Clement, that is your opinion, I suppose; every one will have an opinion," stammered out Walter, completely thrown off his ground by the manly and yet temperate exposè of the sport which he loved, by his friend, "I confess there is some reason in what you say, still I fancy you are too, that is rather too severe:—however, I give you credit for your sincerity, that of course you believe.—I shall think of it. But to day I have promised to be at Goodwood, and go I must and will!

"And *will!*" echoed Clement, with striking emphasis, —"And pray allow me to ask, Walter, from what patent you derived your supremacy, above the Divine law and will?—And are you *sure* you *will?* can no circumstance arise to prevent it? At least display the spirit which becomes you, and which on other occasions you have been so ready and able to employ,---by attempting before you go to disprove my assertions; or if you admit their correctness, why then, still act like a reasonable being, and as a wise man, and adopt the language of our poet,---

"My soul forsakes her vain delights,
And bids the world farewell,
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

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No longer will I ask your love,
  Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve,
Is not within your power.

There's nothing round this spacious earth,
  That suits my large desire,
To boundless joy, and solid mirth,
  My nobler thoughts aspire.

"I'll think on it," replied the inexorable Walter, "but really I must keep my word and go to-day,---besides I have something depending upon *Revenge*, and must see fair play. So adieu, Clement, adieu, you preach well, that's poz, and no flattery ;--- get a gown, my boy, and I'll,---but pshaw, don't look so down about it,---Good-bye!" "Before you go, Walter," resumed his friend still anxious to benefit him some way,---if you *will* go, and just to amuse you as you pass on, take one short passage with you; 'tis from a wise man, and you cannot therefore reasonably reject it.—'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thine heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; *but know thou, that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment.*'"

So they parted; Walter as he had determined went to the *races*, and there his future ruin commenced, or was accelerated. He had not long been on the ground, before the thought of his friend's admonitions, and his anxieties respecting his stakes, led him to seek temporary relief from his misery of mind in the midst of his sports ;—and he did so by *drinking*. His losses were soon considerable, nor did they end on the course. Stung to the quick by the bad success, as he termed it, which had attended him during the day, he determined to attempt to retrieve himself during the night. Accordingly, heated by ardent spirits, he adjourned to one of the gaming tables, of which several had been allowed to be set up in the neighbouring city, and there again, his evil genius, as he declared, was with him. The losses which he had sustained drove him half-frantic; and in order, therefore, to obtain something like respite from the pangs which his smitten conscience endured, he had recourse again to the intoxicating blow; —he drank largely, and became by that means more fully exposed to the unprincipled and base, by whom he was

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surrounded, and they did not fail to improve (to them,) the favourable occasion.

The night passed unconsciously away; the lamp still burned over the table around which the players sat, until the broad daylight rendered its rays less powerful: the clock struck half-past five, as Walter retired from the den of thieves. Stripped of property, and wretched in mind, he walked home, and in a state of feverish excitement, bordering on madness, threw himself upon his bed, without removing a single article of dress. Embarrassment in a short time ensued, and—when too late—he regretted that the counsel of his *true* friend, Clement, had not been attended to. All his energies appeared to be lost, he became habitually *intemperate*. A total failure was the result of pressing difficulties, and to avoid dunning creditors, and escape a prison, he fled from the place, where before he had been prosperous and happy, and where he might have lived respectable and respected: he became an outcast and a wanderer, living no one knew how, and residing no one knew where; affording a painful proof, among others, and which might be collected with little trouble, of some of the deplorable consequences resulting from INTEMPERANCE and HORSE RACING.

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HENRY SEATON.

In a romantic vale, in the picturesque county of Devonshire, a few years ago, there might have been seen a small cottage, which failed not to attract the traveller's attention by its elegant and rustic neatness. At some little distance, on each side, the high hills, covered with small shrubs and brushwood, rose majestically, while the vale at their base, watered by a rippling stream which flowed before the house, was overspread with verdure and fertility. Behind was a shady grove through which an avenue had been formed that communicated with the garden, tastefully laid out in flower-beds, surrounding the cottage. Indeed, it seemed a retreat well adapted for peaceful retirement and silent meditation. The approach to the cottage was by a narrow unfrequented lane, which branched into the high road, leading to the town of L——, about six miles distant.

In the summer of the year 18—, a widow lady, of the name of Burnard, chose this delightful spot as her place of residence; for, since the death of her husband, being no longer able to move in that rank of society to which she had been accustomed, and being satiated with the pleasures and disgusted with the follies of the world, she determined to retire to some sequestered retreat, where

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free from the cares of a life of gaiety, secluded, as it were, from notice, she might, in the company of her only daughter, pass the remainder of her days in serenity and peace. Her husband had been a merchant of much celebrity in London, and had amassed considerable wealth; but mixing in society where sobriety was held in light estimation, and where a boon companion was regarded with greater complacency than any other character, however virtuous, he gradually sank into habits of intemperance and dissipation; and that to which he had first resorted merely as an incentive to mirth and gaiety, now proved his ruin. Intemperance became an inveterate habit. His wealth was squandered in useless extravagance; and soon his affairs were in such a state that bankruptcy must have followed, had not a brother, with generous regard, consented to meet the demands of his creditors. Thus, rescued from public disgrace, it would have been imagined that, by perseverance and an altered course of life, he would have endeavoured to regain that influence which he once possessed; but no,—he was content to see his wife and daughter dependent on the bounty of a brother, while he pursued the same reckless course of conduct. Wine he soon found less inflaming than spirits; to them, then, he had recourse to drown his consciousness, and stifle the convictions of a conscience not yet insensible to the pangs of remorse. On a constitution naturally delicate, this intemperate course of life produced the most dreadful effects; he was seized with an alarming fever which baffled all human skill, and he soon fell a miserable victim to the detestable vice of intemperance.

The veil of oblivion is soon thrown over the follies of the dead; and however deeply Mrs. Burnard regretted the dissoluteness of her husband's conduct during his life, yet, when death had snatched him from her, she forgot all his vices, and called only to remembrance the amiable traits of his character. Indeed, he had been an affectionate husband and father; but intemperance had soured a disposition naturally kind, and deadened the finer sensibilities of his soul. At his decease, Mrs. Burnard found herself entirely dependent upon the bounty of her friends; and her brother-in-law, who had acted so generously during her husband's life-time, now, with a liberality rarely equalled, offered to settle an annuity upon her life. Thus situated, she determined to retire from the

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world in which she had experienced so many vicissitudes; and having, while formerly travelling through Devonshire, been peculiarly struck with the beauty of the cottage and surrounding scenery, to which allusion has been made, she selected it as her future habitation.

Here Mrs. Burnard resolved to devote her time to the education of her daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, whose amiable disposition and cheerful, engaging manners, rendered the seclusion increasingly delightful, and tended to dissipate any gloomy sensations which the recollection of by-gone scenes could not fail to create. Under the affectionate tuition of her mother, Julia grew up an accomplished girl, possessing not only the charm of a beautiful person, but endowed, likewise, with a mind far above the common order, and which, by early and appropriate cultivation, had attained a high degree of excellency. The morning was the time usually devoted to study; and, in the afternoon, Julia read to her mother from some amusing or instructive book, or played some lively air, which she accompanied with her melodious voice. It would not unfrequently happen that they would walk over to the neighbouring town of L——, in which there were a few select friends with whom Mrs. Burnard had been acquainted when in London, and in whose society she and her daughter found pleasure.

In this pleasing retirement years passed away, nor was their flight regarded. Though thus secluded from the gaieties of the world, Mrs. Burnard experienced no dejection of spirits, or solicitude to return and "mingle with the giddy throng," but found in the society of her daughter, and the mutual interchange and friendly regard maintained with her few friends, real satisfaction and unmixed enjoyment.

But the stream of life seldom flows on with uninterrupted placidity: some obstacle will arise to obstruct its course, or force it into diverse channels. On a beautiful evening in the summer of 18—, Julia and her mother were sitting at the window of the little front parlour which opened into the garden. The day had been remarkably sultry; but the heat had passed away, and the sun was setting behind the hills, whose summits were tinged with the last red beams of the departing luminary. A gentle breeze had sprung up which cooled the atmosphere, and wafted around a delicious fragrance from the beds of

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flowers, while the merry warblings of the feathered songsters, and the distant strain of the nightingale, diversified and enlivened the charming scene. Julia had a book in her hand, from which she sometimes read a remarkable passage which she thought would please her mother, who sat opposite at the other side of the window. Laying aside her book; "Is it not extraordinary," said Julia, "that we have not heard from my uncle Burnard lately?—nearly two months have elapsed since we received his last communication." "It is rather strange;—perhaps, however, he intends to surprise us by his unexpected arrival on ——— but who is this coming?" This question was occasioned by the appearance of a person who was hastily approaching the cottage. "It will be singular enough if he should come from my uncle," said Julia. As she spoke, the stranger arrived at the house. He was a tall and handsome young man, rather elegantly dressed, and apparently about one or two and twenty years of age. He politely introduced himself by saying, "I believe I have the honour to address Mrs. and Miss Burnard. I was requested by Mr. Burnard, of London, to convey hither this letter, containing, I am sorry to say, unpleasant intelligence."

Mrs. Burnard hastily broke the seal, and read that her brother-in-law had been suddenly taken dangerously ill, and that it was his particular request that she with her daughter would come to London immediately; that he had requested Mr. Seaton, a young friend of his (the bearer of the letter), to accompany them. This unexpected intelligence was a source of much grief to Mrs. B., who regarded her brother-in-law with the utmost affection, remembering how generously he had acted in her husband's life, and his repeated kindness during her widowhood. She therefore determined to prepare for an immediate departure on the following morning. Mr. Seaton returned to the town to order a postchaise, having consented, at Mrs. Burnard's request, to return to the cottage that night. Mrs. and Miss B. busied themselves in preparing for the ensuing journey; and it was not without pleasure—qualified, indeed, by the melancholy circumstance that occasioned their departure—that Julia regarded her visit to the metropolis.

It was about nine o'clock when Henry Seaton returned, having succeeded in engaging a postchaise to call early the

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following morning at the cottage. As he entered the room where Julia and her mother were sitting, a slight degree of embarrassment was observable in his manner, as his eye caught that of Miss Burnard, who slightly blushed at his appearance. From this, however, he immediately recovered, and was soon engaged in familiar conversation with Julia and her mother. Henry Seaton's open and unaffected manner of speaking greatly prepossessed Mrs. Burnard in his favour; nor did his lively and intelligent remarks, and polished manners, fail to inspire in the susceptible mind of Julia sensations to which she had till then been a stranger.

After a rapid journey, they arrived in London, and found Mr. Burnard in a very dangerous state. Little hope, indeed, was entertained of his life by the physicians that attended him, who gave it as their opinion, that unless a very favourable turn in the disease should take place, a few hours must terminate his existence. Upon the arrival of his sister-in-law he revived a little, but was still in so exhausted a state as to be scarcely able to speak a word. The meeting was of a most pathetic description; few could have witnessed it without feelings of the deepest commiseration. After a few hours of intense suffering, succeeded by a lethargic slumber, the immortal spirit, that seemed so long to linger on the confines of this world, quitted its earthly habitation, and plunged into the unfathomable abyss of eternity.

By will Mr. Burnard had fully provided for his widow, and had also settled a considerable sum of money on Julia, to which she was entitled when of age, or at marriage. After the lapse of some weeks, Mrs. Burnard returned with her daughter into Devonshire, and her deceased brother's widow retired into the country.

Few circumstances occurred worth narrating until about a year after Mr. B.'s death, when Henry Seaton, who had been a frequent visitor into Devonshire, avowed his attachment to Julia. His affection was met with an appropriate return on her part, and her mother expressed no objection to their union. Henry Seaton was in partnership with his father, a merchant in London, who, in consequence of years and increasing infirmities, had almost entirely given up the management of the business to his son, who had, by his good sense, prudence, and acquaintance with mercantile affairs, proved himself competent to fulfil all the

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duties devolving on him. His father was fully satisfied with his determination regarding a marriage which promised so much happiness and enjoyment. They were married. Henry Seaton purchased a pretty residence near London, whither he conveyed his bride; and Mrs. Burnard determined still to reside in Devonshire, promising frequently to visit London.

As a daughter, Julia had been amiable and affectionate, —her mother's solace in distress, and her cheerful companion in less sorrowful moments; as a wife, she now proved herself to be all that the most sanguine expectations of a lover could have anticipated. Many were the happy hours enjoyed by Henry in her delightful society, rendered charming, not only by her cheerfulness and beauty, but by the intelligence and wit which manifested itself on every occasion. Unlike some fashionable wives, whose whole ideas seem to be circumscribed to routs, dinner-parties, amusements, and dress, her enjoyment was in engagements of a less frivolous and more intellectual character: reading, and instructive conversation, were to her sources of peculiar delight, while, in music, in the study of the great masters, she found real gratification, and exhibited a degree of skill and judgment rarely surpassed. After the busy engagements of the day, Henry would return home, and find, in the society of his wife, unalloyed happiness. They carried nothing to excess; they were gay without being so extravagantly; they diverted themselves with the usual amusements, without pursuing them with that avidity which is observable in some.

Years glided away unmarked by anything save a season of uninterrupted enjoyment. Henry had assumed a new character—that of father; and the infantine prattle of his two little children excited in his bosom the most pleasing emotions.

Old Mr. Seaton, who had long been in a very infirm state, having arrived at an advanced age, died, leaving his son, who deeply lamented his loss, very considerable property, accumulated during many years of successful commerce. Henry Seaton, at his father's decease, determined to continue the mercantile concern; but thought that, by still further increasing his capital, he might trade with greater advantage. With this intent in view, he entered into partnership with a young man of good family

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and fortune. There appeared to him now every prospect of success.

Mr. Ellicombe, the partner, was a young man of a very gay and cheerful disposition; but from associating too much with fashionable and dissolute company, he had imbibed much of their licentious manners and careless extravagance. As may be imagined, his society was not without influence on Henry Seaton, who soon entered upon a more fashionable style of living. It was not without regret that his wife observed this change, nor was she acquainted with the cause of this alteration; but aware of the extent of their means, it did not occasion so much concern. Besides, she supposed, that with the pleasures of the gay and fashionable world he would soon be dissatisfied, and return once more to quietude and peace. But in this she was unhappily mistaken. It is difficult to pursue one fashionable folly without soon being drawn into the vortex of dissipation. Thus it was with Henry. Evening a ter evening passed in gaiety and amusements, and not unfrequently he neglected the avocations of the day to engage in some excursion of pleasure, or while away the time at some fashionable resort.

It was some time before Ellicombe could prevail upon Henry to gamble; but one evening, being inflamed with wine, of which he had drunk too copiously, he was tempted, and proving successful, was soon deeply engaged in the fascinating game; and now, careless of his business, his whole soul seemed engrossed by the billiard-room. It was now with deep and unfeigned sorrow that Julia regarded her husband; often has she begged and entreated of him not to associate so much with Ellicombe, and as frequently has he determined to turn back and leave the giddy scene, and enter earnestly upon the prosecution of his business, but has forgotten his determination in the dissolute society of some fashionable friends, where he strove to drown in wine all sense of duty and propriety. Not unfrequently was he brought home in a state of inebriation; and oh! with what anguish was he regarded on such occasions by his affectionate wife, who, when he had slept off the effects of his midnight revel, would beseech him with the most impassioned eloquence, to leave the course he was now pursuing. Pointing to her children, she would exclaim, "If you have no regard or me and my entreaties, surely you will consider the

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helpless condition of your babes!—to whom are they to look but to you? Oh! leave them not to ruin and degradation by your extravagance!" At one time such expressions from such lips would have pierced him to the heart; but rendered almost callous, his fine feelings being blunted by intemperate habits, they had but a temporary, if any, influence on him.

Thus months passed on, and the affairs of Seaton and Ellicombe were become greatly involved: nothing but the strictest care and economy could possibly rescue them. In these circumstances, Henry proposed to himself a speedier but much more precarious method of reinstating himself. He entered upon some large speculations; but, alas! was totally unsuccessful. He was now on the brink of ruin—with but a few thousands at the banker's, and demands to answer on the following day far exceeding that amount. Dark and gloomy were the emotions that disquieted his bosom, as he proceeded homeward that night. Dreadful was the prospect before him;—poverty—disgrace—a prison! The horrid thought of terminating his existence once darted across his maddened brain; but no!———

Julia was horror-struck at the manners of her husband, and endeavoured by every means in her power to soothe him, but in vain: all his cry was, "I am ruined—I am undone." Totally unacquainted with the real circumstances of the case, she had no conception of the impending danger: little did she think what occurrences the following day would disclose.

Unvisited by sleep during the night, pale and haggard, Henry rose in the morning. How true is it,—so beautifully expressed by Young,—that

> "Sleep, like the world, his ready visit pays
> Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes,
> Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
> And lights on lids unsullied with a tear."

He was less agitated than on the preceding night; he was calm, but it was the calmness of gloomy despair. After some hesitation, he determined to acquaint his wife with the dismal state of his circumstances, and proposed that she should immediately go down to her mother, as he would be necessitated to sell their house, and entirely break up his establishment. Julia received the intelligence, unexpected as it was, with becoming fortitude;

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and, thinking it would be advisable, consented to set out immediately, with her little children, for Devonshire.

Having accompanied his wife to the coach which was to convey her to her mother, with unsteady steps Seaton threaded his way through the busy streets of London, until he arrived at his own counting-house; when what was his horror and amazement, on discovering that Ellicombe, aware of the great demands that would be made on the firm, and of their incapability to meet them satisfactorily, had availed himself of an early opportunity at the commencement of the day, and had withdrawn from the banker's the few thousands that would in some measure have met the exigency of the occasion. The only information he could gain of the villain who had first led him into dissipation, and now completed his ruin, was that he had been seen on a coach which was going to a seaport town, whence a vessel immediately sailed for America.

It was soon rumoured abroad that the firm of Seaton and Ellicombe had failed, in consequence of the latter having decamped with a large sum of money. Many of the creditors had been old friends of Henry's father, and, being unacquainted with Henry's extravagance, and exasperated at Ellicombe's baseness, had with great generosity withdrawn their claims, and entered into a private subscription for the payment of those creditors who were more needy or less generous than themselves. Seaton's gratitude towards these friends was unbounded; and, urged by a burning desire to repay them, he determined at once to reform his dissolute habits, and by his own strenuous and persevering exertions to raise himself from his degraded situation. His talents and abilities soon obtained for him an engagement as clerk in a merchant's house. He now received a handsome salary, and there was every prospect of his becoming, with care and diligence, a respectable member of society. Having taken apartments in the city, he wrote to his wife, relating the dishonourable conduct of Ellicombe, and the generous behaviour of the creditors. He begged that she would come up to London, and he concluded the epistle with the most energetic protestations of his fixed resolution to persevere in his altered course of life, and with expressions of the deepest regret and contrition for the unhappiness he had occasioned her by his conduct. Julia answered this letter by setting out for London immediately; and her

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joy at finding her husband thus acting may be better conceived than expressed. It may be questioned whether their happiness was at all inferior to that which they had experienced in the season of their former prosperity.

Months and years passed away, and Henry was still to be found pursuing with zeal and integrity his avocations. His children, two beautiful little boys and a girl, were objects of constant care and solicitude. Emma, the little girl (the older of the two), under the salutary tuition of her mother, was a very apt scholar; and in the youthful developement of her character might be observed the germs of future intellect, and many pleasing traits of a benevolent and affectionate disposition. Robert, who was a year younger than his little sister, was his father's delight. When returned from the harassing engagements of the day, while sitting round the cheerful fire, the happy parent would initiate his son into the mysteries of the multiplication table, or listen to his progress in reading.

As Henry Seaton was returning one afternoon from the counting-house, he was accosted by a young man, dressed in the uniform of a midshipman. He appeared about twenty-two years of age, and was possessed of a countenance so open and good-natured that it would have prepossessed any one in his favour; but, though characterised by the rough bluntness of the British seaman, there was also an ease and gentility in his manner of address that proved a sailor's life had not entirely eradicated the effects of a good education. "Am I mistaken?—is not your name Seaton?" said the stranger; "for you bear a strong resemblance to a brother of mine, whom I have not seen for twelve years." Henry looked for a few moments at him, and soon recognized in the manly countenance and athletic form of the midshipman, his brother Robert, who had, at the early age of ten years, gone to sea with the crew of a man-of-war.

Warm and affectionate was the greeting between the two brothers. Long had Henry Seaton and his parents (who were living at Robert's departure from England) bewailed the supposed loss of their son; for, a few years after the ship sailed, they heard that she had been wrecked off the coast of Africa, and that all the crew were lost. The excessive joy at meeting being subsided, Henry immediately wished his brother to make his house (of which he had but lately taken a lease) his home, during his stay

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on shore. Robert acceded to the proposal. To the children he rendered himself particularly pleasing; for he would relate to them, for hours, what he used to call his adventures. From his narrative it appeared that, nine months after the ship in which he sailed had left England, she was wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope; and that he, though a youth of but eleven, had been able, by clinging to some broken spars, to keep himself afloat for several hours. In this situation he had drifted a considerable distance from the wreck, and was at last picked up by the crew of a fishing vessel belonging to the coast. By them he was set on shore near Cape Town, where his forlorn condition gained the commiseration of all. He soon obtained a situation in the colony, where he continued till fourteen years old, when he again entered the navy as a midshipman, through the interest of his colonial friends. From various circumstances, he had been unable to visit England until the present time, and having sent several letters, and received no answer (they having miscarried), he supposed that his parents must have changed their place of residence, and therefore discontinued to write; thus strengthening the supposition that he had perished with the wreck.

Henry, since his reformation, had rigidly abstained from all wine and spirits, viewing them as unnecessary, calculated to inflame the brain, and lead to the commission of sin, as had been the case with him. For five years had he persisted in his plan of abstinence from intoxicating liquors; but on the arrival of his brother, who unhappily, too much like the generality of sailors, valued abstinence as lightly as he regarded drunkenness,—he had consented to have some spirits in his house for his convenience. Some weeks after Robert's arrival, Henry was sitting with him after dinner. Robert had just prepared some sailors' beverage—punch, and was joking with his brother about his abstinence. He used, with a great deal of fluency, all the arguments which the dissolute are accustomed to urge against sobriety. "Why Harry," said he, "I did not expect to come home and find you such a sober-sided personage as you are—afraid of a drop of brandy. Why what on earth can be the harm of a little spirit? it clears the brain, enlivens the wit, and induces a spirit of good humour and cheerfulness that you drinkers of water and "stout" never ex-

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perience. Look at me—here I am, strong and healthy; yet since fourteen I have not passed a day without a little spirit of some kind; and as for getting drunk, that on board ship is a common occurrence, and what am I the worse for it?" "You may not now," remarked Henry, "feel the worse for it; but you know not how much better you would have been without it." "Nonsense, Henry—now don't be so unsocial as not to drink a little with your long-lost brother. I'll take care you don't take too much, if that's your fear."

Robert's gaiety and persuasion were too much for Henry, who, though he had made a very strong determination to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, yet had not publicly pledged himself to that effect; and he soon now, as a matter of course, took his wine with Robert after dinner. He soon found that wine certainly produced a very pleasing excitement, particularly after his long abstinence; and he now not unfrequently accompanied his brother to some convivial meeting of "brother mids," and there, it must be regretted, too easily followed their intemperate example.

Julia now anxiously wished for Robert's departure, as she evidently saw that his habits had made too great an impression on her husband, and had in a measure destroyed that pleasing tranquillity which previously reigned within him. At Robert's departure, Henry found it no easy task to return to that tranquil course of life which he had left, and he experienced an intolerable longing to mix in the gay scenes in which he had mingled before. And, to Julia's unfeigned sorrow, he now not unfrequently left his peaceful home, careless of her charming society, and forgetful of the instruction of his little boy, for the more fascinating but less beneficial company of fashionable men at some ball or tavern-dinner, or other scene of extravagance and conviviality.

However altered Henry was at home, he was still held in high estimation by his employers; but nights spent in dissipation, and consequent incapacity for business, tended but little to preserve that approbation. In consequence of midnight revelling, he was once or twice prevented by weariness from being at his post: this at first was not regarded, more particularly as, for five years, he had been so regular and persevering in the discharge of his duties. But one morning, after a midnight's debauch, having added to the sin of drunkenness its frequent con-

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comitant, gambling, hefound that the clock had struck twelve beforesleep had entirely re-invigorated his faculties, beclouded by the fumes of wine and spirits on the preceding night. Then for the first time, he vented his anger upon his affectionate wife, who, unwilling to disturb his repose, had failed to awaken him. It was with a degree of awkwardness to which Seaton had till then been a stranger, that he entered the counting-house of his employers on this occasion; nor was his embarrassment at all decreased by the chagrin that appeared in the countenance of Mr. Delmour, the principal in the firm, who expressed himself seriously displeased, especially as he had heard that intemperance on the preceding night had occasioned this delay. He told him that in consequence of his absence the firm had experienced a considerable loss, for some papers of importance, which were absolutely necessary to be seen that morning, could not be obtained, as they were locked up in an iron box of which Seaton had the key. He added, that if the same again occurred he should be compelled, however painful to him—to dismiss him from his employment. Henry evinced much real compunction at what had occurred, and inwardly resolved that he would no more place himself in so disagreeable a situation.

For a week all went on well, and Julia rejoiced at her husband's seeming reformation. But, alas! how soon were her hopes to be most cruelly blasted! He once more complied with temptation, and plunged deeper into iniquity than before. He had contracted several large debts, and now, with the hope of paying them, gambled to a large extent. One night he came from the billiard room where he had spent the whole of the evening, dreadfully agitated. His face was red with drinking, his behaviour was like that of an enraged maniac. From his incoherent ravings Julia gathered that he had been gambling to a large amount, and had been totally unsuccessful. After his frenzy had subsided he mournfully told his wife that he had lost a large sum of money, and had already contracted enormous debts; and as the rent of the house would soon become due, to meet the demands was impossible.

The effect that this intelligence had upon Julia, may be imagined; fondly had she hoped that when her husband had so strictly abstained from intoxicating liquors of every description for so long a period, no more would intemperance lead him into excesses so ruinous to happi-

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ness and peace. Oh! how she deplored the visit of her brother-in-law!—to him she attached all the blame, in having induced her husband to violate his determination to abstain from every intoxicating beverage.

The fever of excitement which raged in Seaton's bosom, the gloomy prospect that was before his eyes, prevented him from obtaining that refreshment from sleep which his jaded body and harassed mind required. However, towards morning he fell into a restless slumber, which continued until beyond the time when his appearance at business was needed. Julia, who sat by the bed-side, wrapt in profound melancholy, arising from the gloomy prospect in every point of view,—her children,—her husband,—herself,---marked not the rapid flight of time, nor recollected that Seaton should be at his post. He awoke, and with distraction ascertained the time. He now gave himself up to utter despair. Aware that he could no longer hold his present situation, a thousand images of distress and poverty crowded around his fevered brain. With sorrowful steps he pursued his way to the counting-house, and there, as he expected, was met by Mr. Delmour, who presented him with the salary that was due, and gave him intimation that his services would be no longer required.

The sum he had received was insufficient to pay the rent, which became due the following week: the only alternative would be—a prison! Julia wrote to her mother, and communicated the distressing circumstances, but expressed her determination to remain with her husband, and follow him wherever he should go.

Finding no possibility of assistance, Seaton gave himself up to intemperance; for it was only in the bottle that he could drown the remembrance of his former happiness, by elevating his spirits, and rendering him insensible to the miseries of his situation, and callous to the stings of a condemning conscience. Those of whom he had borrowed, becoming acquainted with his situation, poured in upon him, and every moment he expected to be arrested. On the rent-day it was found, that the money which he had received from his employers had been squandered in spirits; so that the landlord, who possessed not much of "the milk of human kindness," determined at once to distrain.

Sad was the scene that day:—a weeping wife—three sobbing children, and—a drunken husband! while an

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unfeeling officer, destitute of regard for the sorrowing wife, was prosecuting his customary employment of packing the various articles of furniture, and occasionally indulging in some coarse jest on the scene before him. Oh, how heartfelt was the sorrow, and how poignant the grief of the amiable Julia, when she saw the different articles of furniture which so lately had been purchased at her husband's reformation, now brought by her husband's reckless conduct to the hammer of the auctioneer!—not, indeed, from the simple fact that they were thus disposed of at half their real value; that was a matter of comparatively little moment, when compared with the real cause of her woe, and her present miserable condition—the intemperance of her husband,—his utter prostration both of mind and body.

When Seaton awoke from the stupor produced by his repeated potations, he found his case truly distressing. The unfeeling landlord, finding that the rent due exceeded the value of the furniture, at once proceeded to have him arrested. A few days after this scene had taken place, Henry Seaton—the once gay, happy, and honourable Henry Seaton—found himself incarcerated in that sink of misery and degradation, the Fleet—the insolvent debtor's prison. Here, not having the means to pay for superior accommodation, he found himself associated with characters of the lowest and worst description, from the roué who had ruined himself by extravagance, to the petty shopkeeper whose incapability to pay some trifling debt rendered him amenable to the law. It would have been supposed that this situation would have in some measure affected Seaton; but no! he was now lost to all sense of shame. Not only did he expend the money supplied by his pitying friends, who wished to make his situation less deplorable, in spirits; but even the very clothes on his back did he pawn to satiate his unabating thirst. Scarcely ever was he visited, during his confinement, but he was found either in a drunken stupor, or elevated to a degree of hilarity that ill accorded with his pitiable condition.

Julia, finding that she could not accompany her infatuated husband to prison, determined to avail herself of her mother's kindness, and immediately, with her children, departed for Devonshire. She frequently wrote to her husband, and remitted him various sums of money, affectionate y wishing as much as possible to ameliorate his

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condition; little imagining that her letters often remained unread,—perhaps scattered, torn, on the prison floor,—while their contents were only received with pleasure as they enabled him to satisfy his dreadful appetite for spirits. After being thus confined for about a month, having during that period, by repeated intoxication, greatly injured his health,—so much so that his personal appearance was so altered that no one who formerly knew him could possibly have recognized in the drunken, besotted being that stood before him, the once handsome Henry Seaton, —a stranger called at the prison. He had accidentally arrived in London, and heard that a gentleman of the name of Seaton was imprisoned for debt. He inquired of some who could give him information further particulars, and then determined to repair to the prison. What was his amazement, on inquiring for Henry Seaton, to hear from the turnkey that a prisoner of that name had a few moments before died in a fit of apoplexy, occasioned by hard drinking!

The stranger was Ellicombe. He had been successful in America, and had returned to England with a determination to make ample amends for his former baseness. He soon learned that Seaton was imprisoned for debt. He acquired the names of the creditors, answered their demands, and was hastening to the prison to communicate the delightful intelligence of his release, when he found the unhappy victim of his former persuasions had ceased to exist. He passed the remainder of his life in misery, troubled with a conscience stung with the bitterest remorse.

The afflicting intelligence of her husband's decease, and the appalling circumstances under which it had taken place, so affected Mrs. Seaton, that after a few weeks of lingering illness, she died literally of a broken heart. The pillow of her dying bed was smoothed by the hand of an affectionate mother, whose sweet words of consolation and unremitting tenderness tended not a little to alleviate the poignancy of her grief. Her helpless orphan children she left to the care of her mother, who, during her lifetime, was to them as the most affectionate parent, and at her death bequeathed them all the property of which she was possessed.

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A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE;

OR,

CRIMPS AND SAILORS.

Avast there, messmate—I would read this lingo.
Ha!—may I be water-logged on a lee-shore
If our good chaplain's Bible is more true
Than these same statements.

WITH Goldsmith's affecting history of a disabled soldier, it is presumed, few of our readers are unacquainted, and while perusing it, they may have with ourselves, indulged frequently in the wish, that the same effective pen, in giving point and interest to every subject of nature, had furnished us with a similar sketch of the sufferings to which British sailors are subjected, and of the almost innumerable impositions which are daily practised upon them. But alas! wishes and regrets are vain, and we are therefore obliged to be content with such statements on the subjects as inferior pens may supply, or with such information as passing facts may furnish.

The character of *crimps*, and their infamous trade, in conjunction with lodging-houses and gin-shops, require all the exposure that language can afford. The honour of our country, as well as the present and everlasting interests of our seamen require it. The manly and heroic

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daring of our tars, more than any thing besides of a mere earthly description, has tended to raise our island to the importance and celebrity which it possesses among the nations of the world; but alas, unless speedy and effective measures are taken to prevent the spreading evil, it will be found, if war should again arise, that our country's defenders, like the ancient Romans, have sunk down to meanness and effeminacy through the destructive influence of intemperance. Much is professed to be done for them, we are aware, but little is *really* accomplished. Whether this arise from want of practical knowledge, and efficient agency on the one hand, or a yielding to unholy temper on the other, is not necessary now to spend our time to inquire; the fact is obvious, and greatly to be lamented. The following scene, taken from life, and merely put together to make something like a whole, may serve to exhibit, in a small degree, the danger to which sailors are exposed, and may lead some of them to avoid it, or prompt others to become yet more active in providing for their preservation.

It was a fine morning, towards the end of June, 1834, when a number of persons were crowded round one of those haunts of vice and destruction, of which Blackwall and its neighbourhood furnish so large a quantity,—*a public house*. Several already occupied the seats in a stinking tap-room, which was almost insufferable from the nauseous fumes of the preceding nights debauch. Half a dozen or more poor squalid and bloated, ragged wretches, waited their turns at the bar, while glasses of gin were served out as quickly as the well practised hand of an expert, fawning, finely dressed damsel, could supply it. A rude dirty seat at the front of the house, even at this early time of the day, was filled with idlers, male and female, some with black eyes and bruised faces, which afforded too plain evidence of their character and habits. Some held in their mouths short filthy pipes, of the same colour as their eyes, from which tubes they sent forth clouds of offensive smoke, or from their mouths at the end of every whiff, belched forth low and obscene language.

At a short distance from the motley group referred to, stood two shabby-genteel personages, familiarly and appropriately ycleped by sailors, "*land sharks;*" that is crimps, whose profession it is to plunder seamen when they come ashore with money, and then ship them off to

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sea for a fresh supply, for which kind act, they receive a certain stipulated bounty, from owners or captains of vessels. It was evident those two individuals were in some way united, and that they were now anxiously engaged in a coloquy of (to themselves) some importance.

The public-house in question, was not far from the Docks, and so situated as to command a view of the river Thames, and the approach to the Bason. The eyes of Messrs. Sharkish and Gullum were ever and anon turned with evident interest towards the mouth of the Docks, as if longing for, and expecting the appearance of some important object. In a short time, a fine ship, richly laden from India, hove in sight. The appearance of the floating town produced an electrical effect upon each of the gazers. Mr. Sharkish first gained the use of his tongue, which excess of joy appeared to have deprived his fellow the use of, and exclaimed right-joyfully, "I say, Gull, my boy, we are just in time, yonder she is, the good ship Mary Ann; but we must keep a good look out, or we shall lose some of our men, for see, here comes old Mother Cheatum and her handsome daughter; they enticed away some of my lads last voyage from this ship, however, I'll take care it shall not be my fault if she succeeds this time." As he closed his speech, a burly bully-like female, the keeper of a lodging-house, or brothel, came up, accompanied by one of those wretched beings who employ their dreadful arts of fascination to drag to ruin and death our hardy sailors.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Mrs. Cheatum, with courteous salutation, "pray is the ship up yet?"

"Yes," returned Mr. Gullum, directing the inquirer at the same time by an expressive action, "there she is, long looked for, come at last, and I hope she'll pay us well for our trouble in looking out so long."

The communicated intelligence evidently afforded the highest pleasure to Mrs. Cheatum,—"That's all right," she exclaimed, "come my friends," she continued, "let us have a drop of ginon the strength of it. Here, waiter!" shouted the fat-sided dame, "bring us a pot of ale, and half a pint of gin—none of your skim milk, or sky-blue, now; d'ye hear?"

"Ay, ay, madam," responded a dirty, slovenly fellow, as he moved to perform the order, "never fear that, we

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knows our customers—and we always serves our good-uns well."

Mrs. Cheatum's tongue set a going, like the speed of a wild horse, was hard to be stopped. The sight of the ship, and the prospect of a golden harvest which it furnished, had loosed her tongue with alertness. It was evident she had been expecting its arrival, and had come prepared with destructive mixtures, to receive such of the men as might come within her remorseless grasp. "I have got a couple of bottles of rare Old Tom in my pocket, for our lodgers, when we get on board," she observed with a significant and well-understood wink, to her companions; "I warrant you, a sup or two of it will make merry lads of them, and send them longing for more."

"How many lodgers," inquired Mr. Sharkish, "have you got on board of her, Mrs. Cheatum?"

"How many?" returned the beldame, "let me see," and she muttered a moment or two to herself, counting backwards and forward her well-ringed fingers, "fifteen," she replied, "and the carpenter; and I have got a birth for him on board a ship bound for the coast of Africa."

"Have you so?" shouted Sharkish, "you are the best provider I ever knew: but suppose, Mrs. Cheatum, he won't go, how then, eh?"

"Won't go!" rejoined the virago in a half scream, "he must go, his money will soon be gone; he won't have more than about fifty pounds to receive, and a fortnight will bring that to an end, if not less, and when the last copper jingles upon the counter, he'll be glad to go; I'll take care that he shall feel no objection to a trip any where, don't fear me, I understand such matters perfectly well, gentlemen."

"No one that knows you, doubts it;" grumbled Gullum to himself; "and pray Mrs. Cheatum," he inquired, "where do you intend to send the sailors, next voyage, to the south seas?"

"Either there, or to some other snug quarter," returned Mrs. Cheatum, "be sure of that, I don't forget them; but here's our gin and ale—come, let us drink and be off, or we shall have the ship in the bason, and the men ashore before we get to them." Mrs. Cheatum was well instructed in the use of the pot and the glass, she held it

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now, with firm grasp, and added to her former luminous address, "Your health, gentlemen, with a toast:—

"Here's to the tar that drinks away,
And values not the score;
But boldly pays his money down,
Then goes to sea for more."

She at once suited the action to the word, and putting the vessel to her mouth, swallowed a considerable quantity of the liquor, and then passed it to Mr. Gullum, who drank with a native archness. "Here is success to all our *undertake-ins*," and handed the pot to Sharkish, who responded to Gullum's toast—"Here's wishing we may never be taken in ourselves. But, I say, Mrs. Cheatum," he continued, wiping away the froth of the ale from his mouth, "you did me scandalously out of my lodgers last voyage."

"Why you know," replied the considerate dame, "we must all do the best we can for ourselves, Mr. Sharkish, and to say the truth, I don't think there's any harm in taking any body in fairly."

"Fairly," roared out Sharkish in a horse laugh, "Ha! ha! ha! well, well, I understand you, and am much of your mind; howsomever, I like all fair above board. I have got nine lodgers in the Mary Ann, that I should like to have again."

"That's false, Tom," interrupted Gullum, "I know you hav'nt got so many as nine, Sharkish, no gulling us now."

Mr. Sharkish would have looked angry, and with authority, if he had possessed the ability: he attempted it, but did not succeed; his sheepish looks told that he had been detected, and he attempted to rally, by observing, "I suppose you want to cheat us now don't you?"

It is a dangerous thing to commit the keeping of our secrets and of our consciences, to unprincipled men, the least eruption, leads to a developement of the whole. Sharkish had touched on a chord in the system of Gullum which vibrated instantly. "Whew, my codger, not so fast," he replied, "you talk abont cheating—so, so,—who was it, tell me, if your memory don't fail, that put the conk shells into the horses' nose-bags, and swore he lost them out of the cart, eh!—put that in your pipe, my fine fellow."

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"And who," shouted Sharkish, without caring to answer the proposed question, "made the men drunk, and then robbed them, eh! Mr. Gullum?"

Mrs. Cheatum either foresaw that more evil would arise out of this altercation than was desirable, furnishing the by-standers with too much information concerning their practices, and which had better be kept secret, or otherwise she felt some qualms of conscience awakened within her, by the last remark, and therefore interposed her sophistry to quiet both the disputants, and her own inward monitor. "Come, come," she observed soothingly, "say no more about these matters; you know sailors *will* drink, and *we* cannot help it, besides, if they did not do so, we might at once close our establishments, for it is quite certain we could no longer live; come, gentlemen, drink up the ale, and if you must quarrel over such nonsense, at least defer it until our lodgers are taken care of. I shall go round to the bason, and get hold of the men and their things, or somebody else will."

"That's all very good, Mrs. Cheatum, only I don't like to be done you know, by Mr. Gullum," replied Mr. Sharkish; but Mrs. Cheatum waited not to hear the conclusion of this short reply, she moved off the ground with a nimble step, fearing, very reasonably, that if she remained longer, she should be superseded by others of her trade.

"Well, well," grumbled Gullum, "I have no wish to quarrel, only you seem as if you thought nobody wanted a chance but yourself."

"What, me," shouted Sharkish, "no, no, honor bright is my motto; I want's nothing but what's fair and upright, not I."

"Well, come," said Gullum, "let us drink up the ale and be off, or old Mother Cheatum will cheat the pair of us."

The hint was seasonably given, and Sharkish felt it so. Instantly drinking what remained in the pot, they hastened from the place. By the time they arrived at the Bason, they found the ship moored head and stern, and some of the sailors already passing over the gangway towards the shore. The quick eye of Sharkum observed them in a moment, and recognized some of his former dupes.

"There's some of my chaps coming," he observed to Gullum, mending his pace as he spoke, "There's Tom

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Cable, Jack Marline, and Joe White, I'll have them again if possible. Tom and Jack are two regular good uns; sound trumps every inch of them, they drink and keep alive, and don't trouble their heads about the reckoning."

Never did the steady eye of a setter keep his gaze more fixedly upon a hunted bird, than did these crimps upon their proposed victims. In a few minutes, they came up with a party of the just-landed sailors, when Gullum, with a familiarity which habit had rendered easy, and with an expression of sincere pleasure and friendship, which his heart could not feel, accosted one of them, exclaiming as he stretched out his hand, "Holloo Jack, is that you? Welcome home my hearty, how are you, my boy, I am right glad to see you safe and sound, I'll drink your health in an extra glass of grog to night."

The respond to his address was not such as Gullum expected, not such as he had been used to. The sailor eyed him with a true nautical twig, which took in the whole man in a moment, from the beaver hat to the shoe-string, and replied in the genuine style of a British tar, "What, my noble dog-fish, is that you, shiver my timbers, but I thought you had gone out boon-passenger to Sydney, transported long ago."

The impertinent crimp became a chop-fallen craven in an instant: "Not so hard, my flower," he simpered out, endeavouring to conceal his confusion by a forced laugh, "hit more handsomely, will you."

"Handsomely," roared Jack, looking him in the face after such a fashion as if he would have looked into his soul; "handsomely say you—why you have changed your colours surely, or you sound a false pipe; you know you are two-ends of a rascal. Did you not double me last voyage out of all my rhino in a week, and then turn me adrift without a shot in the locker. Handsomely, you lubber?"

"Gently, my lad," said the disconcerted Mr. Gullum, "not so much of your dry chaff, it is enough to choak a fellow, come, let's shove into the 'Fishing Smack,' and wash it down with a drop of Old Jamaica."

"Avast there, messmate," rejoined the good-tempered, but inflexible tar; "what, you are at your old tricks again—want to sew me up, and then fleece me; it won't do, my old codger; I'll have no more truck with you land-sharks, boom off, my prince of thieves, before I open

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my ports and pour in a broadside upon you." Sharkish felt half confounded, but to give up rich game was what he did not understand; still to hold contest with one who appeared to carry too many guns for him, he considered would be bad admiralship, and therefore, with an apparently familiar and jocose "Ha! ha! ha!" he turned from Jack and addressed the party indiscriminately—"Well, come along lads, I shall stand a bottle of rum, however, merely to drink your healths at meeting."

"We shall not drink it, if you do," replied Tom Cable, "we have hauled our wind my worthy."

Poor Sharkish looked more *sheepish* still, albiet he stood the fire more manfully than his cause deserved. "I see how it is my fine fellows," he replied, "that old hag, Madam Cheatum, has been craming some of her sweet lies down your throats, and so has poisoned your mind against your best friends;—come," he said, coaxingly, "tell us all she said, and I'll stand a couple of bottles, and rather than not merit your friendship, bottles all round."

"It won't do, Master Sharkish," objected Tom, "no one has poisoned our minds, the truth is, we are determined that neither yourself nor any other person, shall poison our carcasses any more."

"What do you mean, my dear Tom," inquired the astonished Sharkish, with his eyes as wide open as if he had just swallowed a handspike, and was straining hard to digest it—"did you not always have the best of every thing in my house?"

"All adrift again, Mr. Sharkish," interrupted Jack Merline, "we mean you shall not again poison us with drink; can you box the compass now?"

"Poison you with drink," reiterated the astonished crimp, as if his conceptions had for the first time taken in his meaning, and yet anxious to hope otherwise; "Ah! I see how it is, Mother Cheatum has cheated us; she would befool you with her fine promises, and ugly daughters."

"No such thing, my admiral of the bloody flag," rejoined Jack, "the truth is, if your head is too thick to splice half words, we have left off drinking spirits! Ah, you may start and stare, my codger, it is the truth of a British tar. We have left off drinking them because we have found out that they are poison, destroying the whole ship, cargo and all—body and soul."

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"What!" exclaimed the wondering crimp, scarcely crediting his own hearing; "sailors not drink liquor, how is this?"

"Well," replied Jack, "just to be civil for once to a rogue, I'll tell you how it is; our cook belongs to the *Temperance Society*, prosperity to it; and this last voyage he took out a freight of their books, which he lent out to the different berths to read; and so, what with reading the books, and noticing that he could stand to his work in all weathers better without rum or grog, than we could who drank it, we determined to try it ourselves, and in a short time found that we were improved by not taking it, though it is true we had hard work to give it up at first; however, we accomplished it, and since then we have had no messmates on the doctor's log, and no quarrelling in the berths."

"Why, Jack," cried the trembling crimp, for he saw too plainly the hopes of his gains were gone, "you run on like a Methodist parson, and shame your character as an English sailor."

"No, my fine fellow, replied Jack, calmly, "you are all aback again, we *did* shame our characters as men, as well as English sailors, while we drank like fools and madmen; but now we are determined to retrieve that which rum made us throw away, and shall strive to persuade others to redeem their character too."

"Well, but where are your old mesmates," inquired Sharkish, hoping like a crafty counsel to divert the witness from the grand question; "where are Sam Block, Harry Clewline, Joe Backstay, and Patrick Fanagan."

"Sam and Joe killed themselves in the country, drinking arrack," replied Jack, "and we left Harry and Patrick laid up in the hospital without any hopes of recovery, from the same cause. Poor fellows," continued the sympathising rough sailor, "they were stout, young, and hardy, and but for that abominable drink, would have been so still."

"Ah," observed Sharkish, archly, "it is a bad thing to drink too much of that *rack*,---poor fellows, I am sorry to hear it, but you know their time was come, and"---

"No, no," replied Jack, "they lived not out half their days, they killed themselves while their country wanted their aid, as many have done before. Peace to their

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memories," he added in a sort of soliloquy, "they were noble messmates."

"Well, well," said Gullum, "sorrow is dry, my boys, you know, Jack, the favourite song with which you used to set the whole house alive,

> 'Come fill, fill a bumper, 'tis folly to think,
> Let's live and be merry, we live while we drink.'

Let's have that once more, and 'begone dull care.' Come let's go and get something to drink, and drown care in a good stiff glass of grog."

"Shove your boat off, Mr. Gullum," interrupted Tom Cable, "you are not going to gull us this way."

Until now, the cook had stood by, observing the steadiness of his companions, and admiring the excellent manner in which they had rebutted the crimps; at this period of the debate he appeared to feel himself called upon to advance, and he did so by observing very mildly, "We have all drunk for you before now to our loss and disgrace, Mr. Gullum, but we mean to drink for you no more."

"You had better leave off eating as well," replied Sharkish, with snappish sarcasm, "for if a sailor can do without one, he can do without the other; that gammon won't do, lads," he continued, turning from the cook to the sailors, "this preaching Cook will make you lose all your enjoyments."

"Neither our enjoyments, nor our profits, Mr. Sharkish," said Tom, "we have been gainers by our bargain, my boy, for when we gave up grog, our good Captain, and a better never stepped abaft the binnacle, allowed cocoa twice a day, and two shillings per month extra pay."

"And do you think we look any worse for it, Mr. Sharkish," demanded Jack Marline; "observe, we have no black eyes, no blotches on our faces, and no ragged rigging about us."

"Never saw you look better in my life," replied Sharkish, "but you must have some liquor to nourish your blood, or you will soon have to take in the slack of your trousers, I'll warrant you: come, if you won't have Jamaica, have a drop of cream."

"Well," said the Cook, "if we must drink with you, we will have some milk, there's nourishment in that, I

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know, but in spirits there is not a particle in the world. Come messmates, let's convince Mr. Sharkish that falling out with spirits has not made us unfriendly with those who are foolish enough to take it. We can take a tumbler of good milk with him, and wish him well, what say you?"

Every man agreed to the proposal, and Mr. Sharkish chuckled to himself that he had at length prevailed, and fully determined to make a market of those who followed him to a public-house near at hand. Having reached it, he in the most courteous accents invited them to enter, backed by the honied tongue of his satellite, Gullum; "Come, my lads, recollect I stand treat now, it shall be your turn next time." A Satanic feeling passed through his depraved soul as he so expressed himself; and a side look passed over his face, which seemed to say, "only let me get you to drink now, and I'll secure you to my purpose in future. "Here landlord," he shouted, while standing at the door, for the sailors gave no evidence of a disposition to enter, "bring us a pint of 'cream of the valley.'"

"What! cream in a grog shop?" inquired Tom Cable, with surprise, surveying the handsome exterior of a modern built drinking house. "How's this? I fear we are near shoals or sunken rocks, or otherwise we are kidnapped too near to an enemy's fort. Messmates, we must stand by, and look out for squalls, and be ready at the moment if the gale increases, to cut and run."

"Ay, my lads," replied Gullum, to Tom's expressed surprise at finding cream sold in a public-house; "fine rich butter gin, the best the country produces, a perfect cordial, a babe might sup it, and think it was its mother's milk, churned by Couts and Co., under the patronage of his Majesty's government! Out-and-out good stuff, my boys, beats your old Jamaica all to pieces."

"Come, Mr. Gullum," observed the Cook, after he had waited for his closing puff of the said 'cream of the valley;' "we are not to be *gulled* after this fashion now; no, no, English sailors begin to exercise their understanding as well as other men; your cream is beginning to turn sour, and butter grows rank—we smell it already. Come, my messmates, don't be buttered over by these fellows; come along with me to my *temperance boarding-house*, there we shall find a snug harbour, and plenty of wholesome stores."

The case of the crimps became desperate; they had

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been foiled on their own ground, and determined to make one last grand effort, to bind those who had but recently escaped from the shackles of intemperance. Gullum made the attempt, "I say," he cried, as he perceived the sailors were moving off, "Tom, Jack, my trumps, there's flash Bet, Kit Spruce, and Nance Brighteye, at old Mother Flunger's, and they expect you; they are togged off in their holiday gear, and are as handsome as May-day queens. There will be a regular spree, and life above hatches there to-night."

"It won't do," rejoined the cook, "your plans to catch us in that way will only succeed if you get us first to consent to drown our reason by swallowing poison; while we continue sober, we are so far safe, we feel it, and determine to maintain the exercise of the understanding we possess. Your Molls, and Kates, and Nances, are far worse shoals and rocks for sailors to get embayed amongst, than coral reefs, or shifting sand-banks.

"Good day to the pair of you," shouted Tom Cable, as he sheered off the enemy's coast in company with his messmates; "you can tell Mr. Sharkish, and all the young she-sharks, that Jack Marline and I have come to our right reason, and now fully intend to change our course. The wind and tide on the tack we were lately upon, set full into the port of disgrace and perdition, the chart by which we steered deceived us, we have obtained a new and correct one—our vessel is now named the sobriety, and we are ploughing over the sea of life with the fair and tranquil harbour of everlasting life in view. Your downfal and our rise proceed from the same cause, Temperance Societies—Adieu."

The confederate crimps stood awhile astounded: they looked at each other as if seeking a solution of this (to them) singular affair. Sharkish first found his tongue, or re-acquired the use of it, but it was in little more for some time, than in soliloquy. "What!" he seemed to inquire of himself, "sailors reason? Yes, it must be so; and if it be so, and they in the exercise of their rational powers, leave off drinking, our trade will soon be done up." He folded his arms mechanically, and in a half moodish, half absent manner, sauntered a few yards in front of the house, before which his companion, Gullum, still stood, while the landlord making his appearance with the pint of 'cream of the valley' which had been called for,

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eemed as greatly surprised as the crimps at the absence f the sailors. In a few seconds Sharkish turned back, ı if a sudden important thought had shot into his aching ıd perplexed cranium.

"Mr. Gullum," he observed, most seriously and ıgerly, "I tell you what, we must not fall out among ırselves, or our *respectability* will come to an end. omething must be done, instantly and vigorously done, iend Gullum, or we shall be ruined by a troop of lazy, ıscally fellows, who are persuading sailors and others to ave off drinking spirits. We must join hand and heart ith our good friend the publican, and manage by some ay, no matter what, to bring these destructive *Temperıce Societies* into contempt with sailors and the public; ıis I think may be managed, indeed it must be done, or e shall all be ruined and sewed up. Yonder comes old Iother Cheatum, she too, looks very down in the mouth; er luck, I prophesy has not been greater than ours—ıally something must be done; either we honest people ıust sink, or *Temperance Societies* must go down."

"Well," Mrs. Cheatum, what is the matter," inquired ıullum, as she came up to them; "you seem a cup too ɔw; it is unusual with you to look so blue under the yes—what has happened?"

"What is the matter," replied the almost bursting eldame, "matter enough I assure you, Mr. Gullum—'e are all ruined. I have lost every one of my lodgers, nd my expenses as well, besides being abused like a ommon woman or a pickpocket, into the bargain."

"Lost all, and abused too," replied Gullum, "why how ı that? I thought you were sure of all your lodgers."

"Ah me! and so I thought too; and never before was I ɔ vilely deceived, or so shamefully treated. But I will ıst inform you about it. I went on board the ship, as is ıy regular custom, and was just going to give my old iends a glass of gin apiece, as a primer, when up comes he carpenter, who *axed* me if he should draw the cork ɔr me; yes, says I, my hearty fellow, and take a glass r two for your trouble. With that he takes the bottle nd held it over the ship's side, pretending to draw the ork with his teeth; out he pulled it sure enough, and own fell the bottle with all the precious stuff, overboard. Ie then turned to me, as innocent as a sucking goose, nd says, with as much seriousness as if he had dropped

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his teeth instead of my bottle into the water—'A bad accident, Mrs. Cheatum, but never mind, we will soon set that all right; hav'nt you got another pocket pistol? Oh yes, says I, and thinking he had really met with an accident, I took it from my reticule and handed it to him. As soon as he got hold of it, he whirled it round his head and *shyed* it as far as he could from him against another ship, and dashed it all to pieces. When I *axed* him what he meant by such ungentlemanly conduct, he began to abuse me like a mad-fellow; he swore, no, I *ax* pardon he did'nt swear, I wish he had, as I should have still had hopes of him—but he declared I had attempted to ruin himself and shipmates, and it would be right to serve me and all who served out liquor to sailors, after the same sort. I really trembled for fear of a ducking in that nasty poisonous water. It is certain he is stark mad with what he called the noble *Temperance Society*.

"I turned to the sailors, hoping they would take my part—'My honest tars, said I, here I have come to treat you, on your safe arrival, and this here carpenter has *shyed* all the good gin I brought for that purpose into the docks: does'nt he deserve to be lashed to the mainmast head for a month, and fed upon barley broth and cold water?' But all was in vain; I could not move one of them on my side. All seemed alike mad: they went on at a great rate, vowing vengeance against all of us. I was glad to get on shore with whole bones, or without being tossed after my bottles of gin. Oh, I am a ruined woman, the world is surely turned topsy turvy, since *Temperance Societies* have been established, and sailors have left off drinking spirits."

"The only thing that can be done," observed Sharkish, who had listened with nervous attention to Mrs. Cheatum's tale of woe, "is to unite our endeavours to put down these *Temperance Societies*, I am sure it may be done, only let us be active, and treat a few more of our influential acquaintance when they visit us, and we must succeed. What think you, Mrs. Cheatum, of a crimp and lodging house union?"

"Ah," replied Mrs. Cheatum, with a sigh from the bottom of her heart, "we must do something; your plan, my dear Sharkish, is a good one; you were always ready at invention. I think you suggested the propriety to neighbour Filchum of his enlarging and beautifying his

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dram-shop, assuring him that a splendid place would draw customers, and it has succeeded excellently, and for a time it helped us. The private rooms, too, behind the public-houses, so that no noise could be heard in the streets, and from whence, by a back way, they could convey their fuddled customers to our houses, was your plan, if I mistake not?"

"Yes, madam," replied Sharkish, elated at the praise poured upon him, "I schemed all that, and I think the union I mention now, would do well too."

"I think it will, Mr. Sharkish," observed Mrs. Cheatum, "we will consider it; come, let us go in and have a drop of the 'cream of the valley,' that will brighten our wits, and we need have them sharpened now; come, let's in."

"Why, I don't know about 'cream of the valley,'" simpered out Gullum, at the same time thrusting his hands into his pockets, as if to grasp hold on the coin, and to calculate if by any means he could hold fast his money, and at the same time accede to the invitation.

"I don't feel," muttered Gullum, "as how, I can take any thing more; our confounded ill-luck this morning, has almost capsized me."

"Thou gin-loving sot at the expense of another," vociferated the discerning Mrs. Cheatum; "You can't take any more, eh? And do you imagine we are to be so *gulled* by you, Mr. Gullum? no, no! tricks upon old travellers won't do; I've had my mettle touched to-day already, and I'll not bear another insult and fraud from any one, and from you, Mr. Gullum, least of all. Did'nt I stand the last treat?" roared out the infuriated woman, maddened by the recollection of the loss she had sustained by her lodgers having deserted her—"Out of my way;" continued the virago, to Sharkish, as she sprang furiously towards the now trembling Gullum, between whom and the female fury he had dexterously placed himself—"Out of my way, and I'll leave a receipt in full, upon his sponging face, if these good finger nails of mine don't deceive me; or I'll so squeeze his wizzen as to make him long for drink when he won't be able to swallow it—out of my way I say."

"Let's have no fighting in the street," Mrs. Cheatum, rejoined Sharkish, "we *know* Gullum of old, he is a reg'lar dunghill—a thing that has no pluck. But recol-

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lect our *respectability* is at stake; I would not for the price of twenty pints of the 'cream of the valley,' we should lose that—it is indeed the *only* thing we have now to depend upon. I'll stand treat: let us join and consider what we are to do, and as for Mr. Gullum, as he can't drink any more, why we can do without him, and we shan't require his company any more."

"Mrs. Cheatum," observed Gullum, "you are too hasty; Mr. Sharkish, you wrong me, 'pon my *honour* you do. I never intended to behave so meanly as you have stated. It is true that I did'nt just then think I could take any more, however, I'll try; our bad success this morning, you know, is discouraging; and I, that is"—

The kindling wrath which he saw in the flashing eye, and clenched fist of Mrs. Cheatum, alarmed the stammering creature: to calm down which, he declared altho' he *might* not be able to drink, he so highly applauded the suggestion of his esteemed friend, Sharkish, in reference to putting down those nuisances to comfort and well-doing, *Temperance Societies*, that he wished above all things to consider it over a pint of 'cream of the valley,' and he therefore insisted on being allowed to stand treat on this occasion.

The compliment paid to Sharkish acted as he wished and expected: he very warmly defended Gullum, although in his heart he believed him to be an arrant villain; while Mrs. Cheatum, prompted by the advice of Sharkish, passed by the supposed meanness of their *gulling* friend, and in softened tones observed—"Oh! very well, Mr. Gullum, if that's what you mean, we have no objection. I dare say little or none can exist; but you'll be able to take a small quantity with us; and if you cannot, why Mr. Sharkish and myself will still prove ourselves your firm friends by taking your share for you."

Matters being thus far settled, Mrs. Cheatum's original proposition was acceded to; and the party, entering the house, called for a pint of 'cream of the valley,' over which they sat deliberating while they had power to think, determining unanimously that they would raise some scheme to put down *Temperance Societies*, and accommodate as heretofore—(that is, rob) sailors, or there were no snakes in Virginia.

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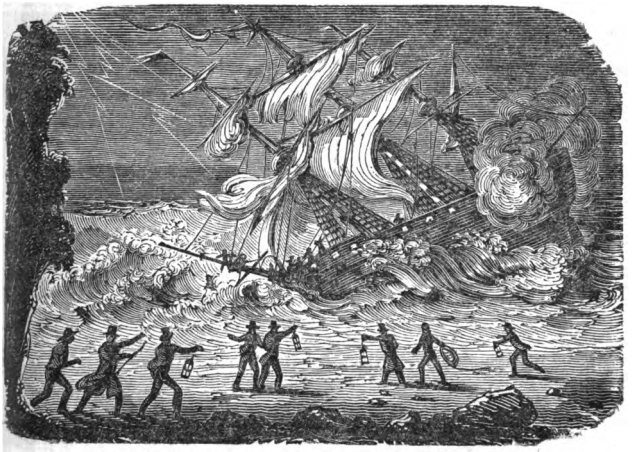

THE RESCUED.

A VIEW of the ocean, even when comparatively still, awakens in the mind vivid thoughts of the majesty of the Creator. The vast expanse of waters, and its seemingly unfathomable depth, compel man, however unwillingly, to contemplate his own littleness, and the greatness of that Being who formed the sea as well as the dry land. In a storm, however, this feeling is deepened into awe. The waves, running mountains high, and increasing as they roll onwards to the shore, carry every thing in their progress. Huge masses of rock are dashed from their places with as much ease as the downy feathers from the breast of a bird; and as the water rushes through the different fissures in the rocks, its sound is as the roaring of a thousand beasts of prey.

In no part of the world is the scenery of a more romantic character than on the north-west extremity of England. The rugged cliffs, against which the sea beats incessantly, rear their heads hundreds of feet above its spray, and, apparently, bid defiance to the attacks of time; while the sea-birds which are to be seen in every direction, screaming incessantly, now high in the air, now breasting the waves in their pride, and now alighting on every part of the rocks around them, add considerably to the interest

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of the scene, which cannot be forgotten by one who has ever witnessed it.

Business, some years ago, called me to a town on the north-west coast of Cornwall; and having settled it without much difficulty, I determined to take a tour round the county, as a relief from the bustle of the metropolis. On the second evening of my departure from the town before alluded to, the darkness had gathered in much earlier than on the preceding day. The clouds were very heavy, and the wind *huffling*, (to use a western term,) that is, blowing in fitful gusts, which continued to increase, until I experienced the utmost difficulty in making any progress; but having learned from the last person I met that there was a public-house near this spot, I hastened on, and at length found myself close to the place I was seeking, before I was aware, so secluded was it in a hollow. Having opened the door, a motley scene presented itself. About a score of miners and hardy-looking seafaring men were seated on benches, drinking and smoking, but much more orderly than might have been expected from such an assemblage. They were listening to something which an old man on one side of the hearth was relating, which had riveted their attention. My entrance put a stop to the conversation for a time; but having satisfied themselves that I was no *exciseman*, a visit from whom they seemed to deprecate from some reason or other, which I afterwards learned, the speaker proceeded. I recollect it was a marvellous tale of some one's having thrice dreamed of finding a quantity of money in an old iron pot in the ruins of a castle, and on digging in the place described to some depth, having his dream fulfilled; leaving no doubt on the minds of his hearers as to the truth of the narration, as the identical pot was still to be seen.

Having dried my clothes and refreshed myself, I was about retiring to rest, when the sound of a gun struck upon our ears. In one minute the house was deserted by all its inmates, including two women, all of whom rushed up the hill at the back of the house, followed by myself, curious to know the meaning of this strange movement.

The wind now blew on shore at the top of its fury, so that it was with great difficulty I reached the hill; however, I still continued to follow, and we struck into a narrow defile, about half a dozen of the party, who had

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provided themselves with lanterns, going ahead. In a short time we reached the foot of the cliffs, where we halted on a long beach, it being about half tide, and going out. The guns had not ceased firing; and, by the lightning, which was very vivid, I saw a large three-masted vessel nearing the shore very fast, the attempt to avert the danger being apparently given up by the crew. In about ten minutes from the time of our gaining the beach, she struck on a reef of black rocks, about a pistol-shot from where we were standing; and above the roar of the elements, at times, we could hear the straining of her timbers, as the sea broke over her deck.

Had any attempt been made to save the wretched crew, no boat could have lived in such a sea; but not a rope was thrown out, not a hand stirred. Indeed, two or three had endeavoured to get to land on spars, and had reached a place where the rocks were not more than two fathoms over their heads, when, if a rope with a running noose had been flung to them, they could have been hauled up without difficulty; but no effort being made, a returning wave washed them into eternity!

I had heard many fearful accounts of the barbarity of the inhabitants of the sea-coast of Cornwall in cases of shipwreck, but such a scene as I witnessed this night I shall never forget. I could not have believed that Englishmen would be guilty of such brutality as I witnessed then, and the following morning. But I proceed.

During the whole night, no one had left the beach, except the two females, who seemed as eagerly watching the destruction of the ship in expectation of booty as the greatest ruffian among them, and only left through the threats of the men, vowing, however, they would return early enough to come in for a share. When the morning dawned, the vessel was discovered on her beam ends, the sea still continuing to run very high, although it had somewhat subsided. Two large boats were then got down the beach and launched; and I went in one, determined, notwithstanding their muttered curses, to go on board, to render what assistance I could. With some difficulty we boarded her on the lee side, and found by her papers she was a Spaniard, bound from Porto Rico to Cadiz, with a cargo of coffee and tobacco, but had been driven thus far from her course. Although a considerable quantity of

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water had found its way into the vessel, in spite of my remonstrances the work of devastation instantly began, no one appearing to dispute their right. The chief cabin was the first part visited by these marauders, in which there was a considerable quantity of dollars. These were instantly pounced on; and as by this time the number who originally boarded the vessel was increased by, I should think, the whole population for some distance round, they very soon disappeared, a great number, in the struggle for possession, being dropped on the way to the shore; these were in their turn seized on by the younger part, no one entertaining for a moment the idea that it was any thing else than a piece of good fortune, and that they were in duty bound to make the most of it, notwithstanding the persuasions of the clergyman of the parish, which proved quite ineffectual.

Though we had seen no one either on the deck, or in the cabin, I determined to search more narrowly, that, if I could not save the ill-fated vessel from spoliation, I might rescue any of her crew who might be below; but no one met my view for some time, till at length I fancied I heard a cry for assistance, uttered in English. Having proceeded in the direction whence I thought the sound proceeded, I found a man coiled up, with his lower extremities in the water, and apparently dying. With some difficulty I persuaded some of the savages to get the poor fellow ashore, and had him conveyed to the public-house already mentioned, the landlady evidently not liking the trouble of such a guest, till I had engaged to pay for whatever trouble she might be at.

The only surgeon near the place, lived about five miles distant; but he was immediately sent for. When he arrived, he pronounced the sick man to be so far gone, as to render it very doubtful whether he would recover; but after a few days, by the help of a naturally strong constitution, he was enabled to sit up in bed. He was almost ready to abandon himself to despair when made acquainted with the loss of his property (there not being a single article of any description preserved, but the clothes he had on when rescued); but his expressions of gratitude for what I had done in saving his life were so fervent, that I took quite an interest in him; and one day, when I was sitting by the side of the bed, on his express-

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ing his bitterness of feeling at his blighted prospects, I asked him how he came on board of the vessel in which he was wrecked. He replied—

"I am the son of a farmer in the west of Scotland. Had I chosen to remain at home, I might have occupied a respectable station in life, and been happy; but adverse circumstances, which I will relate presently, caused me to forsake my father's house, and made me a wanderer on the earth. You are perhaps aware, that instruction in the lowlands of Scotland is imparted much more freely than in England; you will, therefore, feel no surprise when I say, that I was not only versed in a sound English education, but had made the French and Latin languages a part of my study. Dancing was then, and I suppose still is, cultivated most ardently by the youth of both sexes. This amusement, which I passionately followed, led me to attend the weekly *balls*, which were held in a large barn about two miles from my home, to which I returned not on these occasions till the morning broke. At this place I met the woman who has had such an evil influence over my fortune in life. She was my constant partner in the dance; and we had not seen each other many times before we loved as passionately as mortals could love. Peace and happiness then smiled on me, and would still have smiled, had I not brought the ruin on myself which weighs me down."

The speaker was here too much affected to continue his tale for some minutes, during which I silently surveyed his countenance, as it showed the effects of the emotion under which he laboured. He had evidently been in a hot climate for many years, judging by his sun-burnt appearance; and although, as he had told me before, not past man's prime, yet care had planted such furrows in his cheeks, as would leave a casual observer to think him fifty. Having, by a strong effort, subdued his emotion, he proceeded, with apparent calmness—

"The practice, which I suppose still prevails in some parts of Scotland, of the association of youth of both sexes at night after the elder branches of the family have retired to rest, is productive, in many instances, of lasting misery. At the dancing parties I have mentioned, whiskey circulated freely, of which both sexes partook, and the aching head, on the following morning, often painfully convinced me that the practice of drinking, whether whiskey or any

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other liquor, was not to be indulged in with impunity, whatever men who love it might say to the contrary; for it used to be a common assertion, that whiskey differed in its effects from any other intoxicating drink, as it did not leave a *sore head* behind it. *I* never could find it differed from the rest.

"My father was in character similar to most of the lowland farmers in the times of which I speak. Stern in his general demeanour, he endeavoured to repress the usual sallies of youth by severity rather than persuasion. The violin savoured of papistry, and the dancing room of something worse, if it were possible, in his eyes. Yet the old man was right. The fire-side, after the labour of the day, and the holy psalm of praise, *were* better than the passion-raising dance and the ribald song. Experience and adversity have taught me wisdom: would that I could live my time over again!

"Margaret and I had long been treading the path of pleasure; but at the end was a fearful precipice. The worst consequences followed. One night my passions, more than commonly excited by liquor, led me to effect the ruin of one to whom I had a thousand times sworn eternal fidelity. From that time peace was a stranger to my breast, and I was attacked by a violent fever, which almost brought me to the grave. During this time her inquiries after my health were incessant; but yet, O wretch that I am! when I recovered, instead of endeavouring in some measure to make amends for my base conduct to her, I dreaded the sight of her as a serpent, endeavouring to shun her by every possible method; and when, some time after, she told me her ruin would be discovered by the world, and implored me to marry her, I spurned her from me. From that moment I determined to leave my home. The consideration that I should be compelled to appear before the kirk, not a little strengthened my resolution: the mere thought of being the gazing-stock of the whole parish, and the object of the elders' fulminations, was maddening. The very next night, therefore, with a small bundle, and the little ready money I could collect on the spur of the moment, I set off for the town of Wigton, accompanied by another young fellow about my own age, who was determined to see the world, that is, England, notwithstanding all the opposition of his friends. I really believe, if alone, that I should have

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returned; for it was another such a night as that on which we were cast ashore here—rain, wind, thunder, and lightning, seemed to vie with each other in fury. At length, however, we reached Wigton, and crossed in a sloop to Whitehaven; from which place, not being successful in obtaining a ship, I proceeded to Liverpool, leaving Jamie, poor lad! to push his fortune as he best could on land, he not being inclined to try it at sea.

"I experienced great difficulty in getting a vessel, being a raw lad, and unused to the sea. I recollect that the terms on which I entered were not very favourable: but, to leave England altogether being my main object, I sacrificed every other consideration to that one. We took over a cargo of cottons to Jamaica, intending to return with rum and sugar. Our skipper was a hard swearer, a hard drinker, and a hard-hearted scoundrel to boot. It is said, that my countrymen are patient under provocation, not heeding contempt and harsh treatment if they can eventually secure their end. The treatment experienced by me, even before we got out of the Mersey, until our arrival in Kingston harbour, would scarcely be believed by you; and this, combined with the agonies of conscience, prompted me a hundred times to fling myself overboard. But the hope of seeing, at some future time, my native country, combined with my fears of rushing into the presence of the Almighty, a suicide, enabled me to endure the captain's ill-usage till we reached Kingston, when I took the opportunity of the boat's going ashore to get fresh provisions, to bid farewell for ever to the good ship Mary Ann. I lay quiet for a day or two in a lodging house near one of the quays, until I thought any pursuit that might be made had ceased, when I entered on board a vessel manned principally with Danes, who, I soon found, carried on a contraband traffic, principally between the islands of St. Thomas and Porto Rico. As we met with very little interruption in our proceedings, the former being a mere nest of pirates, and the commercial regulations of the latter very lightly enforced, in about three years I had made a pretty considerable sum, as, after I had been a short time on board, I was allowed, in common with the others, to trade on my own account, on allowing a per-centage to the owners.

"I had fully made up my mind not to remain longer in this vessel than I could help. The recollection of my

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parents and Margaret stung me at times almost to madness. Drinking, I found, would not, could not, take the heavy load from my conscience; and although I outstripped the most drunken of my shipmates in this vice, and was sometimes wholly or partially intoxicated for a week at a stretch, yet the effort was of no avail.

"I had endured this conflict in my mind for about three months, when, one night, after exerting myself very much all the day in landing some goods at the little island of Bieques, two or three leagues from Porto Rico, during which I had drunk very freely, I remained on shore, enjoying the cool sea breeze, which, after the oppressive heat of the day (for it was in August) was particularly refreshing. I was seized, during the night, with one of the fevers peculiar to the tropics. My shipmates, on seeing my situation, thought it bad policy to take me aboard; they therefore consigned me to the care of an old Creole, and left me. From her I experienced such kindness as I can never forget. She watched by my side almost incessantly, and attended to every wish; and when at length the delirium subsided, and she found that I was in a fair way of recovery, her joy seemed to have no bounds.

"During the weakness which a fever always leaves, conscience, which, even amidst the bustle and dissipation of my life had tormented me, now renewed its attacks with increased effect. Hell stared me in the face, and to it I seemed hastening, without any possibility of salvation, when one day, in my anguish I exclaimed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' I cannot describe the sudden change in my feelings. The darkness which had so long dwelt in my breast was dispelled in an instant. I raised myself from the bed, and, with a flood of tears, I poured out the agony of my soul to God, beseeching him that he would forgive me, and imploring his assistance to enable me to walk in his ways. He graciously heard me; and I sunk on my pillow again, weak as a child in body, but with a soul comforted and refreshed. To reach home again, and, as far as I could, make amends to her whom I had so cruelly treated, was now, more than ever, my earnest desire. I panted for the day when I should gain sufficient strength to take my passage home, and see my parents, whom I had plunged in grief through my conduct, and implore their forgiveness.

While I was on board the Dane I have mentioned,

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I always took care to secrete my money about my person, as I had not much confidence in the honesty of my comrades. This was untouched by the faithful Creole, who would not, without importunity on my part, accept any thing for her care of me. Having purchased a stock of clothes, I secured a passage in the first homeward-bound vessel I could meet with, to endeavour to gain the forgiveness of those I have made miserable by my conduct, and prove the sincerity of my penitence by my future actions; and although I return to them a wretched wanderer, yet will they, I know, still receive me to their arms. You, my dear sir, experience in your own heart the consciousness of having befriended and saved from death a fellow-creature: may the happiness that it imparts be possessed till the latest hour of your life; and although we must soon part, you, perhaps, to meet a happy family, and I, to witness the misery, or may be, death, that I have caused, yet I will cherish the hope that we shall meet again."

I forced on him a sum sufficient to defray his expenses to Scotland. On parting he was much affected: he wrung my hand, and, with a voice broken by emotion, he bade me farewell, promising to write to me after he had reached home, to state how matters went with him.

About a fortnight afterwards I received a letter from him, of which the following is the substance:—

"After experiencing some rough weather, and being driven into Douglas, in the Isle of Man, where we lay three days, I was put on shore at Wigton, the place whence I had started, almost four years before, a wretched vagabond. And although my temporal circumstances were no better than at that time, yet a load was taken from my heart, the removal of which was better than the possession of a world. I felt that peace within, to which I had all my life before been a stranger: and while the thought would at times obtrude, that those I loved were, perhaps, dead, or if alive would spurn me from them, yet the prevailing feeling was strong belief that they were yet in existence, and would receive the returning wanderer. Every step I took brought to view some well-remembered spot, doubly hallowed by my absence. Memory led me back to the days of childhood, when, fearing no evil, for I was then innocent, I sported among the heather, or wandered by the side of the burns. At length I reached

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the orchard, at the extremity of which was my father's farm house. I could go no farther: I leaned my head on the gate, and wept bitterly for some time. My emotion then subsided, and I endeavoured to collect sufficient resolution to enter; but before I could put my purpose into effect I was disturbed by the barking of a dog, and an old man made his appearance, whom I recognized in an instant as my father. I had devised various plans of first making myself known to my parents while walking from Wigton to my native place; for I thought, that as I had accosted several since I landed, without their recognizing me, I should be able to prevent making myself known too suddenly to my parents, intending to discover myself gradually to them. But although altered in my appearance more than could be conceived in so short a time, my father, on coming up to me, and looking for a moment, exclaimed, as we fell in each other's arms, 'My son! my son! thank God that you are come back in peace. O my Willy! I thought I should never again see your face on earth. My prayers have been offered up for you every day since you left, that my old eyes might again behold you; and now, blessed be God! my prayers are answered. I forgive you, my son, for all the pain that you have caused us; and may we never part again.'

"After our feelings were somewhat calmed, he said, that the sudden sight of me would be too much for my mother; that he would therefore go to the house, and break the news of my arrival as gently as possible. He left me, and told her that a sailor was coming, who could give some account of their son. Even this was almost too much for her; it was some minutes before she could sufficiently collect herself to ask my father any questions. On his answering them hesitatingly, the thought flashed on her mind, that it must be her own dear child himself come back. She ran out of the house, and knew me at a distance to which I never thought her vision extended, when I was at home before. Who shall describe a mother's feelings, on meeting a child whom she has grieved for as dead? I will not attempt it. Suffice it that we returned to the house, when, after taking some refreshment, and giving an outline of my adventures, my father said, 'My dear son, let us lift up our hearts in prayer to that Being who has brought you safely back, and blest us this day.'

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We knelt. The good old man prayed with such earnestness that my heart was melted in an agony of tears; and my former resolutions of leading a new life were still further strengthened by that evening's engagement.

"In answer to my inquiries respecting Margaret, I found that she was still living and well, but that, from the time of my departure she had given up her former acquaintances, and lived in the most secluded manner with her mother and child, rarely being seen except at the kirk on the sabbath. But although the anxiety regarding her bodily health was set at rest, yet it was by no means removed as to the state of her mind. I learned that after my departure she had hovered between life and death for some weeks, and her recovery was succeeded by the deepest melancholy. She would come to mingle her tears with my mother's, and remark, 'If I knew that he was dead I should cease to grieve, as my uncertainty would be removed; but the thought that he may be dying in a foreign country, without a single friend near him, and that we may never hear from him again, is worse to bear: I should die in peace if I could only hear from him, that he was doing well.' My mother, forgetting her own sorrows, would endeavour to console her; but was unable.

"I heard all that was said with the utmost inpatience; and having ascertained that she still lived where we had spent so many happy hours together, I hastened thither. My feelings would not allow me to exercise prudence: I sprang over the little bridge that was laid over the burn in front of her mother's cottage, burst open the wicket gate, the noise of which aroused them both, and in a moment we were locked in each other's arms. After some time, as she did not raise her head from my bosom, I considered, what I ought to have done before, that excess of joy was as bad as excess of grief; and I was alarmed lest sudden emotion had deprived her of life. But I was relieved from my terror when, giving an hysterical sob, she shed tears, and after a little time, was recovered sufficiently to express her feelings in words.

"Great was our joy that night. We sat up till midnight, asking a thousand questions. Our little one was raised from sleep, that I might see her; and while I pressed the innocent child to my arms, I inwardly prayed that the sight of her might keep me always humbled before Him who had brought me to a knowledge of my own vileness

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and his holiness, and that, by training her in the paths of virtue, I might endeavour to atone for my conduct to her mother.

"I retired to rest with a thankful heart for the mercies shown to me, and awoke, when the morning had far advanced, with a happiness in my heart to which I had long been a stranger. I resumed my duties on the farm, was soon after united to my dearest Maggie, (who sends her affectionate remembrances to you, and trusts you will soon visit us, when you shall get some genuine Scottish fare, including some excellent metheglin,) and, O may it be my prayer, that by God's strength, who preserved me from the consequences of my crimes, and reclaimed the wanderer, I may be enabled to render myself a useful member of that society the laws of which I have outraged, and for ever abstain from indulging in—nay, even from tasting, that maddening liquor which first led me into the commission of crime."

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THE SUICIDE.

The circumstances which form the foundation of the following narrative took place within the last four months, and plunged into the deepest affliction a family with whom the writer is well acquainted.

Few men had experienced greater happiness, resulting from perseverance and industry, than Mr. Sommerton. He was left an orphan at a tender age, and provided with a very slender patrimony; but, being endowed with an ardent and persevering spirit, he soon overcame all the disadvantages with which his early days were encompassed, and found himself enabled at the age of forty to bid adieu to the busy scenes of toil and traffic. He chose for his retreat a house situated a few miles out of London, whither he proceeded with his family, then consisting of two daughters and two sons. The eldest of these, who will form the principal character in the following narrative, was then in his seventeenth year. He was a remarkably fine youth, and was regarded by his mother with an eye of the fondest affection; while the father viewed him as the son in whom should be fulfilled his long-cherished hopes, and who should be his solace in his declining days. But whether, as is too frequently the case, parental authority was sacrificed to parental affection—whether the early days of young Robert had been unmarked by that moderate restriction so necessary in the

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government of children, or whether a proper degree of subordination had been exercised, is not known: certain it is that, though so young, he manifested frequent proofs of that pertinacity of purpose and determined wayward-ness, that were so fearfully developed in his riper years; and, too late to be remedied, but not to be regretted, the fond parents saw that in their child which presaged very little of future good.

After leaving school, it was thought desirable that Robert should engage himself for some few years to obtain a knowledge of a respectable trade; but this was totally at variance with his own views—he seemed to imagine that fathers amassed money merely to supply the wants that were dictated by vice and extravagance; and for weeks would he absent himself from home, to pass his time in riot and intoxication with a few other profligate companions. All his father's threats, and his mother's entreaties, were incapable of effecting any change: till at length his father, having ascertained that Mrs. S. provided him with money secretly, peremptorily informed him that he should be supplied with no more, while he chose to continue this disorderly course of life. At the same time he promised to provide him with capital, should he engage in business. At this crisis, he seemed convinced of the folly of his present course of life, and he determined to accept the kind proposal made by his father: he therefore entered upon the business of a clothier. He now had a good prospect before him, should he cast off his bad habits, and an opportunity to retrieve his character, which had suffered so much by his profligate conduct. For one year Sommerton traded with much diligence, and still more success; so that, had his father wished to be repaid the money so extravagantly squandered in former days, he could have complied with the wish; but his father affectionately told him, when the subject was mentioned, that he might keep that money as the reward of perseverance and industry. While thus the sun of prosperity seemed to pour forth its rays of brightness on Sommerton's path, an incident occurred which ultimately cast a dark cloud on his future prospects.

While in this prosperous condition, he determined to increase his present happiness by entering into the bands of matrimony. The daughter of a private gentleman was his choice, who with a pleasing exterior possessed superiority

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of mind. Educated by a fond mother with the utmost care and affection, Ellen Morely soon manifested that goodness of disposition and sound judgment which more fully developed themselves when she found herself invested with a new character—that of a wife. Besides possessing a sound judgment, she was what is called a thoroughly accomplished woman.

Some months after his marriage, a relation of his wife's invited him down to his house in the country. This uncle of Ellen was a gentleman in the prime of life, whose chief happiness consisted in the pleasures of the bottle and the chase. He was a *bon vivant* in the truest sense of the term, and a true specimen of old English liberality; but he was strenuously opposed to all methods that had for their end the uprooting of the practice of spirit-drinking. Such a house as this was not the fittest for Sommerton's residence. He had been drawn from the paths of profligacy and drunkenness too short a time to allow it to be supposed that he would withstand the temptations that would be cast in his way; and though, for the last two years of his life, he had totally abstained from all incentives to drunkenness, and closely applied himself to the engagements of the counting-house, yet, if the truth were known, it was with no little complacency that he looked forward to his stay at H—— hall. He had not remained there many days before he was assailed by his good-natured uncle and his chase-loving companions with the most satirical jokes that they could draw from their inventive faculties, on account of his sobriety, until Sommerton could bear it no longer; he gradually consented, and soon became what they called "a good fellow." His days were spent in shooting or hunting with his uncle, and other "good fellows"—his nights in noisy mirth and drunken revelry.

It was with a disconsolate heart that Sommerton, after two months' stay at H—— hall, found himself once more in his counting-house. That visit had totally altered him, and changed the tendency of his inclinations. He now no longer entered upon the engagements of the day with alacrity, but with disgust and discontent; and only longed for the close of the day, when he could leave business for some pleasure more agreeable to his present taste. He did not, however, long confine his moments of recreation to the hours of relaxation from business: he soon

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found them too short, and therefore frequently appropriated the other hours of the day. His tendency to dissoluteness had been once more aroused, and he now, with if possible, still greater energy than before, mingled in all his former scenes of profligacy. The sorrow of his wife may be better conceived than expressed; while the anger of his father knew no bounds. Nor was his affectionate mother a witness to her son's degeneracy without suffering the most poignant grief. Drunkenness, his besetting sin, led him into every other vice; among others that of gaming, by which, and dissolute extravagance, he soon lost all his money, and by inattention to business his trade. He continued this course of life, despite the entreaties of his wife, the grief of his mother, and the threats of his justly irritated father, for one year; when a circumstance occurred that stopped him in his dissolute career—he failed, and had the prospect of a debtor's prison for his habitation, had not his father, forgetting his just displeasure, consented to satisfy the demands of his creditors.

This last act seemed once more to have the effect of arresting him in his course of iniquity: he seemed once more to bethink himself, and to determine, if possible, to retrieve his character. He obtained the situation of traveller to a large house, which rendered it necessary that he should alternately be a month in town and a month in the country. Once more there seemed a clear prospect of his becoming an honourable member of society.

About this time, also, a circumstance of a very melancholy character occurred, making a somewhat serious impression on Sommerton's mind, and in some measure strengthening him in his purposed reformation. A young friend of his, who had been his companion in every scene of profligacy, proposed one Sunday that they should amuse themselves by skating. Some trivial circumstance occurred which prevented Sommerton's going, and his friend went alone. A few hours after, he received the distressing intelligence of his companion's death. It appeared that he had ventured upon a part of the ice unequal to bear his weight,—it had broken, and he had been drowned before any assistance could be given.

He continued in his situation some months, during which time he rigidly imposed upon himself entire abstinence from wine and spirits; but, one evening, during

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one of his journeys, he found the cold most piercing, so much so that, notwithstanding his determination, he could not resist the temptation to take a little warm brandy and water, when offered by the officious waiter at the inn where he staid. This one dereliction from his duty, the duty he owed to himself and family, was followed by consequences the most grievous. His latent thirst for spirits was once more inflamed, and he gradually became an habitual spirit-drinker. But this at first, did not affect his engagements with his employers: he still transacted their business. It was, however, with a great deal of dread that Ellen observed the habits of her husband. She knew full well, by painful experience, into what a depth of misery spirit-drinking had before plunged him, and she now felt assured that a similar result would happen, should he continue his addiction to spirituous liquors. The commission of one sin—the relaxing in the practice of one known duty—is like destroying the bank of a stream: one wave finds an opening for its passage, through which it is impelled by the next wave, and that by the succeeding one, and so on without cessation. She knew that this course of life would inevitably lead to occasional drunkenness, and from that he would be led on until his situation would be forfeited. Would that she had not been too true in her conjecture!

Without troubling the reader with a minute detail of circumstances, it will be sufficient to say that Sommerton having once, in some drunken fit, maliciously injured the character of his employers, they found it necessary to dismiss him; and in a fit of mingled rage and vexation, resulting, partly from drinking, and partly from the gloomy prospect before him, and the knowledge that to himself alone he was indebted for his misfortunes, he engaged himself as sailor on board a ship. This circumstance would have remained unknown to his heart-broken wife and afflicted parents, had it not been communicated by one who accidentally overheard a conversation between some persons whom Sommerton had acquainted with his rash determination. His father, on hearing the intelligence, was almost paralyzed with amazement: soon after he was taken alarmingly ill, and, after many months of lingering suffering, he lost the use of his faculties, partly occasioned by excessive mental suffering, and partly by an attack of paralysis, which left him bed-ridden for

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the remainder of his life. Ellen Sommerton, his distracted wife, immediately, at the request of her mother-in-law, took up her abode at her house; where she remained, fondly hoping that each day some news would arrive from her unhappy husband.

But we must return to Sommerton, who, as soon as the excitement of rage and intoxication had passed away, when too late, was plunged into the very depths of misery. He had gone so far he could not retrace his steps: he had engaged himself to the captain of a merchant ship trading to the Mauritius; and the following morning after his rash and inconsiderate step, he beheld the white cliffs of England fast vanishing from his view. Oh! who can conceive the agony he then experienced? In a fit of excitement he had snatched himself away from all with whom he was connected by the ties of love and friendship; his wife, to whom, by his profligate conduct, he had been the occasion of so much misery, was now left, perhaps for ever, and that even without a farewell! When he thought on that, his heart was melted, his proud spirit was abased, and he wept like a child. For a month, he alternately experienced seasons of the gloomiest melancholy and the most poignant remorse; until the captain, seeing that there appeared no cessation to his grief, peremptorily refused any longer to suffer it, and threatened him with punishment should he continue his useless sorrow. The prospect of once more beholding his friends seemed all at once to enkindle a bright flame through his soul; he saw the folly of unceasing sorrow, and determined to cast it off.

On crossing the Line, one of the passengers had atoned for the *offence* of never having before ventured so far from home, by giving the crew a liberal allowance of rum; and the weather being remarkably fine, the captain incautiously allowed them to drink so freely as to become intoxicated; when, in the midst of their mirth, the weather changed to a perfect hurricane, not, however, without giving those warnings which a seaman in his senses understands; but no watch being kept, they were unnoticed. Before a stitch of canvas could be taken in, the sails were in ribbands, and the main-topmast gone by the board. They, however, yet hoped to weather the storm, when a leak was discovered, which compelled them, although they flung overboard every thing to lighten the vessel, and laboured hard at the pumps, to take to the jolly-boat and

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ıg boat, and after beating about for two days without a ompass, were picked up by an outward-bound East India-ıan, and in a few days they arrived at Calcutta. Som-:rton, completely terrified at his narrow escape from ath, was not inclined to make the sea his profession, d he determined to return to England in a vessel that ›uld sail in a month. During that period no circum-ınce of interest occurred. The ship set sail, and after rapid passage, Sommerton once more beheld the white ffs of England.

It was on the evening of a summer's day, that Ellen ›mmerton and her mother-in-law were sitting in the .rlour of their house, when they were startled by the ›pearance of a man in the garb of a sailor, who ap-oached the door apparently as if he well knew the ›use. "Oh," said Ellen, "I suppose it is some poor ›ggar: I have some half-pence, I will give them to him the door." She rose to do so, and went into the ıssage alone. Mrs. Sommerton was alarmed by a shriek, ıd the sound of some one falling heavily to the ground: ıe ran out, and there beheld her son Robert supporting s swooning wife.

No circumstances of peculiar interest occurred until ıme months after his return, when his mother began to ink it advisable that Sommerton should enter again into ıme business. Whether it was from a good motive or bad one, that Sommerton chose for his trade the pro-rietorship of an hotel at W———, is unknown,—still ıe fact is the same. And, notwithstanding the fears of is mother, he determined at once to enter upon it, assuring ıl, that his future conduct should tend materially to in-ıease their happiness.

But, alas! the vice of drunkenness seemed effectually ›oted in his nature. It was impossible for him to be ›nstantly situated so that he had spirits and wine near ›m, close at his hand, without drinking them. He at ırst determined to drink *moderately;* but soon the draught ›as increased, and again he became an habitual drinker. 'his continued for some months, when Ellen was alarmed ɔ see, that Sommerton was frequently melancholy and ɔw-spirited, particularly after any drunken revel; she ›as now fearful lest he should become subject to fits of ıelancholy madness, and she implored him to cease lrinking spirits. He consented, and rigidly abstained for ıbout three weeks, when again his melancholy so increased,

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that he once more had recourse to spirit-drinking. A little after this circumstance, he abruptly informed Ellen of his intention to go and see his mother. She was surprised that he should do so, especially as it was not more than three months since he had left home; however she said nothing, but acquiesced.

The following day found Sommerton with his mother. He remained in town three weeks, during all which time he behaved in the calmest manner,—so much so, that his mother thought he had effectually altered for the better. She now hinted that he had better return; but he seemed to linger as if he had something to say. At last, one day, when alone with his mother, he said, "Mother, I have one request to make,—will you take care of my wife, should I die?" "You die! why you are quite well." "*But* should I have another attack of illness like the last, I am sure to die;—will you take care of Ellen?" "To be sure I will," said Mrs. Sommerton. He went to the door, and again turned back and repeated the question several times, when his mother, in a joking way, advised him to leave her. He then ran to the parlour door, abruptly closed it after him, and the last glimpse his mother caught was from the window, as he ran down the street. Mrs. Sommerton was not much surprised at this incident, and two days passed, and she thought no more of it; but, on the third day, she heard that her son Robert had *shot himself* immediately on his return home! The truth then flashed upon her mind; she saw the reason of his obstinacy in requesting her to take care of Ellen, and now accounted for the extraordinary circumstance of his snatching himself away without any farewell.

Thus another name was added to the already long catalogue of the victims of intemperance.

Ellen returned to reside with her mother, who hoped that the change of scene might in some measure dissipate the melancholy which a catastrophe so appalling necessarily occasioned. She now lives in solitary widowhood, to lament, from bitter experience, the miserable consequences of a life of intemperance.

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